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SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

VIII.

WITH almost a regret, he continued to look over the documents until he reached one of the persons recorded in the line of pedigree, — a worthy, apparently, of the reign of Elizabeth, to whom was attributed a title of Doctor in Utriusque Juris; and against his name was a verse of Latin written, for what purpose Septimius knew not, for on reading it, it appeared to have no discoverable appropriateness; but suddenly he remembered the blotted and imperfect hieroglyphical passage in the recipe. He thought an instant, and was convinced this was the full expression and outwriting of that crabbed little mystery; and that here was part of that secret writing for which the Age of Elizabeth was so famous and so dexterous. His mind had a flash of light upon it, and from that moment he was enabled to read not only the recipe but the rules, and all the rest of that mysterious document, in a way which he had never thought of before; to discern that it was not to be taken literally and simply, but had a hidden process involved in it that made the whole thing

infinitely deeper than he had hitherto deemed it to be. His brain reeled, he seemed to have taken a draught of some liquor that opened infinite depths before him, he could scarcely refrain from giving a shout of triumphant exultation, the house could not contain him, he rushed up to his hill-top, and there, after walking swiftly to and fro, at length flung himself on the little hillock, and burst forth, as if addressing him who slept beneath.

“O brother, O friend!” said he, “I thank thee for thy matchless beneficence to me; for all which I rewarded thee with this little spot on my hill-top. Thou wast very good, very kind. It would not have been well for thee, a youth of fiery joys and passions, loving to laugh, loving the lightness and sparkling brilliancy of life, to take this boon to thyself; for, O brother! I see, I see, it requires a strong spirit, capable of much lonely endurance, able to be sufficient to itself, loving not too much, dependent on no sweet ties of affection, to be capable of the mighty trial which now devolves on me. I thank thee, O kinsman! Yet thou, I feel,

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VOL. XXX. — NO. 178.

9

hast the better part, who didst so soon lie down to rest, who hast done forever with this troublesome world, which it is mine to contemplate from age to age, and to sum up the meaning of it. Thou art disporting thyself in other spheres. I enjoy the high, severe, fearful office of living here, and of being the minister of Providence from one age to many successive ones."

In this manner he raved, as never before, in a strain of exalted enthusiasm, securely treading on air, and sometimes stopping to shout aloud, and feeling as if he should burst if he did not do so; and his voice came back to him again from the low hills on the other side of the broad, level valley, and out of the woods afar, mocking him; or as if it were airy spirits, that knew how it was all to be, confirming his cry, saying, "It shall be so," "Thou hast found it at last," "Thou art immortal." And it seemed as if Nature were inclined to celebrate his triumph over herself; for above the woods that crowned the hill to the northward, there were shoots and streams of radiance, a white, a red, a many-colored lustre, blazing up high towards the zenith, dancing up, flitting down, dancing up again; so that it seemed as if spirits were keeping a revel there. The leaves of the trees on the hillside, all except the evergreens, had now mostly fallen with the autumn; so that Septimius was seen by the few passers-by, in the decline of the afternoon, passing to and fro along his path, wildly gesticulating; and heard to shout so that the echoes came from all directions to answer him. After nightfall, too, in the harvest moonlight, a shadow was still seen passing there, waving its arms in shadowy triumph; so, the next day, there were various goodly stories afloat and astir, coming out of successive mouths, more wondrous at each birth; the simplest form of the story being, that Septimius Felton had at last gone raving mad on the hill-top that he was so fond of haunting; and those who listened to his shrieks said that he was calling to the Devil; and some

said that by certain exorcisms he had caused the appearance of a battle in the air, charging squadrons, cannon-flashes, champions encountering; all of which foreboded some real battle to be fought with the enemies of the country; and as the battle of Monmouth chanced to occur, either the very next day or about that time, this was supposed to be either caused or foretold by Septimius's eccentricities; and as the battle was not very favorable to our arms, the patriotism of Septimius suffered much in popular estimation.

But he knew nothing, thought nothing, cared nothing about his country or his country's battles; he was as sane as he had been for a year past, and was wise enough, though merely by instinct, to throw off some of his superfluous excitement by these wild gestures, with wild shouts, and restless activity; and when he had partly accomplished this, he returned to the house, and, late as it was, kindled his fire, and began anew the processes of chemistry, now enlightened by the late teachings. A new agent seemed to him to mix itself up with his toil and to forward his purpose; something helped him along; everything became facile to his manipulation, clear to his thought. In this way he spent the night, and when at sunrise he let in the eastern light upon his study, the thing was done.

Septimius had achieved it. That is to say, he had succeeded in amalgamating his materials so that they acted upon one another, and in accordance; and had produced a result that had a subsistence in itself, and a right to be; a something potent and substantial; each ingredient contributing its part to form a new essence, which was as real and individual as anything it was formed from. But in order to perfect it, there was necessity that the powers of nature should act quietly upon it through a month of sunshine; that the moon, too, should have its part in the production; and so he must wait patiently for this. Wait! surely he would! Had he not time for waiting? Were

he to wait till old age, it would not be too much; for all future time would have it in charge to repay him.

So he poured the inestimable liquor into a glass vase, well secured from the air, and placed it in the sunshine, shifting it from one sunny window to another, in order that it might ripen; moving it gently lest he should disturb the living spirit that he knew to be in it. And he watched it from day to day, watched the reflections in it, watched its lustre, which seemed to him to grow greater day by day, as if it imbibed the sunlight into it. Never was there anything so bright as this. It changed its hue, too, gradually, being now a rich purple, now a crimson, now a violet, now a blue; going through all these prismatic colors without losing any of its brilliance, and never was there such a hue as the sunlight took in falling through it and resting on his floor. And strange and beautiful it was, too, to look through this medium at the outer world, and see how it was glorified and made anew, and did not look like the same world, although there were all its familiar marks. And then, past his window, seen through this, went the farmer and his wife, on saddle and pillion, jogging to meeting-house or market; and the very dog, the cow coming home from pasture, the old familiar faces of his childhood, looked differently. And so at last, at the end of the month, it settled into a most deep and brilliant crimson, as if it were the essence of the blood of the young man whom he had slain; the flower being now triumphant, it had given its own hue to the whole mass, and had grown brighter every day; so that it seemed to have inherent light, as if it were a planet by itself, a heart of crimson fire burning within it.

And when this had been done, and there was no more change, showing that the digestion was perfect, then he took it and placed it where the changing moon would fall upon it; and then again he watched it, covering it in darkness by day, revealing it to the moon by night; and watching it here,

too, through more changes. And by and by he perceived that the deep crimson hue was departing, — not fading; we cannot say that, because of the prodigious lustre which still pervaded it, and was not less strong than ever; but certainly the hue became fainter, now a rose-color, now fainter, fainter still, till there was only left the purest whiteness of the moon itself; a change that somewhat disappointed and grieved Septimius, though still it seemed fit that the water of life should be of no one richness, because it must combine all. As the absorbed young man gazed through the lonely nights at his beloved liquor, he fancied sometimes that he could see wonderful things in the crystal sphere of the vase; as in Doctor Dee's magic crystal used to be seen, which now lies in the British Museum: representations, it might be, of things in the far past, or in the further future; scenes in which he himself was to act; persons yet unborn, the beautiful and the wise, with whom he was to be associated; palaces and towers, modes of hitherto unseen architecture; that old hall in England to which he had a hereditary right, with its gables, and its smooth lawn; the witch-meetings in which his ancestor used to take part; Aunt Keziah on her death-bed; and, flitting through all, the shade of Sybil Dacy, eying him from secret nooks, or some remoteness, with her peculiar mischievous smile, beckoning him into the sphere. All such visions would he see, and then become aware that he had been in a dream, superinduced by too much watching, too intent thought; so that, living among so many dreams, he was almost afraid that he should find himself waking out of yet another, and find that the vase itself and the liquid it contained were also dream-stuff. But no; these were real.

There was one change that surprised him, although he accepted it without doubt, and, indeed, it did imply a wonderful efficacy, at least singularity, in the newly converted liquid. It grew strangely cool in temperature

in the latter part of his watching it. It appeared to imbibe its coldness from the cold chaste moon, until it seemed to Septimius that it was colder than ice itself; the mist gathered upon the crystal vase as upon a tumbler of iced water in a warm room. Some say it actually gathered thick with frost, crystallized into a thousand fantastic and beautiful shapes, but this I do not know so well. Only it was very cold. Septimius pondered upon it, and thought he saw that life itself was cold, individual in its being, a high, pure essence, chastened from all heats; cold, therefore, and therefore invigorating.

Thus much, inquiring deeply and with painful research into the liquid which Septimius concocted, have I been able to learn about it, — its aspect, its properties; and now I suppose it to be quite perfect, and that nothing remains but to put it to such use as he had so long been laboring for. But this, somehow or other, he found in himself a strong reluctance to do; he paused, as it were, at the point where his pathway separated itself from that of other men, and meditated whether it were worth while to give up everything that Providence had provided, and take instead only this lonely gift of immortal life. Not that he ever really had any doubt about it; no, indeed; but it was his security, his consciousness that he held the bright sphere of all futurity in his hand, that made him dally a little, now that he could quaff immortality as soon as he liked.

Besides, now that he looked forward from the verge of mortal destiny, the path before him seemed so very lonely. Might he not seek some one own friend — one single heart — before he took the final step? There was Sybil Dacy! O, what bliss if that pale girl might set out with him on his journey! how sweet, how sweet, to wander with her through the places else so desolate! for he could but half see, half know things, without her to help him. And perhaps it might be so. She must already know, or strongly suspect, that

he was engaged in some deep mysterious research; it might be that, with her sources of mysterious knowledge among her legendary lore, she knew of this. Then, O, to think of those dreams which lovers have always had, when their new love makes the old earth seem so happy and glorious a place, that not a thousand nor an endless succession of years can exhaust it, — all those realized for him and her! If this could not be, what should he do? Would he venture onward into such a wintry futurity, symbolized, perhaps, by the coldness of the crystal goblet? He shivered at the thought.

Now, what had passed between Septimius and Sybil Dacy is not upon record, only that one day they were walking together on the hill-top, or sitting by the little hillock, and talking earnestly together. Sybil's face was a little flushed with some excitement, and really she looked very beautiful; and Septimius's dark face, too, had a solemn triumph in it that made him also beautiful; so rapt he was after all those watchings, and emaciations, and the pure, unworldly, self-denying life that he had spent. They talked as if there were some foregone conclusion on which they based what they said.

"Will you not be weary in the time that we shall spend together?" asked he.

"O no," said Sybil, smiling, "I am sure that it will be very full of enjoyment."

"Yes," said Septimius, "though now I must remould my anticipations; for I have only dared, hitherto, to map out a solitary existence."

"And how did you do that?" asked Sybil.

"O, there is nothing that would come amiss," answered Septimius; "for, truly, as I have lived apart from men, yet it is really not because I have no taste for whatever humanity includes; but I would fain, if I might, live everybody's life at once, or, since that may not be, each in succession. I would try the life of power, ruling men; but that might come later, after I had had

long experience of men, and had lived through much history, and had seen, as a disinterested observer, how men might best be influenced for their own good. I would be a great traveller at first ; and as a man newly coming into possession of an estate goes over it, and views each separate field and wood-lot, and whatever features it contains, so will I, — whose the world is, because I possess it forever ; whereas all others are but transitory guests, — so will I wander over this world of mine, and be acquainted with all its shores, seas, rivers, mountains, fields, and the various peoples who inhabit them, and to whom it is my purpose to be a benefactor ; for think not, dear Sybil, that I suppose this great lot of mine to have devolved upon me without great duties, — heavy and difficult to fulfil, though glorious in their adequate fulfilment. But for all this there will be time. In a century I shall partially have seen this earth, and known at least its boundaries, — have gotten for myself the outline, to be filled up hereafter."

"And I, too," said Sybil, "will have my duties and labors ; for while you are wandering about among men, I will go among women, and observe and converse with them, from the princess to the peasant girl ; and will find out what is the matter, that woman gets so large a share of human misery laid on her weak shoulders. I will see why it is that, whether she be a royal princess, she has to be sacrificed to matters of state, or a cottage girl, still somehow the thing not fit for her is done ; and whether there is or no some deadly curse on woman, so that she has nothing to do, and nothing to enjoy, but only to be wronged by man, and still to love him, and despise herself for it, — to be shaky in her revenges. And then if, after all this investigation, it turns out — as I suspect — that woman is not capable of being helped, that there is something inherent in herself that makes it hopeless to struggle for her redemption, then what shall I do ? Nay, I know not, unless

to preach to the sisterhood that they all kill their female children as fast as they are born, and then let the generations of men manage as they can ! Woman, so feeble and crazy in body, fair enough sometimes, but full of infirmities ; not strong, with nerves prone to every pain ; ailing, full of little weaknesses, more contemptible than great ones !"

"That would be a dreary end, Sybil," said Septimius. "But I trust that we shall be able to hush up this weary and perpetual wail of womankind on easier terms than that. Well, dearest Sybil, after we have spent a hundred years in examining into the real state of mankind, and another century in devising and putting in execution remedies for his ills, until our maturer thought has time to perfect his cure, we shall then have earned a little playtime, — a century of pastime, in which we will search out whatever joy can be had by thoughtful people, and that childlike sportiveness which comes out of growing wisdom, and enjoyment of every kind. We will gather about us everything beautiful and stately, a great palace, for we shall then be so experienced that all riches will be easy for us to get ; with rich furniture, pictures, statues, and all royal ornaments ; and side by side with this life we will have a little cottage, and see which is the happiest, for this has always been a dispute. For this century we will neither toil nor spin, nor think of anything beyond the day that is passing over us. There is time enough to do all that we have to do."

"A hundred years of play ! Will not that be tiresome ?" said Sybil.

"If it is," said Septimius, "the next century shall make up for it ; for then we will contrive deep philosophies, take up one theory after another, and find out its hollowness and inadequacy, and fling it aside, the rotten rubbish that they all are, until we have strewn the whole realm of human thought with the broken fragments, all smashed up. And then, on this great mound of broken potsherds (like that great Monte

Testaccio, which we will go to Rome to see), we will build a system that shall stand, and by which mankind shall look far into the ways of Providence, and find practical uses of the deepest kind in what it has thought merely speculation. And then, when the hundred years are over, and this great work done, we will still be so free in mind, that we shall see the emptiness of our own theory, though men see only its truth. And so, if we like more of this pastime, then shall another and another century, and as many more as we like, be spent in the same way."

"And after that another play-day?" asked Sybil Dacy.

"Yes," said Septimius, "only it shall not be called so; for the next century we will get ourselves made rulers of the earth; and knowing men so well, and having so wrought our theories of government and what not, we will proceed to execute them, — which will be as easy to us as a child's arrangement of its dolls. We will smile superior, to see what a facile thing it is to make a people happy. In our reign of a hundred years, we shall have time to extinguish errors, and make the world see the absurdity of them; to substitute other methods of government for the old, bad ones; to fit the people to govern itself, to do with little government, to do with none; and when this is effected, we will vanish from our loving people, and be seen no more, but be revered as gods, — we, meanwhile, being overlooked, and smiling to ourselves, amid the very crowd that is looking for us."

"I intend," said Sybil, making this wild talk wider by that petulance which she so often showed, — "I intend to introduce a new fashion of dress when I am queen, and that shall be my part of the great reform which you are going to make. And for my crown, I intend to have it of flowers, in which that strange crimson one shall be the chief; and when I vanish, this flower shall remain behind, and perhaps they shall have a glimpse of me wearing it in the crowd. Well, what next?"

"After this," said Septimius, "having seen so much of affairs, and having lived so many hundred years, I will sit down and write a history, such as histories ought to be, and never have been. And it shall be so wise, and so vivid, and so self-evidently true, that people shall be convinced from it that there is some undying one among them, because only an eye-witness could have written it, or could have gained so much wisdom as was needful for it."

"And for my part in the history," said Sybil, "I will record the various lengths of women's waists, and the fashion of their sleeves. What next?"

"By this time," said Septimius, — "how many hundred years have we now lived? — by this time, I shall have pretty well prepared myself for what I have been contemplating from the first. I will become a religious teacher, and promulgate a faith, and prove it by prophecies and miracles; for my long experience will enable me to do the first, and the acquaintance which I shall have formed with the mysteries of science will put the latter at my fingers' ends. So I will be a prophet, a greater than Mahomet, and will put all man's hopes into my doctrine, and make him good, holy, happy; and he shall put up his prayers to his Creator, and find them answered, because they shall be wise, and accompanied with effort. This will be a great work, and may earn me another rest and pastime."

[*He would see, in one age, the column raised in memory of some great deed of his in a former one.*]

"And what shall that be?" asked Sybil Dacy.

"Why," said Septimius, looking askance at her, and speaking with a certain hesitation, "I have learned, Sybil, that it is a weary toil for a man to be always good, holy, and upright. In my life as a sainted prophet, I shall have somewhat too much of this; it will be enervating and sickening, and I shall need another kind of diet. So, in the next hundred years, Sybil, — in that one little century, — methinks I would fain be what men call wicked. How

can I know my brethren, unless I do that once? I would experience all. Imagination is only a dream. I can imagine myself a murderer, and all other modes of crime; but it leaves no real impression on the heart. I must live these things.

[*The rampant unrestraint, which is the characteristic of wickedness.*]

"Good," said Sybil, quietly; "and I too."

"And thou too!" exclaimed Septimius. "Not so, Sybil. I would reserve thee, good and pure, so that there may be to me the means of redemption,—some stable hold in the moral confusion that I will create around myself, whereby I shall by and by get back into order, virtue, and religion. Else all is lost, and I may become a devil, and make my own hell around me; so, Sybil, do thou be good forever, and not fall nor slip a moment. Promise me!"

"We will consider about that in some other century," replied Sybil, composedly. "There is time enough yet. What next?"

"Nay, this is enough for the present," said Septimius. "New vistas will open themselves before us continually, as we go onward. How idle to think that one little lifetime would exhaust the world! After hundreds of centuries, I feel as if we might still be on the threshold. There is the material world, for instance, to perfect; to draw out the powers of nature, so that man shall, as it were, give life to all modes of matter, and make them his ministering servants. Swift ways of travel, by earth, sea, and air; machines for doing whatever the hand of man now does, so that we shall do all but put souls into our wheel-work and watch-work; the modes of making night into day; of getting control over the weather and the seasons; the virtues of plants;—these are some of the easier things thou shalt help me do."

"I have no taste for that," said Sybil, "unless I could make an embroidery worked of steel."

"And so, Sybil," continued Septim-

ius, pursuing his strain of solemn enthusiasm, intermingled as it was with wild, excursive vagaries, "we will go on as many centuries as we choose. Perhaps—yet I think not so—perhaps, however, in the course of lengthened time, we may find that the world is the same always, and mankind the same, and all possibilities of human fortune the same; so that by and by we shall discover that the same old scenery serves the world's stage in all ages, and that the story is always the same; yes, and the actors always the same, though none but we can be aware of it; and that the actors and spectators would grow weary of it, were they not bathed in forgetful sleep, and so think themselves new made in each successive lifetime. We may find that the stuff of the world's drama, and the passions which seem to play in it, have a monotony, when once we have tried them; that in only once trying them, and viewing them, we find out their secret, and that afterwards the show is too superficial to arrest our attention. As dramatists and novelists repeat their plots, so does man's life repeat itself, and at length grows stale. This is what, in my desponding moments, I have sometimes suspected. What to do, if this be so?"

"Nay, that is a serious consideration," replied Sybil, assuming an air of mock alarm, "if you really think we shall be tired of life, whether or no."

"I do not think it, Sybil," replied Septimius. "By much musing on this matter, I have convinced myself that man is not capable of debarring himself utterly from death, since it is evidently a remedy for many evils that nothing else would cure. This means that we have discovered of removing death to an indefinite distance is not supernatural; on the contrary, it is the most natural thing in the world,—the very perfection of the natural, since it consists in applying the powers and processes of Nature to the prolongation of the existence of man, her most perfect handiwork; and this could only be done by entire accord and co-effort

with nature. Therefore Nature is not changed, and death remains as one of her steps, just as heretofore. Therefore, when we have exhausted the world, whether by going through its apparently vast variety, or by satisfying ourselves that it is all a repetition of one thing, we will call death as the friend to introduce us to something new."

[He would write a poem, or other great work, inappreciable at first, and live to see it famous, — himself among his own posterity.]

"O, insatiable love of life!" exclaimed Sybil, looking at him with strange pity. "Canst thou not conceive that mortal brain and heart might at length be content to sleep?"

"Never, Sybil!" replied Septimius, with horror. "My spirit delights in the thought of an infinite eternity. Does not thine?"

"One little interval — a few centuries only — of dreamless sleep," said Sybil, pleadingly. "Cannot you allow me that?"

"I fear," said Septimius, "our identity would change in that repose; it would be a Lethe between the two parts of our being, and with such disconnection a continued life would be equivalent to a new one, and therefore valueless."

In such talk, snatching in the fog at the fragments of philosophy, they continued fitfully; Septimius calming down his enthusiasm thus, which otherwise might have burst forth in madness, affrighting the quiet little village with the marvellous things about which they mused. Septimius could not quite satisfy himself whether Sybil Dacy shared in his belief of the success of his experiment, and was confident, as he was, that he held in his control the means of unlimited life; neither was he sure that she loved him, — loved him well enough to undertake with him the long march that he propounded to her, making a union an affair of so vastly more importance than it is in the brief lifetime of other mortals. But he determined to let her drink the in-

valuable draught along with him, and to trust to the long future, and the better opportunities that time would give him, and his outliving all rivals, and the loneliness which an undying life would throw around her, without him, as the pledges of his success.

And now the happy day had come for the celebration of Robert Hagburn's marriage with pretty Rose Garfield, the brave with the fair; and, as usual, the ceremony was to take place in the evening, and at the house of the bride: and preparations were made accordingly; the wedding-cake with which the bride's own fair hands had mingled her tender hopes, and seasoned with maiden fears, so that its composition was as much ethereal as sensual; and the neighbors and friends were invited, and came with their best wishes and good-will. For Rose shared not at all the distrust, the suspicion, or whatever it was, that had waited on the true branch of Septimius's family, in one shape or another, ever since the memory of man; and all — except, it might be, some disappointed damsels who had hoped to win Robert Hagburn for themselves — rejoiced at the approaching union of this fit couple, and wished them happiness.

Septimius, too, accorded his gracious consent to the union, and while he thought within himself that such a brief union was not worth the trouble and feeling which his sister and her lover wasted on it, still he wished them happiness. As he compared their brevity with his long duration, he smiled at their little fancies of loves, of which he seemed to see the end: the flower of a brief summer, blooming beautifully enough, and shedding its leaves, the fragrance of which would linger a little while in his memory, and then be gone. He wondered how far in the coming centuries he should remember this wedding of his sister Rose; perhaps he would meet, five hundred years hence, some descendant of the marriage, — a fair girl, bearing the traits of his sister's fresh beauty; a young

man, recalling the strength and manly comeliness of Robert Hagburn, — and could claim acquaintance and kindred. He would be the guardian, from generation to generation, of this race; their ever-reappearing friend at times of need; and meeting them from age to age, would find traditions of himself, growing poetical in the lapse of time; so that he would smile at seeing his features look so much more majestic in their fancies than in reality. So all along their course, in the history of the family, he would trace himself, and by his traditions he would make them acquainted with all their ancestors, and so still be warmed by kindred blood.

And Robert Hagburn, full of the life of the moment, warm with generous blood, came in a new uniform, looking fit to be the founder of a race who should look back to a hero sire. He greeted Septimius as a brother. The minister, too, came, of course, and mingled with the throng, with decorous aspect, and greeted Septimius with more formality than he had been wont; for Septimius had insensibly withdrawn himself from the minister's intimacy, as he got deeper and deeper into the enthusiasm of his own cause. Besides, the minister did not fail to see that his once devoted scholar had contracted habits of study into the secrets of which he himself was not admitted, and that he no longer alluded to studies for the ministry; and he was inclined to suspect that Septimius had unfortunately allowed infidel ideas to assail, at least, if not to overcome, that fortress of firm faith which he had striven to found and strengthen in his mind, — a misfortune frequently befalling speculative and imaginative and melancholic persons, like Septimius, whom the Devil is all the time planning to assault, because he feels confident of having a traitor in the garrison. The minister had heard that this was the fashion of Septimius's family, and that even the famous divine, who, in his eyes, was the glory of it, had had his season of wild infidelity in his youth, before grace touched him; and had always thereafter, throughout

his long and pious life, been subject to seasons of black and sulphurous despondency, during which he disbelieved the faith which, at other times, he preached so powerfully.

"Septimius, my young friend," said he, "are you yet ready to be a preacher of the truth?"

"Not yet, reverend pastor," said Septimius, smiling at the thought of the day before, that the career of a prophet would be one that he should some time assume. "There will be time enough to preach the truth when I better know it."

"You do not look as if you knew it so well as formerly, instead of better," said his reverend friend, looking into the deep furrows of his brow, and into his wild and troubled eyes.

"Perhaps not," said Septimius. "There is time yet."

These few words passed amid the bustle and murmur of the evening, while the guests were assembling, and all were awaiting the marriage with that interest which the event continually brings with it, common as it is, so that nothing but death is commoner. Everybody congratulated the modest Rose, who looked quiet and happy; and so she stood up at the proper time, and the minister married them with a certain fervor and individual application that made them feel they were married indeed. Then there ensued a salutation of the bride, the first to kiss her being the minister, and then some respectable old justices and farmers, each with his friendly smile and joke. Then went round the cake and wine, and other good cheer, and the hereditary jokes with which brides used to be assailed in those days. I think, too, there was a dance, though how the couples in the reel found space to foot it in the little room, I cannot imagine; at any rate, there was a bright light out of the windows, gleaming across the road, and such a sound of the babble of numerous voices and merriment, that travellers passing by, on the lonely Lexington road, wished they were of the party; and one or two of them

stopped and went in and saw the new-made bride, drank to her health, and took a piece of the wedding-cake home to dream upon.

[It is to be observed that Rose had requested of her friend, Sybil Dacy, to act as one of her bridesmaids, of whom she had only the modest number of two; and the strange girl declined, saying that her intermeddling would bring ill-fortune to the marriage.]

"Why do you talk such nonsense, Sybil?" asked Rose. "You love me, I am sure, and wish me well; and your smile, such as it is, will be the promise of prosperity, and I wish for it on my wedding-day."

"I am an ill-fate, a sinister demon, Rose; a thing that has sprung out of a grave; and you had better not entreat me to twine my poison tendrils round your destinies. You would repent it."

"O, hush, hush!" said Rose, putting her hand over her friend's mouth. "Naughty one! you can bless me, if you will, only you are wayward."

"Bless you then, dearest Rose, and all happiness on your marriage!"

Septimius had been duly present at the marriage, and kissed his sister with moist eyes, it is said, and a solemn smile, as he gave her into the keeping of Robert Hagburn; and there was something in the words he then used that afterwards dwelt on her mind, as if they had a meaning in them that asked to be sought into, and needed reply.

"There, Rose," he had said, "I have made myself ready for my destiny. I have no ties any more, and may set forth on my path without scruple."

"Am I not your sister still, Septimius?" said she, shedding a tear or two.

"A married woman is no sister; nothing but a married woman till she becomes a mother; and then what shall I have to do with you?"

He spoke with a certain eagerness to prove his case, which Rose could not understand, but which was probably to justify himself in severing, as he was

about to do, the link that connected him with his race, and making for himself an exceptional destiny, which, if it did not entirely insulate him, would at least create new relations with all. There he stood, poor fellow, looking on the mirthful throng, not in exultation, as might have been supposed, but with a strange sadness upon him. It seemed to him, at that final moment, as if it were Death that linked together all; yes, and so gave the warmth to all. Wedlock itself seemed a brother of Death; wedlock, and its sweetest hopes, its holy companionship, its mysteries, and all that warm mysterious brotherhood that is between men; passing as they do from mystery to mystery in a little gleam of light; that wild, sweet charm of uncertainty and temporariness, — how lovely it made them all, how innocent, even the worst of them; how hard and prosaic was his own situation in comparison to theirs. He felt a gushing tenderness for them, as if he would have flung aside his endless life, and rushed among them, saying, —

"Embrace me! I am still one of you, and will not leave you! Hold me fast!"

After this it was not particularly observed that both Septimius and Sybil Dacy had disappeared from the party, which, however, went on no less merrily without them. In truth, the habits of Sybil Dacy were so wayward, and little squared by general rules, that nobody wondered or tried to account for them; and as for Septimius, he was such a studious man, so little accustomed to mingle with his fellow-citizens on any occasion, that it was rather wondered at that he should have spent so large a part of a sociable evening with them, than that he should now retire.

After they were gone the party received an unexpected addition, being no other than the excellent Doctor Portsoaken, who came to the door, announcing that he had just arrived on horseback from Boston, and that, his object being to have an interview with Sybil Dacy, he had been to Robert

Hagburn's house in quest of her; but, learning from the old grandmother that she was here, he had followed.

Not finding her, he evinced no alarm, but was easily induced to sit down among the merry company, and partake of some brandy, which, with other liquors, Robert had provided in sufficient abundance; and that being a day when man had not learned to fear the glass, the doctor found them all in a state of hilarious chat. Taking out his German pipe, he joined the group of smokers in the great chimney-corner, and entered into conversation with them, laughing and joking and mixing up his jests with that mysterious suspicion which gave so strange a character to his intercourse.

"It is good fortune, Mr. Hagburn," quoth he, "that brings me here on this auspicious day. And how has been my learned young friend Doctor Septimius, — for so he should be called, — and how have flourished his studies of late? The scientific world may look for great fruits from that decoction of his."

"He'll never equal Aunt Keziah for herb-drinks," said an old woman, smoking her pipe in the corner, "though I think likely he'll make a good doctor enough by and by. Poor Kezzy, she took a drop too much of her mixture, after all. I used to tell her how it would be; for Kezzy and I ever were pretty good friends once, before the Indian in her came out so strongly, — the squaw and the witch, for she had them both in her blood, poor yellow Kezzy!"

"Yes! had she indeed?" quoth the doctor; "and I have heard an odd story, that if the Feltons chose to go back to the old country, they'd find a home and an estate there ready for them."

The old woman mused, and puffed at her pipe. "Ah, yes," muttered she, at length, "I remember to have heard something about that; and how, if Felton chose to strike into the woods, he'd find a tribe of wild Indians there, ready to take him for their sagamore, and conquer the whites; and how, if he chose to go to England, there was a

great old house all ready for him, and a fire burning in the hall, and a dinner-table spread, and the tall-posted bed ready, with clean sheets, in the best chamber, and a man waiting at the gate to show him in. Only there was a spell of a bloody footstep left on the threshold by the last that came out, so that none of his posterity could ever cross it again. But that was all nonsense."

"Strange old things one dreams in a chimney-corner," quoth the doctor. "Do you remember any more of this?"

"No, no; I'm so forgetful nowadays," said old Mrs. Hagburn; "only it seems as if I had my memories in my pipe, and they curl up in smoke. I've known these Feltons all along, or it seems as if I had; for I'm nigh ninety years old now, and I was two year old in the witch's time, and I have seen a piece of the halter that old Felton was hung with."

Some of the company laughed.

"That must have been a curious sight," quoth the doctor.

"It is not well," said the minister seriously to the doctor, "to stir up these old remembrances, making the poor old lady appear absurd. I know not that she need to be ashamed of showing the weaknesses of the generation to which she belonged; but I do not like to see old age put at this disadvantage among the young."

"Nay, my good and reverend sir," returned the doctor, "I mean no such disrespect as you seem to think. Forbid it, ye upper powers, that I should cast any ridicule on beliefs — superstitions, do you call them? — that are as worthy of faith, for aught I know, as any that are preached in the pulpit. If the old lady would tell me any secret of the old Felton's science, I shall treasure it sacredly; for I interpret these stories about his miraculous gifts as meaning that he had a great command over natural science, the virtues of plants, the capacities of the human body."

While these things were passing, or before they passed, or some time in that eventful night, Septimius had with-

drawn to his study, when there was a low tap heard at the door, and, opening it, Sybil Dacy stood before him. It seemed as if there had been a previous arrangement between them ; for Septimius evinced no surprise, only took her hand and drew her in.

"How cold your hand is!" he exclaimed. "Nothing is so cold, except it be the potent medicine. It makes me shiver."

"Never mind that," said Sybil. "You look frightened at me."

"Do I?" said Septimius. "No, not that ; but this is such a crisis ; and methinks it is not yourself. Your eyes glare on me strangely."

"Ah, yes ; and you are not frightened at me? Well, I will try not to be frightened at myself. Time was, however, when I should have been."

She looked round at Septimius's study, with its few old books, its implements of science, crucibles, retorts, and electrical machines ; all these she noticed little ; but on the table drawn before the fire, there was something that attracted her attention ; it was a vase that seemed of crystal, made in that old fashion in which the Venetians made their glasses, — a most pure kind of glass, with a long stalk, within which was a curved elaboration of fancy-work, wreathed and twisted. This old glass was an heirloom of the Feltons, a relic that had come down with many traditions, bringing its frail fabric safely through all the perils of time, that had shattered empires ; and, if space sufficed, I could tell many stories of this curious vase, which was said, in its time, to have been the instrument both of the Devil's sacrament in the forest, and of the Christian in the village meeting-house. But at any rate, it had been a part of the choice household gear of one of Septimius's ancestors, and was engraved with his arms, artistically done.

"Is that the drink of immortality?" said Sybil.

"Yes, Sybil," said Septimius. "Do but touch the goblet ; see how cold it is."

She put her slender, pallid fingers on the side of the goblet, and shuddered, just as Septimius did when he touched her hand.

"Why should it be so cold?" said she, looking at Septimius.

"Nay, I know not, unless because endless life goes round the circle and meets death, and is just the same with it. O Sybil, it is a fearful thing that I have accomplished ! Do you not feel it so? What if this shiver should last us through eternity?"

"Have you pursued this object so long," said Sybil, "to have these fears respecting it now? In that case, methinks I could be bold enough to drink it alone, and look down upon you, as I did so, smiling at your fear to take the life offered you."

"I do not fear," said Septimius ; "but yet I acknowledge there is a strange, powerful abhorrence in me towards this draught, which I know not how to account for, except as the reaction, the revulsion of feeling consequent upon its being too long overstrained in one direction. I cannot help it. The meannesses, the littlenesses, the perplexities, the general irksomeness of life, weigh upon me strangely. Thou didst refuse to drink with me. That being the case, methinks I could break the jewelled goblet now, untasted, and choose the grave as the wiser part."

"The beautiful goblet! What a pity to break it!" said Sybil, with her characteristic malign and mysterious smile. "You cannot find it in your heart to do it."

"I could, — I can. So thou wilt not drink with me?"

"Do you know what you ask?" said Sybil. "I am a being that sprung up, like this flower, out of a grave ; or, at least, I took root in a grave, and growing there, have twined about your life, until you cannot possibly escape from me. Ah, Septimius ! you know me not. You know not what is in my heart towards you. Do you remember this broken miniature? would you wish to see the features that were destroyed

when that bullet passed? Then look at mine!"

"Sybil! what do you tell me? Was it you — were they your features — which that young soldier kissed as he lay dying?"

"They were," said Sybil. "I loved him, and gave him that miniature, and the face they represented. I had given him all, and you slew him."

"Then you hate me," whispered Septimius.

"Do you call it hatred?" asked Sybil, smiling. "Have I not aided you, thought with you, encouraged you, heard all your wild ravings when you dared to tell no one else? kept up your hopes; suggested; helped you with my legendary lore to useful hints; helped you, also, in other ways, which you do not suspect? And now you ask me if I hate you. Does this look like it?"

"No," said Septimius. "And yet, since first I knew you, there has been something whispering me of harm, as if I sat near some mischief. There is in me the wild, natural blood of the Indian, the instinctive, the animal nature, which has ways of warning that civilized life polishes away and cuts out; and so, Sybil, never did I approach you, but there were reluctances, drawings back, and, at the same time, a strong impulse to come closest to you; and to that I yielded. But why, then, knowing that in this grave lay the man you loved, laid there by my hand, — why did you aid me in an object which you must have seen was the breath of my life?"

"Ah, my friend, — my enemy, if you will have it so, — are you yet to learn that the wish of a man's inmost heart is oftenest that by which he is ruined and made miserable? But listen to me, Septimius. No matter for my earlier life; there is no reason why I should tell you the story, and confess to you its weakness, its shame. It may be, I had more cause to hate the tenant of that grave than to hate you who unconsciously avenged my cause; nevertheless, I came here in hatred,

and desire of revenge, meaning to lie in wait, and turn your dearest desire against you, to eat into your life, and distil poison into it, I sitting on his grave, and drawing fresh hatred from it; and at last, in the hour of your triumph, I meant to make the triumph mine."

"Is this still so?" asked Septimius with pale lips; "or did your fell purpose change?"

"Septimius, I am weak, — a weak, weak girl, — only a girl, Septimius; only eighteen yet," exclaimed Sybil. "It is young, is it not? I might be forgiven much. You know not how bitter my purpose was to you. But look, Septimius, — could it be worse than this? Hush, be still! Do not stir!"

She lifted the beautiful goblet from the table, put it to her lips, and drank a deep draught from it; then, smiling mockingly, she held it towards him.

"See; I have made myself immortal before you. Will you drink?"

He eagerly held out his hand to receive the goblet, but Sybil, holding it beyond his reach a moment, deliberately let it fall upon the hearth, where it shivered into fragments, and the bright, cold water of immortality was all spilt, shedding its strange fragrance around.

"Sybil, what have you done?" cried Septimius, in rage and horror.

"Be quiet! See what sort of immortality I win by it, — then, if you like, distil your drink of eternity again, and quaff it."

"It is too late, Sybil; it was a happiness that may never come again in a lifetime. I shall perish as a dog does. It is too late!"

"Septimius," said Sybil, who looked strangely beautiful, as if the drink, giving her immortal life, had likewise the potency to give immortal beauty answering to it, "listen to me. You have not learned all the secrets that lay in those old legends, about which we have talked so much. There were two recipes, discovered or learned by the art of the studious old Gaspar Felton.

One was said to be that secret of immortal life which so many old sages sought for, and which some were said to have found; though, if that were the case, it is strange some of them have not lived till our day. Its essence lay in a certain rare flower, which, mingled properly with other ingredients of great potency in themselves, though still lacking the crowning virtue till the flower was supplied, produced the drink of immortality."

"Yes, and I had the flower, which I found in a grave," said Septimius, "and distilled the drink which you have spilt."

"You had a flower, or what you called a flower," said the girl. "But, Septimius, there was yet another drink, in which the same potent ingredients were used; all but the last. In this, instead of the beautiful flower, was mingled the semblance of a flower, but really a baneful growth out of a grave. This I sowed there, and it converted the drink into a poison, famous in old science, — a poison which the Borgias used, and Mary de Medicis, — and which has brought to death many a famous person, when it was desirable to his enemies. This is the drink I helped you to distil. It brings on death with pleasant and delightful thrills of the nerves. O Septimius, Septimius, it is worth while to die, to be so blest, so exhilarated as I am now."

"Good God, Sybil! is this possible?"

"Even so, Septimius. I was helped by that old physician, Doctor Portsoaken, who, with some private purpose of his own, taught me what to do; for he was skilled in all the mysteries of those old physicians, and knew that their poisons at least were efficacious, whatever their drinks of immortality might be. But the end has not turned out as I meant. A girl's fancy is so shifting, Septimius. I thought I loved that youth in the grave yonder; but it was you I loved, — and I am dying. Forgive me for my evil purposes, for I am dying."

"Why hast thou spilt the drink?" said Septimius, bending his dark brows upon her, and frowning over her. "We might have died together."

"No; live, Septimius," said the girl, whose face appeared to grow bright and joyous, as if the drink of death exhilarated her like an intoxicating fluid. "I would not let you have it, not one drop. But to think," and here she laughed, "what a penance, — what months of wearisome labor thou hast had, — and what thoughts, what dreams, and how I laughed in my sleeve at them all the time! Ha, ha, ha! Then thou didst plan out future ages, and talked poetry and prose to me. Did I not take it very demurely, and answer thee in the same style? and so thou didst love me, and kindly didst wish to take me with thee in thy immortality. O Septimius, I should have liked it well! Yes, latterly, only, I knew how the case stood. O, how I surrounded thee with dreams, and instead of giving thee immortal life, so kneaded up the little life allotted thee with dreams and vamping stuff, that thou didst not really live even that. Ah, it was a pleasant pastime, and pleasant is now the end of it. Kiss me, thou poor Septimius, one kiss!"

[She gives the ridiculous aspect to his scheme, in an airy way.]

But as Septimius, who seemed stunned, instinctively bent forward to obey her, she drew back. "No, there shall be no kiss! There may a little poison linger on my lips. Farewell! Dost thou mean still to seek for thy liquor of immortality? — ah, ah! It was a good jest. We will laugh at it when we meet in the other world."

And here poor Sybil Dacy's laugh grew fainter, and dying away, she seemed to die with it; for there she was, with that mirthful, half-malign expression still on her face, but motionless; so that however long Septimius's life was likely to be, whether a few years or many centuries, he would still have her image in his memory so. And here she lay among his broken hopes, now shattered as completely as the goblet which

held his draught, and as incapable of being formed again.

The next day, as Septimius did not appear, there was research for him on the part of Doctor Portsoaken. His room was found empty, the bed untouched. Then they sought him on his favorite hill-top; but neither was he found there, although something was found that added to the wonder and alarm of his disappearance. It was the cold form of Sybil Dacy, which was extended on the hillock so often mentioned, with her arms thrown over it; but, looking in the dead face, the beholders were astonished to see a certain malign and mirthful expression, as if some airy part had been played out,—some surprise, some practical joke of a peculiarly airy kind, had burst with fairy shoots of fire among the company.

"Ah, she is dead! Poor Sybil Dacy," exclaimed Doctor Portsoaken. "Her scheme, then, has turned out amiss."

This exclamation seemed to imply some knowledge of the mystery; and it so impressed the auditors, among whom was Robert Hagburn, that they thought it not inexpedient to have an investigation; so the learned doctor was not uncivilly taken into custody and examined. Several interesting particulars, some of which throw a certain degree of light on our narrative, were discovered. For instance, that Sybil Dacy, who was a niece of the doctor, had been beguiled from her home and led over the sea by Cyril Norton, and that the doctor, arriving in Boston with another regiment, had found her there, after her lover's death. Here there was some discrepancy or darkness in the doctor's narrative. He appeared to have consented to, or instigated (for it was not quite evident how far his concurrence had gone) this poor girl's scheme of going and brooding over her lover's grave, and living in close contiguity with the man who had slain him. The doctor had not much to say for himself on this point; but there

was found reason to believe that he was acting in the interest of some English claimant of a great estate that was left without an apparent heir by the death of Cyril Norton; and there was even a suspicion that he, with his fantastic science and antiquated empiricism, had been at the bottom of the scheme of poisoning, which was so strangely intertwined with Septimius's notion, in which he went so nearly crazed, of a drink of immortality. It was observable, however, that the doctor—such a humbug in scientific matters, that he had perhaps bewildered himself—seemed to have a sort of faith in the efficacy of the recipe which had so strangely come to light, provided the true flower could be discovered; but that flower, according to Doctor Portsoaken, had not been seen on earth for many centuries, and was banished probably forever. The flower, or fungus, which Septimius had mistaken for it, was a sort of earthly or devilish counterpart of it, and was greatly in request among the old poisoners for its admirable uses in their art. In fine, no tangible evidence being found against the worthy doctor, he was permitted to depart, and disappeared from the neighborhood, to the scandal of many people, unchanged; leaving behind him few available effects beyond the web and empty skin of an enormous spider.

As to Septimius, he returned no more to his cottage by the wayside, and none undertook to tell what had become of him; crushed and annihilated, as it were, by the failure of his magnificent and most absurd dreams. Rumors there have been, however, at various times, that there had appeared an American claimant, who had made out his right to the great estate of Smithell's Hall, and had dwelt there, and left posterity, and that in the subsequent generation an ancient baronial title had been revived in favor of the son and heir of the American. Whether this was our Septimius, I cannot tell; but I should be rather sorry to believe that after such splen-

did schemes as he had entertained, he should have been content to settle down into the fat substance and reality of English life, and die in his due time, and be buried like any other man.

A few years ago, while in England, I visited Smithell's Hall, and was entertained there, not knowing at the time that I could claim its owner as my countryman by descent; though as I now remember, I was struck by the

thin, sallow, American cast of his face, and the lithe slenderness of his figure, and seem now (but this may be my fancy) to recollect a certain Indian glit-ter of the eye, and cast of feature.

As for the Bloody Footstep, I saw it with my own eyes, and will venture to suggest that it was a mere natural reddish stain in the stone, converted by superstition into a Bloody Foot-step.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

AUTHOR'S NIGHT.

"**B** RILLIANT SUCCESS!" the play-bills said,
Flaming all over the town one day,
Blazing in characters blue and red,
(Printed for posting, by the way,
Before the public had seen the play!)
"Received with thunders of applause!
New Piece! New Author!! Tremendous
hit!!!"
This was on Tuesday: still it draws,
And to-night is the Author's Benefit.

"New piece": I've a word to say about
that.

Nine years ago, it may be more,
There came one day to the manager's door
A hopeful man, with a modest rat-tat,
Who smilingly entered, took off his hat,
And, begging the great man's pardon, slipped
Into his hand a manuscript.

In a month he came again: "The play —
Which I troubled you with, — the other
day —"

"The play? Oh! ah!" says the manager,
Politest of men. "Excuse me, sir!

'T is being considered." (Safe to bet
He had n't looked at the title yet!)

"I'll drop you a line; or, you'll confer
A favor by calling a week from now."

And he turned him out with a model bow.

Eight days later again they met, —

Modest author hopeful as ever;

But the great man finished his business thus:

"I've read your play, sir; very clever;

But" (handing it back to him) "I regret

It is n't exactly the thing for us.

Good morning, sir!" Politest of men! —

Nine years ago, it may be ten.

Author and piece were new enough then.

But sorrow and toil and poverty

Have taken the gloss from him, you see;

And the play was afterwards knocked about

The theatres, keeping company

With dice and euchre-packs so long,

And pipes and actors' paint, it grew

To look so dingy and smell so strong,

You'd have called it anything but new!

Till gruff and gouty old Montagu

Happened to take it up one day.

'T was after dinner; he thought, no doubt,

'T would help him to a nap. "But stay!

What in the deuce, boys! Here's a
play!"

He rubbed his glasses, forgot his gout,

And read till he started up with a shout,

"'T is just the thing for my *protégé*,

And hang me, if I don't bring it out!"

And so it chanced, politest of men!

The play came into your hands again

Nine years later, — did I say ten?

And either age had improved its flavor,

Or you are wiser than you were then;

For now you deem it a special favor

That gouty and grouchy old Montagu

Consented to bring it out with you.

"Tremendous hit!"

In the vast theatre's hollow sphere

High hangs the glittering chandelier;

Its bright beams flash on

Beauty and fashion;

A sea of life pours into the pit,

And cloud upon cloud piles over it,

Where Youth and Pleasure and Mirth and

Passion

And Years and Folly and Wisdom and Wit
Throng to the Author's Benefit.

The orchestra leader takes his place ;
Horn and serpent and oboë follow,
Violin and violoncello,
Trombone, trumpet, and double-bass.
A turning of music-leaves begins,
With a thrumming and screwing of violins ;
Then the leader waves his bow, and —
crash !

Kettle-drum rattles and cymbals clash,
And brass and strings and keen triangle
And high-keyed piccolo, piercing and pure,
Their many-colored chords entangle,
Weaving the wild, proud overture.

Old Montagu, with fret and frown,
All cloaked and gloved, walks up and down
Before the door of his *protégée*,
Keeping her worshippers at bay.
But he catches one who comes that way,
Gives him a gouty finger or two,
And seems quite civil : " Why did n't you
Have a bouquet
For my *protégée*,
In the boudoir-scene last night ? 'T will do
As well to-night, though." (Straight off
goes gay

Young Lothario, hunting a nose-gay.)
He punches a pale reporter next
With his playful cane : " She 's terribly vext
At you, young fellow ! Why did n't you get
That notice into your last Gazette ?
You will in your next, eh ? Don't forget !"
And gruff and snuffy old Montagu
Limps down to the curtain and peeps
through :

" Boys ! what a house it is ! Thanks to me,
The fellow's fortune is made," quoth he.

Then, tinkle-tinkle ! The music hushes ;
Up to the ceiling the great curtain rushes ;
And a world of surprise
To fresh young eyes,

A realm of enchantment, glows and flushes,
Stretching far back from the footlights'
brink.

How does it look to worldly-wise
And crusty old Montagu, do you think ?

And the author, where all the while is he ?
How seems it to him ? Were I in his place,
Turning at last my toil-worn face
From the dreary deserts of poverty,
Would n't all my heart leap high to see
The flowers of beauty and fashion and grace,
One many-hued, gay,
Immense bouquet,

VOL. XXX. — NO. 178.

Flaunting and fluttering here for me ?
The costumed players, even she,
The bright young queen
Of the radiant scene,
Speaking his speeches, living his thought ;
And all this vast, pulsating mass
Held captive by the spell he wrought,
Held breathless, like a sea of glass
That bursts in breakers of wild applause ; —
Would n't you conceive you had some
cause

For an honest thrill, if you were he ?
But where, as we said, can the fellow be ?

Montagu is crabbed and old ;
And the wings are barren and gusty and
cold ;
And, ah ! could the fresh young eyes be-
hold,

Around and under
That vision of wonder, —
Behind the counterfeit joys and hopes,
The tinsel and paint of the players' parts, —
The barn-like vault, with its pulleys and
ropes,
Shabby canvas and sheet-iron thunder,
And, O, the humanest lives and hearts !

Head of Jesuit, heart of Jew,
Snuffy and puffy old Montagu
Watches his ward, as a lynx his prey,
Wheedles her lovers, and reckons his
gains ;

Though naught but praise of his *protégée*
Will he hear from another, he follows the
play
With eyes that threaten and brows that
rebuke her,
And lips that can chide in a fierce, sharp
way,

When all is over, for all her pains.
The priest and the lover are playing euchre
In the intervals of their parts ; the clown,
Dull fellow enough when the curtain is
down,

Has had, they say,
Bad news to-day ;
The merry ghost of the murdered man
Takes pleasant revenge on the whiskered
villain

At a game of chess which they began
In the green-room, just before the killing ;
The beggar is scuffling with the king ;
And the lovelorn maiden is gossiping
With the misanthrope, prince of all good
fellows ;

And some are sad, and some are gay,
Some are in love, and some are jealous ;
And there 's many a play within the play !

And, O young eyes ! in yonder alley,
Which the tall theatre overtops
(Its sheer crag towering above a valley
Of poor men's tenements and shops), —
Where three little cherubs, not overfed,
Are lying asleep in a trundle-bed,
While a thin, wan woman, sitting late,
Is stitching a garment beside the grate, —
You might, at this moment, see a man
Act as no paid performer can, —
In that wholly unstudied, natural way
No one to this day
Ever saw in a play !

Out at elbows, out at toes,
A needy, seedy, lank little man,
To and fro and about he goes,
With a vexed little bundle of infantine
woes, —
Sitting down, rising up, and with rocking
and walking,
With hushing and tossing and singing and
talking,
Vainly trying
To still its crying ;
While a shadow behind him, huge and dim,
With a shadow-baby mimics him,
Sketched on the wall
Grotesque and tall !

Anon he pauses. Hark to the cheers !
He laughs as he hears ;
And he says, " I believe I could tell by the
cheers,
(If only this child would n't worry so !)
Whether they come from above or below,
Begin in the boxes or up in the tiers,
Which is the speech, and who is the play-
er !"
In his keen face kindles a youthful glow, —
And lo ! 't is the face of the man we know, —
'T is certainly so !
Though faded and jaded, thinner and grayer,
With a ghost of the look of long ago.

" To think," he says, " I never knew
The play was to be brought out, until
I saw it that morning on the bill !
Then did n't I hurry home to you
(I vow, this baby will never hush !
There, bite my finger, if you will !)
With the wonderful news ? And did n't I
rush
Up the alley, to find old Montagu ?
You would n't believe it was really true,
And you only half believe it still !"

Reason enough that she should doubt !
For has n't she witnessed, all these years,
His coming in, and his going out,

His wisdom, his weakness, his laughter and
tears ?
Seen him pine and seen him fret ?
Eating his dinner (when dinners were had) ;
Serious, frivolous, hopeful, sad ; —
Why, he never could get
A living yet,
And all that he tried has failed outright !
Now can it be,
Is it really he,
This poor, weak man at her side, whose wit
Is making the theatre shake to-night,
As if its very sides would split ?

Odd, is it not ? But after all,
If you will observe, it does n't take
A man of giant mould to make
A giant shadow on the wall ;
And he who in our daily sight
Seems but a figure mean and small,
Outlined in Fame's illusive light
May stalk, a silhouette sublime,
Across the canvas of his time.

She answers with a peevish smile,
Taking stitch upon stitch the while :
" Why did n't they pay you something down,
To buy you a coat and me a gown ?
Then I could go to the theatre too,
And you would n't be ashamed to sit
In the private box they offered you,
Instead of sneaking in as you do.
They put you off with a benefit !
And how do I know but Montagu
Is going to cheat you out of it ?"

" These women never will understand
Some things !" he cries. " How many times
more
Must I explain —" A rap at the door !
A step on the creaking stairway floor !
He opens, and sees before him stand
A visitor, courteous, bland, and grand, —
His friend the manager, true as you live !
Who puts a packet into his hand,
Very much as once we saw him give
A manuscript, with the same old bow.
(Everything seems altered now
But the model man and his model bow :
He will enter, I fancy, the other world
In just this style, —
With a flourish and smile,
Diamonds sparkling, and mustache curled !)

" It gives me very great pleasure : one third
Of the gross receipts" : presenting the
packet.

" For a first instalment, upon my word,
Not bad, my friend ! — A check, if preferred ;

But I thought you might manage this," he says.

"A little seed, which I trust will grow.
The piece is certainly a success,
And, with the right management to back it,
Will run, I should say, six weeks or so.
Really, a very neat success!
We shall always be playing it more or less.
I'm happy to say so much; although
I think I was right, nine years ago.
(Sign this little receipt, if you please?)
Times were not ripe for it then, you know;
The play would have failed, nine years ago.
Now, when can you give us another piece?"

The author, in the sudden heat
And tumult of his joy, (or is it
His strange confusion at this visit?
The greatest honor of all his life!)
Partly because the said receipt
Is to be signed, and partly, maybe,
Because one arm still holds the baby,
Turns over the packet to his wife.
She tears the wrapper, and both her hands
Amazed she raises, —
Amazed she gazes!

The bursting treasure her broad lap fills, —
Gold and silver and good bank-bills!
Why, this at last she understands;
And now she believes in the benefit,
In the manager, and in Montagu,
In the play, and just a little bit
In her dear, old, clever husband too!

As for him, he seizes his hat, —
Wife and children must have a treat!
He follows the manager into the street,
Bent on purchasing this and that,
Something to wear and something to eat.
But the worthy man is quite too fast:
The shops are mostly closed; and at last
He comes around to the play-house door,
Where he hears such a din
Burst forth within,
What does he do, but just look in?

He reaches the lobby, and stands in the crowd;
By stretching his neck, and tiptoeing tall,
He can see that the curtain is down, that's all.

But still the roar

Goes up as before,
Shout upon shout!

Rapping and clapping and whistling and calling,

Stamping and tramping and caterwauling.
So he cries aloud to a man in the crowd,

"What is it about?"

And the man in the crowd screams back as loud,

"Don't you know?"

It's the end of the show!

They're trying to call the author out!"

The manager appears in his place,
Hat in hand, extremely polite,
Bowing and smiling to left and right,
(If only the author could get a sight!)
And delivers with characteristic grace
A neat little speech of about a minute,
With a plenty of pleasant nothings in it: —

"Author — unable to appear —

Obliged — presents —

Compliments —"

(If only the author himself could hear!
How the people cheer!)

"Company — favorite — credit due —

My friend and the public's — Montagu —

Theatre — enterprise in securing —

Author — other plans maturing —

Public — generous appreciation —

Gratification —

This ovation —"

And so, with a beautiful peroration,
Just the thing for the happy occasion,
Sails off in the breeze of a grand sensation.

All is over, and out with the throng
The jostled author is borne along.
Will the fresh young eyes, I wonder, see
The crumpled man in the crowd, and note
The napless hat and the seedy coat?
Alone, unknown, he goes his way,
None so unknown and lonely as he!
While he hears at his side a sweet voice say,

"O, what would n't any one give to be
The author of that delightful play!

I know he is handsome, he must be gay,
And tall, — though of that I'm not so certain;

Why did n't he come before the curtain?"

J. T. Trowbridge.

WHY SEMMES OF THE ALABAMA WAS NOT TRIED.

PART II.

THE first of these two points remaining to be settled was, whether there existed any, and, if any, what, proof of Semmes's having abused his powers as cruiser or as captor by illegitimate treatment of his captives, or by other forbidden cruelties.

A hundred rumors of outrage were in circulation. The public mind was inclined to believe them all. Just as the Scotch and English, in the days of John Paul Jones, were ready to credit any story that blackened Jones's character, so now, no report of Raphael Semmes's buccaneering misdeeds failed to secure a crowd of willing listeners, more than half credulous of any alleged outrage. But where was the evidence? Who were the sufferers, and who the witnesses? It seemed clear that somehow I must put myself in communication with the victims, accusers, and parties most directly in interest; and that the rights of Semmes, not less than those of the public, required of me such an investigation as would fully prove, or disprove, the current rumors of his cruelty.

As the readiest method of accomplishing the desired result, advertisements were published in the leading newspapers of the seaboard States, calling upon owners, officers, crews, and passengers of vessels destroyed by the *Sumter* or *Alabama* to send me at once full details of Semmes's conduct towards them and their vessels.

These advertisements were promptly and satisfactorily answered. I received and have now before me multitudes of letters intended to be responsive to those advertisements, from parties interested, pecuniarily or personally, in thirty-six or thirty-seven of the *Alabama's* captures.*

* These vessels were the *Alert*, *Altamaha*, *Amazonian*, *Benj. Tucker*, *Chastelaine*, *Contest*, *Cape Cora*, *Charles Hill*, *Dorcas Prince*, *Daniel Trowbridge*, *Eben Dodge*, *Emma Jane*, *Elisha Dunbar*,

Very few of these letters accused Semmes of either cruelty or unkindness, although they all complained of him for capturing their vessels, burning their cargoes, interrupting their voyages, and otherwise treating them as enemies, after the rough fashion of war, instead of behaving as though no war existed, and they were still sailing under "the flag of our Union."

The case of the *SOLFERINO* seemed at first to threaten Semmes with fatal results.

This ship was commanded by Captain John Pendleton of Searsport, Maine. She and her commander sailed from the East Indies, in September, 1862, for Queenstown, Ireland, passed the Cape of Good Hope in safety, and were spoken on the 22d of December between that cape and the island of St. Helena, "all well, and ship in good condition," and were never again heard from.

Mr Eastman, our consul at Queens-town, communicated these facts to Secretary Seward in February, 1866, and at the same time informed him that there were reports of conversations by some old *Alabama* men, in which they declared that the *Alabama*, in "The Southeast Trades," had fallen in with a ship answering to the description of the *Solferino*, had pursued and overtaken her, as she endeavored, under heavy press of canvas, to escape; and then, although she hauled down her flag, and gave every signal of surrender, had fired into and sunk her, with every soul on board, making no effort to rescue her crew.

Mr. Seward sent the despatch of Mr.

Golden Eagle, *Golden Rocket*, the United States steamer *Hatteras*, the *Jabez Snow*, *Kingfisher*, *LaFayette*, *Levi Starbuck*, *Lamplighter*, *Martha Wenzell*, *Martaban* (*alias Texan Star*), *Nye*, *Nora*, *Ocean Rover*, *Ocmulgee*, *Rockingham*, *Sea-Lark*, *Solferino*, *Tycoon*, *T. B. Wales*, *Union Jack*, *Virginia*, *Wave Crest*, and *Winged Racer*.

Eastman to the Secretary of the Navy, and upon its receipt I wrote to Captain Pendleton at Searsport. His father received and opened the letter and answered briefly, like one too deeply moved to indulge in many words. He said: "The Solferino sailed September 30, 1862; on the 22d of December she was spoken near the Cape of Good Hope; since which time I have no news from the ship."*

One of the Alabama's crew, an intelligent Englishman, was induced to come over from England, in order to be examined on this and kindred matters of inquiry. He denied, as calumnious, all charges of cruelty on the part of Semmes and his officers and men towards prisoners, and said, not only that no such incident as a chase and sinking of a vessel by the Alabama, had ever occurred, but, also, that it could not have occurred to the Solferino at the period and on the route described, because the Alabama was not within five hundred miles of any point which the Solferino could have touched, between December 22, 1862, and the 1st of March following. This, he affirmed, would appear from the narrative, and the tables of latitude and longitude, contained in the book entitled "The Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter," originally published in London, and afterwards reprinted by Carleton & Co., in New York.

On looking into that work I found the record to be as he had stated. While that tract of ocean known as "The Southeast Trades" is south of the equator, the Alabama was north of the equator from August, 1862, to the end of March, 1863. On the 22d of December, 1862, she was in the Gulf of Mexico. On the 11th of January, as we too well remember, she was off Galveston, Texas, and there fought and sunk the United States steamer Hatteras; and on the 29th of January was at San Domingo.

It became certain, therefore, that the Solferino was never seen by the Ala-

bama. "Foundered at sea" is doubtless the history of her disappearance from the knowledge of men.

So ended one accusation of cruelty.

The case of the AMAZONIAN was, for a short time, clouded by suspicion. My attention was called to it, in the first instance, by an anonymous letter, charging Semmes with homicidal cruelty. From this letter I extract the following sentences:—

"Semmes destroyed a bark. The captain—I think his name was Snow—lived in Chelsea, Massachusetts. A young man named Butler was on board" (the writer's grammar is dreadfully confused); "and when they were boarded, he fired a pistol at them. When they destroyed the vessel they were put aboard the Alabama, and then on board another vessel, to come home, excepting Butler, who was treated with the utmost barbarity, and starved, so that he died from that cause. It was a very brutal case of death, because the young man would not allow the flag to be lowered."

Anonymous communications are generally cowardly and treacherous, and I should have paid no heed to this one, had it not given me the address of Butler's brother, and referred to him in support of the accusation, and thus furnished the means of verifying or falsifying the story. I wrote to the brother, and, in his answer, he informed me that the name of the "bark" was "the Amazonian"; that her captain was William Loveland of Boston, and her first mate Lemuel L. Hatch of Lincolnville, Maine: to whom I wrote at once for information, but from whom it was long before I received any answer. Butler's letter further stated that his brother, with the rest of the crew of the Amazonian, was taken to the Alabama; that they were all treated "as well as they could expect," and were all transferred to a brig bound for Rio Janeiro, where his brother was shipped in the brig Hannah, bound to New York; that he was then taken sick, and placed in a hospital at St. Jago de Cuba, where he died. Subsequently Captain Love-

* Recently (October, 1871) he has again written to me, to the same effect.

land informed me that none of his "crew resisted when the Amazonian was captured"; that not a gun or pistol was fired by any of them, nor by any passenger; that although the crew were put in irons, they were not starved nor maltreated; that "all were transferred to one vessel from the Alabama, and carried to Rio, where," said he, "I got a berth for Butler on the American brig Hannah."

The Amazonian, therefore, like the Solferino, furnished no evidence against Semmes.

Two other cases of reputed cruelty, and only two others, were ever made known to me; and they vanished in like manner before the inquest of careful examination. These were the WINGED RACER and the EMMA JANE, two of the Alabama's East Indian captures.

Rumor asserted that the captain of the Winged Racer, his family, his officers and crew, after their vessel was burned, were removed from the Alabama, and turned adrift by Semmes, off the coast of Java, in boats intentionally damaged, and damaged so badly as to be unseaworthy, and exposing the passengers to almost certain death.

But this dreadful rumor was unsupported by proof. On the contrary, the captain himself asked for the boats, and requested leave to embark in them for the purpose of proceeding without delay to Batavia. The second mate, Mr. More, informed me that on the day after thus voluntarily leaving the Alabama, they were taken up by an English vessel, and carried to Batavia in safety, where they were provided for by the American Consul.

The story about the Emma Jane, which at first seemed to inculpate Semmes, turned out to be equally unfounded. It was said that Semmes landed the captain of that captured vessel, together with his wife and crew, at some obscure point on the Malabar coast where vessels never touch, and from which there was no escape.

Unfortunately for this accusation, it appeared that "somehow or other"

these captives did escape; and it transpired that Semmes furnished them with provisions, and engaged the magistrate of Amjanga, where they were landed, to forward them without charge to a port some sixty miles off, where British ships were sure to be found.

Here ended all charges of cruelty against the commander of the Alabama. In not one solitary instance was there furnished a particle of proof that "the pirate Semmes," as many of my correspondents called him, had ever maltreated his captives, or subjected them to needless or avoidable hardships and deprivations, however much he may have offended them by taking their goods, burning their ships, and denouncing their country and its government.

This is the more remarkable from the fact that the commander of the Alabama was not adapted either by gentle temper or gracious manners to win the good-will or soften the resentments of those whose vessels and cargoes he destroyed, or incline them to withhold complaint where anything occurred that could furnish good ground of reproach and accusation.

This chapter of complaint and suspicion was, therefore, dismissed as composed of nothing but slanderous rumors and idle gossip.

Nothing now remained for investigation but the conduct of Semmes during the Cherbourg engagement and after the sinking of the Alabama.

At the time of his arrest in Mobile he was charged with violation of the law of war, in that he was guilty of three distinct acts of perfidy, namely, 1. Fraudulently obtaining a cessation of firing on the part of the Kearsarge by showing a white flag, and then reopening his own fire; 2. Perfidiously running away after overtures of surrender; 3. Re-entering the Rebel service without having been exchanged.

The engagement between the Kearsarge and Alabama, it will be remembered, occurred off Cherbourg, on Sunday forenoon, June 19, 1864. It was sharp, short, and decisive; last-

ing about an hour, at the end of which period the Alabama, then actually sinking, struck her flag and made signals of distress. In twenty minutes more she sank, before any boat from the Kearsarge could board her. Semmes, having sent his wounded men in his own boats to the Kearsarge, leaped overboard as his vessel was going down, and, being picked up by the English yacht *Deerhound*, Captain Lancaster, was hurried off to England, while some of his crew were yet struggling in the water.

On the day of this fight and flight, and again on the next day, Captain Winslow briefly reported his victory to the Navy Department. But in neither of these reports did he accuse Semmes of perfidy or allude to his escape.

On the 21st of June he wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, enclosing extracts from his ship's log. This letter stated that after the Alabama struck her flag, she sent an officer to announce her surrender, and ask for help; that at his, Captain Winslow's, request, the English yacht *Deerhound* helped save some of the Alabama's men, and then made off with Captain Semmes. The only comment on this affair was in these words: "I could not believe that the commander" of the yacht "could be guilty of so disgraceful an act as taking our prisoners off, and therefore took no means to prevent it."

The "extracts from the log" simply state that the fight began at 11 o'clock A. M. and lasted till noon, when the Alabama showed signs of distress, suspended her fire, and sent a boat with an officer to surrender and ask for help; and that at 12^h 24^m she went down in forty fathoms, leaving most of her crew struggling in the water; that the *Deerhound* was requested by Captain Winslow to aid in saving the Alabama's men; that she did take some of them aboard, and "then steamed rapidly away, without reporting how many she had picked up."

On the 23d of June a copy of Semmes's official report of the engage-

ment was published in the "London Times." In that report Winslow is accused of violating the law of honorable warfare by firing into the Alabama five times after her colors had been struck. As the Kearsarge, at the time of this publication, was cruising in the English Channel, Captain Winslow very soon received and read this report and accusation. The report was not long in finding its way to the Navy Department. But not until thirty-seven days after this publication did Captain Winslow write to the department accusing Semmes of misconduct during the Cherbourg fight. On the 30th of July, in an official letter, he stated that, when the Alabama's flag came down, he could not ascertain whether it had been hauled or shot down; but that "a white flag having been displayed over the stern, our fire was reserved"; that two minutes had not more than elapsed before "the Alabama" again opened on "the Kearsarge" with the two guns on the port-side; that the Kearsarge then renewed her fire on the Alabama, and "steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking, the white flag still flying"; that the Kearsarge again "reserved" her fire, and that "shortly after this" the Alabama's boats were lowered, and an officer in one of them came alongside and reported her surrender, and that in twenty minutes she sank.

This statement contains the first accusation of a perfidy so monstrous that the common mind fails to understand how or why Captain Winslow could or should have omitted, for nearly two months, to make even an allusion to the crime, and that nothing was heard from him upon that subject until after he had been accused of a like offence by Semmes.

This dilatory complaint was the basis of the charge on which Semmes was ultimately arrested. To this were added the further allegations, that when he was bound to remain and complete his convention of surrender, by delivering up himself and sword, he either fled, or allowed himself to be

carried off by Captain Lancaster in the *Deerhound*; and that afterwards, without having been exchanged, he re-entered the Rebel service and bore arms against the United States.

Semmes himself furnished a part of the evidence in support of these charges. His official report, already mentioned, contained an admission that he first exhibited to the Kearsarge the ordinary tokens of surrender, which led to a cessation of the fight, and then evaded the performance of the promise thus implied, and from which no act of Lancaster could absolve him. Whether he requested that officer to carry him off, or was carried away contrary to his own will, his perfidy was equally great. But his subsequent failure to place himself, at the earliest or at any opportunity, in our hands as a prisoner, is conclusive proof that his flight was his own voluntary act,—an act base and disgraceful to the Rebel actor and to his British accessory, and doubly infamous in view of the circumstance that he hurried off without caring for many of his own men, still struggling in the water.

I had an official copy of that official report of Semmes in one of the public documents of the Confederate House of Representatives. It bears date, "Southampton, England, June 21, 1864," the second day after the fight. It states that, when Semmes found the *Alabama* to be in a sinking condition, he hauled down his colors, sent a boat for help to the Kearsarge, ordered his men to jump overboard as their vessel sank; leaped overboard himself to save his own life, and, with a number of his officers and men, was picked up by the *Deerhound*, and was, as he says, "*fortunate* enough thus to escape to the shelter of a neutral flag." What he thus describes as "*fortunate*," is pronounced by every naval officer whom I have consulted unfortunate for the Rebel commander; because, in their judgment, it was his incumbent duty to have placed himself in Captain Winslow's hands. His surrender made this a sacred obligation.

Had he, as some desperately gallant officers have done, determined to die rather than surrender, had he nailed his flag to the mast of the *Alabama*, and gone down with his shattered ship, the whole world, not excepting his bitterest foes, would have pronounced him to be a hero. But "he that fights and runs away," though he may "live to fight another day," is never regarded as heroic.

His overture of surrender and his subsequent evasion were also admitted by Semmes in one of the aforementioned letters to the President, in which, as well as in his binominal book of 1869, he makes what seems to me "a lame and impotent" attempt to justify his conduct. In that letter he says, "There was no cessation of the engagement from beginning to end, until the fight was over. When my ship was beaten I hauled down my colors, and ceased firing the few disabled guns that remained; but the Kearsarge continuing to fire upon me, notwithstanding, I caused one of the seamen to wave in his hand a white flag, to attract the attention of the enemy to the fact that my colors were down and that I had ceased the combat. In the few minutes that my ship floated after my colors were struck, I filled the only remaining boat that I had with my wounded men, and shoved her off to the Kearsarge, remaining on board my ship myself until the last moment, ready to yield possession to the enemy, and expecting him every moment to take possession. No enemy's boat having reached me, and my ship sinking from under me, I leaped into the sea, after having ordered my officers and men to do so likewise, to endeavor to save my life. I was still at the mercy of the enemy, and he might have picked me up at any moment, and thus have completed his conquest by making me his prisoner. Being in the sea, and having no longer any ship to deliver him, I was not bound by the laws of war to seek him personally. It was his business to seek me, and failing to obtain manual

possession of me, I was, in no sense, his prisoner, but had the undoubted right to make my escape if I could."

Besides these two confessions of surrender, I had also the proof, furnished in like manner by Semmes himself, that after his escape he re-entered the Confederate service, and engaged in active hostilities, first as a Rear-Admiral in the Confederate Navy, and then as a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army, without having been previously exchanged.

These three pieces of evidence were enough to convict him of two of the three specified offences; but as yet there was no competent evidence of the other, namely, perfidiously obtaining and abusing a cessation of the engagement.

To supply, if possible, this defect, the Secretary of the Navy summoned to Washington seven of the officers of the Kearsarge, namely, Captain Winslow, and Mr. Hartwell, his clerk; Executive-Officer Thornton; Acting-Masters Stoddard and Wheeler; Boatswain Walton, and Signal-Quarter-Master Saunders. They came in obedience to this order, and I interrogated them all, separately and with great care, recording their statements, and, after record, reading aloud to them what I had written, and asking them to suggest corrections or alterations, to make their narrative complete.

That examination was very surprising in its progress and in its conclusion. The seven statements were not only irreconcilably at variance with each other on many leading points, but were severally so confused and contradictory as to show that, in the heat, smoke, confusion, and excitement of battle, the perceptions of these men and their recollections were obscured and distracted. They did not furnish any safe material to be used in any prosecution as against the accused, but left upon my mind two distinct convictions, namely, first, that no perfidious attempt of the Alabama to procure a cessation of hostilities on the part of the Kearsarge was provable by

these witnesses; and, second, that no such attempt was in fact made. Honest and truthful as these men doubtless were, their testimony could not be relied upon to support any charge or specification against Semmes. Some of them saw the Alabama's flag come down three times, some twice, and some only once, before the firing ceased on both sides. Some saw two white flags, and some saw but one. Some said that one of the Alabama's guns was fired after the Kearsarge ceased her fire, some said two, and some said none at all. In short, the hour of the fight was one of those occasions when no man is so cool as to observe attentively and remember clearly; and in regard to which countless differences of detail will be found in the narratives of several witnesses, each and all of whom are honest and truthful and all of whom had equal opportunities of observation.

Such being the result of this examination of witnesses, there remained only the charge of running off in the Deerhound, and re-entering the Rebel service.

By this time I had come to the conclusion that, although Semmes was culpable in that he did not either remain until picked up by Captain Winslow's boats, or, on reaching England, give himself up as prisoner of war, and also in that he re-entered, unexchanged, the Confederate service, and that, although for either of these offences, had he been caught and tried and brought to conviction *flagrante bello*, he would have been sentenced to death, yet now it was scarcely worth while to bring him to trial for these offences, before a military court,*

* After some hesitation on the part of Secretary Welles and President Johnson, it had been resolved that Semmes, if tried at all, should be tried by a military commission, composed of five naval and four army officers, with an officer of the navy for president of the court. When asked by the Secretary of the Navy if there were any precedents for such a mixed commission, I answered that the case itself was unexampled, and that in trying this odd compound of Rear-Admiral and Brigadier-General, a mixed court was most appropriate, especially as it would have to consider and decide questions peculiar to each one of these two arms of the service, army and navy. The Secretary of War, on the con-

a tribunal, in time of peace, repugnant to the American, jury-loving mind, and especially when offenders of far deeper and bloodier dye were left undisturbed.

The legal aspect of the case seemed free from difficulty or doubt. Here, too, I had the strong support of President Woolsey and Professor Lieber. Dr. Woolsey says, with characteristic clearness, that "the manifestation of an intention to surrender requires that the surrender shall be carried out in good faith; otherwise it is an act of perfidy. If anything prevented Semmes from completing the surrender at the time, he was bound to complete it on the first opportunity.

"It is true, indeed, that when once a prisoner of war, but not on parole, he might have gone away; but the forms of surrender ought to have been gone through with, in order to bring him into the category of escaped prisoners, the essence of surrender being to place one's self in the other party's hands.

"The forms of surrender, when they stop the actual process of war, are a convention in fact; and that convention Semmes was bound to observe. He was acting perfidiously as long as he forbore to give himself up to complete his surrender. His presence in Johnston's army was thus an act of perfidy; for *he was not an escaped prisoner of war.*"

Of precisely the same opinion was Professor Lieber, although he thought it would, as an administrative act, be unwise to try Semmes, unless some other and more serious violation of the law of war could be alleged and proved against him. He said, "If we consider that his offence was universally known when the special agreement of May 1, 1865" (the Sherman-Johnston convention), "was signed, and that, in view of this fact, Semmes signed the parole, undoubtedly believing that he would not be tried for his

Alabama offence; that his offence, disreputable though it be, is not one of deep moral turpitude, such as Wirz's cruelty was; and that taking up so odious an offender on this single charge would look very much as though we were desirous of getting at him, but cannot find a better handle, — if we weigh these considerations, it would appear that he had better be sent away."

"These considerations" were "weighed," and the result was a determination to discharge Semmes without trial. This determination was reached after patient thought and thorough investigation, — processes that consumed several months, during which Semmes was naturally vexed and annoyed by what seemed to him a needless and cruel delay. But he was the gainer by this deliberation and delay, and the administration was not dilatory in any of its movements in his case, except in making his arrest. Reviewing the various steps of the investigation, we see that it was resolved not to try him by military court for mere piracy or treason; not to try him at all, unless, upon due inquest, it should appear certain that he had offended against the code of the laws of war; that his violations of neutral rights should be left for the consideration of neutral powers; that his adoption of "the destructive plan" as to his captures should not be charged as an offence; that his treatment of captives had been far from cruel or unjust; that to destroy the lighthouses of blockaded ports is no crime in one of the belligerents; that he, as a belligerent, was entitled to practise all the stratagems and deceptions known to civilized warfare, and was, also, entitled to all the protection and advantage which the law of war confers upon belligerents; and that he was not chargeable with perfidy at Cherbourg until after his vessel went down. And now, at last, it was determined that, because his neglect to complete his surrender, and his return to the Rebel service, just at the end of the war, had produced no appreciable difference in

trary, approved of this proposition the moment it was laid before him. "Certainly," said Mr. Stanton; "that is the very method, and I will give you the four best officers in the army."

the result of the Rebellion, but were, practically, of no consequence to either party to the strife, and because the leaders of that Rebellion were still at large, and even the most red-handed raiders and "bushwhackers" and "jay-hawkers" were left "unwhipped of justice," he should be set at liberty, and allowed to return, if he pleased, to his Southern home.

As soon as this conclusion was reached, Semmes was released from custody. Had he been hurried to trial as soon as arrested and brought to Washington, although nothing but his escape in the *Deerhound*, his subsequent neglect to give himself up, and his return to actual service in the Confederate Army and Navy, might have been proved against him, and no evidence but his own admissions might have been produced upon the trial, his conviction would have been certain; and, with the feelings of dislike and hatred which then burned against him, he might have been sentenced to death, and, like Marshal Ney, have been promptly executed. But four months of delay diverted the public feeling to matters more interesting than his case, and to persons more important than him. And during those four months the persevering search for proofs of his actual conduct had dispelled a hundred calumnious rumors against him, and relieved his character from a vast amount of undeserved obloquy, so that, although not shown to have been free from all violation of the law of war, he was discovered to be by no means the guilty monster of the belief that prevailed against him up to the close of 1865.

Without expressing any opinion as to the wisdom of his arrest prior to a careful examination of his case, I am free to declare that no person under military arrest was ever treated with greater fairness or with more substantial kindness. From the moment his case was referred to me as Solicitor and Naval Judge Advocate General, I was resolved that, so far as depended upon me, it should be, as I can safely

affirm that it was, conducted and disposed of with absolute justice and impartiality. Such had been my method in all of the many hundred cases which I had investigated or tried, as Judge Advocate and Provost Judge, in 1862-1865, while in the military service. During all those years, and in all those cases, I had had the good fortune to satisfy alike the government and the accused by this system of "even-handed justice"; and in Semmes's case, I found the Secretary of the Navy and the President of the United States disposed to continue that system. To these facts, and not to any special or secret motive, plan, or influence, was Semmes indebted for his liberation.

He has, in the volume already quoted, attributed his deliverance to motives less creditable to the government, — to political causes, to the quarrel between Congress and the late President, to Mr. Johnson's desire to build up for himself a Southern party. "I was only saved," he says at page 825, "by the circumstances which will be presently related"; and then he relates as follows: —

"At the time of my arrest there was a newspaper called 'The Republican,' published in the city of Washington in the interests of President Johnson. There had been some little struggle between Congress and the President as to who should take the initiative in the wholesale hanging of 'traitors,' which had been resolved upon. 'The Republican,' speaking for President Johnson," declared "his readiness to act. 'He is only waiting,' it said, 'for Congress to move in the matter.'" Semmes continues thus: "There is an old adage which says, 'when rogues fall out, honest men get their rights.' Fortunately for the 'traitors' of the South, Andrew Johnson and the Congress quarrelled. Johnson undertook to reconstruct the Southern States in *his* interests, and Congress claimed the right to reconstruct them in *its* interests. The Constitution of the United States was equally disregarded by both. It was a struggle between usurpers,

which should be master ; that was all. The breach widened from day to day, and the quarrel at last became bitter. Johnson, finding that his quarrel with Congress had ruined him with his party, now set about constructing a new one, — a Johnson party. His scheme was to ignore both the Democratic and the Republican party. If he could succeed in reconstructing the Southern States to the exclusion of Congress, he might hope to get the votes of those States in the next Presidential election. But, to conciliate these States, it would not do to hang five hundred of the military and political leaders of the Rebel government as a mere ‘beginning.’ He must pursue a different policy. He now issued first one amnesty proclamation, and then another, — doling out amnesty grudgingly, in broken doses, — until he had issued three of them. By the last of these proclamations, the writer of these pages, who was true to his State, was ‘graciously pardoned’ by Andrew Johnson, who had not only been a traitor to his State, but had betrayed, besides, two political parties. A glorious opportunity presented itself for him to show himself a statesman. He has proved a charlatan instead.”

This relation of Semmes furnishes a curious revelation of his character, by showing that the writer, though “saved” by President Johnson, could vilify and abuse his savior. It also shows that Semmes is as mistaken in his facts as ungrateful in his sentiments. Semmes was “saved,” so far as discharge from imprisonment and trial constituted salvation, sixteen months before the issue of the first proclamation to which he refers. He was not “saved” nor “graciously” or ungraciously “par-

doned” by either of the three amnesty proclamations. His discharge was in April, 1866. The first proclamation is dated September 7, 1867, and did not include within its provisions any person who had held rank or title in the Rebel Navy higher than that of captain. Of course it excluded Rear-Admiral Semmes. The second proclamation, bearing date July 4, 1868, extended only to cases of treason not under presentment or indictment. It did not touch “pirates,” nor offenders against the law of war. The third proclamation, by which, in particular, Semmes claims to have been “saved” and “pardoned,” is dated December 25, 1868, and includes no other crime than treason.

Reference to the Statutes at Large, Volume XV. pages 700, 703, and 712, would have shown his mistake to this discharged culprit, and might have led him to perceive that he was still amenable to the courts, both civil and military, for every offence except treason.

I will not call this carelessness wilful or criminal, for my object is not to reproach the Rebel Rear-Admiral ; and I refer to it chiefly for the purpose of showing that Semmes’s discharge was not due to any of the causes which he has specified. I have stated fully and fairly the true answer to the question, “Why was not Semmes of the Alabama tried ?” — a question asked very often at the time of his release, and repeated, with more or less interest, up to the present hour. The recent treaty with Great Britain, and the assembling of the Geneva Conference, have revived the inquiry ; and the foregoing pages furnish as complete an answer to that question as can be furnished by any one familiar with the facts.

John A. Bolles, Naval Solicitor.

A RIVERMOUTH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

AT five o'clock on the morning of the 10th of July, 1860, the front door of a certain house on Anchor Street, in the ancient seaport town of Rivermouth, might have been observed to open with great caution. This door, as the least imaginative reader may easily conjecture, did not open itself. It was opened by Miss Margaret Callaghan, who immediately closed it softly behind her, paused for a few seconds with an embarrassed air on the stone step, and then, throwing a furtive glance up at the second-story windows, passed hastily down the street towards the river, keeping close to the fences and garden walls on her left.

There was a ghostlike stealthiness to Miss Margaret's movements, though there was nothing whatever of the ghost about Miss Margaret herself. She was a plump, short person, no longer young, with coal-black hair growing low on the forehead, and a round face that would have been nearly meaningless if the features had not been emphasized—italicized, so to speak—by the small-pox. Moreover, the brilliancy of her toilet would have rendered any ghostly hypothesis untenable. Mrs. Solomon—we refer to the dressiest Mrs. Solomon, which ever one that was—in all her glory was not arrayed like Miss Margaret on that eventful summer morning. She wore a light green shotted silk frock, a blazing red shawl, and a yellow crape bonnet profusely decorated with azure, orange, and magenta artificial flowers. In her hand she carried a white parasol. The newly risen sun, ricocheting from the bosom of the river and striking point-blank on the top-knot of Miss Margaret's gorgeousness, made her an imposing spectacle in the quiet street of that Puritan village. But, in spite of the bravery of her apparel, she stole guiltily along by

garden walls and fences until she reached a small, dingy framehouse near the wharves, in the darkened doorway of which she quenched her burning splendor, if so bold a figure is permissible.

Three quarters of an hour passed. The sunshine moved slowly up Anchor Street, fingered noiselessly the well-kept brass knockers on either side, and drained the heel-taps of dew which had been left from the revels of the fairies overnight in the cups of the morning-glories. Not a soul was stirring yet in this part of the town, though the Rivermouthians are such early birds that not a worm may be said to escape them. By and by one of the brown Holland shades at one of the upper windows of the Bilkins mansion—the house from which Miss Margaret had emerged—was drawn up, and old Mr. Bilkins in spiral nightcap looked out on the sunny street. Not a living creature was to be seen, save the dissipated family cat,—a very Lovelace of a cat that was not allowed a night-key,—who was sitting on the curbstone opposite, waiting for the hall door to be opened. Three quarters of an hour, we repeat, had passed, when Mrs. Margaret O'Rouke, *née* Callaghan, issued from the small dingy house by the river, and regained the doorstep of the Bilkins mansion in the same stealthy fashion in which she had left it.

Not to prolong a mystery that must already oppress the reader, Mr. Bilkins's cook had, after the manner of her kind, stolen out of the premises before the family were up and got herself married,—surreptitiously and artfully married, as if matrimony were an indictable offence.

And something of an offence it was in this instance. In the first place, Margaret Callaghan had lived nearly twenty years with the Bilkins family, and the old people—there were no

children now — had rewarded this long service by taking Margaret into their affections. It was a piece of subtle ingratitude for her to marry without admitting the worthy couple to her confidence. In the next place, Margaret had married a man some eighteen years younger than herself. That was the young man's look out, you say. We hold it was Margaret that was to blame. What does a young blade of twenty-two know? Not half so much as he thinks he does. His exhaustless ignorance at that age is a discovery which is left for him to make in his prime.

"Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year!"

In one sense Margaret's husband *had* come to forty year, — she was forty to a day.

Mrs. Margaret O'Rouke, with the baddish cat following closely at her heels, entered the Bilkins mansion, reached her chamber in the attic without being intercepted, and there laid aside her finery. Two or three times while arranging her more humble attire, she paused to take a look at the marriage certificate, which she had deposited between the leaves of her Prayer-Book, and on each occasion held that potent document upside down; for Margaret's literary culture was of the severest order, and excluded the art of reading.

The breakfast was late that morning. As Mrs. O'Rouke set the coffee-urn in front of Mrs. Bilkins, and flanked Mr. Bilkins with the broiled mackerel and the buttered toast, Mrs. O'Rouke's conscience smote her. She afterwards declared that when she saw the two sitting there so innocent-like, not dreaming of the *comether* she had put upon them, she secretly and unbeknownt let a few tears fall into the cream-pitcher. Whether or not it was this material expression of Margaret's penitence that spoiled the coffee, does not admit of inquiry; but the coffee was bad. In fact the whole breakfast was a comedy of errors.

It was a blessed relief to Margaret when the meal was ended. She retired in a cold perspiration to the penetralia of the kitchen, and it was remarked by both Mr. and Mrs. Bilkins that those short flights of vocalism, — apropos of the personal charms of one Kate Kearney who lived on the banks of Killarney, — which ordinarily issued from the direction of the scullery, were unheard that forenoon.

The town clock was striking eleven, and the antiquated timepiece on the staircase (which never spoke but it dropped pearls and crystals, like the fairy in the story) was lisping the hour, when there came three tremendous knocks at the street door. Mrs. Bilkins, who was dusting the brass-mounted chronometer in the hall, stood transfixed with arm uplifted. The admirable old lady had for years been carrying on a guerrilla warfare with itinerant vendors of furniture polish and pain-killer and crockery cement, and the like. The effrontery of the triple knock convinced her the enemy was at her gates, — possibly that dissolute creature with twenty-four sheets of note-paper and twenty-four envelopes for fifteen cents.

Mrs. Bilkins swept across the hall and opened the door with a jerk. The suddenness of the movement was apparently not anticipated by the person outside, who, with one arm stretched feebly towards the receding knocker, tilted gently forward, and rested both hands on the threshold in an attitude which was probably common enough with our ancestors of the Apean period, but could never have been considered graceful. By an effort that testified to the excellent condition of his muscles, the person instantly righted himself, and stood swaying unsteadily on his toes and heels, and smiling rather vaguely on Mrs. Bilkins.

It was a slightly built but well-knitted young fellow in the not unpicturesque garb of our marine service. His woollen cap pitched forward at an acute angle with his nose, showed the back part of a head covered with short yellow hair,

which had broken into innumerable curls of painful tightness. On his ruddy cheeks a sparse sandy beard was making a timid *début*. Add to this a weak, good-natured mouth, a pair of devil-may-care blue eyes, and the fact that the man was very drunk, and you have a pre-Raphaelite portrait — we may as well say it at once — of Mr. Larry O'Rouke of Ballyshanty, County Connaught, and late of the U. S. sloop-of-war Santee.

The man was a total stranger to Mrs. Bilkins; but the instant she caught sight of the double white anchors embroidered on the lapels of his jacket, she unhesitatingly threw back the door which, with great presence of mind, she had partly closed.

A drunken sailor standing on the step of the Bilkins mansion was no novelty. The street, as we have stated, led down to the wharves, and sailors were constantly passing. The house abutted directly on the street; the granite doorstep was almost flush with the sidewalk, and the huge old-fashioned brass knocker — seemingly a brazen hand that had been cut off at the wrist and nailed against the oak as a warning to malefactors — extended itself in a kind of grim appeal to everybody. It seemed to possess strange fascinations for all seafaring folk; and when there was a man-of-war in port the rat-tat-tat of that knocker would frequently startle the quiet neighborhood long after midnight. There appeared to be an occult understanding between it and the blue-jackets. Years ago there was a young Bilkins, one Charles Bilkins, — a sad losel, we fear, — who ran away to try his fortunes before the mast, and fell overboard in a gale off Hatteras. "Lost at sea," says the chubby marble slab in the Old South Burying-Ground, "*atat* 18." Perhaps that is why no blue-jacket, sober or drunk, was ever repulsed from the door of the Bilkins mansion.

Of course Mrs. Bilkins had her taste in the matter, and preferred them sober. But as this could not always be, she tempered her wind, so to speak, to the

shorn lamb. The flushed, prematurely old face that now looked up at her moved the good lady's pity.

"What do you want?" she asked kindly.

"Me wife."

"There's no wife for you here," said Mrs. Bilkins, somewhat taken aback. "His wife!" she thought; "it's a mother the poor boy stands in need of."

"Me wife," repeated Mr. O'Rouke, "for betther or for worse."

"You had better go away," said Mrs. Bilkins, bridling up, "or it will be the worse for you."

"To have and to howld," continued Mr. O'Rouke, wandering retrospectively in the mazes of the marriage service, "to have and to howld, till death — bad luck to him! — takes one or the ither ov us."

"You're a blasphemous creature," said Mrs. Bilkins, severely.

"Thim's the words his riverince spake this blessed mornin', standin' foreinst us," explained Mr. O'Rouke. "I stood here, see, and me jewel stood there, and the howly chaplain beyont."

And Mr. O'Rouke with a wavering forefinger drew a diagram of the interesting situation on the doorstep.

"Well," returned Mrs. Bilkins, "if you're a married man, all I have to say is, there's a pair of fools instead of one. You had better be off; the person you want does n't live here."

"Bedad, thin, but she does."

"Lives here?"

"Sorra a place else."

"The man's crazy," said Mrs. Bilkins to herself.

While she thought him simply drunk she was not in the least afraid; but the idea that she was conversing with a madman sent a chill over her. She reached back her hand preparatory to shutting the door, when Mr. O'Rouke, with an agility that might have been expected from his previous gymnastics, set one foot on the threshold and frustrated the design.

"I want me wife," he said sternly.

Unfortunately Mr. Bilkins had gone up town, and there was no one in the

house except Margaret, whose pluck was not to be depended on. The case was urgent. With the energy of despair Mrs. Bilkins suddenly placed the toe of her boot against Mr. O'Rourke's invading foot and pushed it away. The effect of this attack was to cause Mr. O'Rourke to describe a complete circle on one leg and then sit down heavily on the threshold. The lady retreated to the hat-stand and rested her hand mechanically on the handle of a blue cotton umbrella. Mr. O'Rourke partly turned his head and smiled upon her with conscious superiority. At this juncture a third actor appeared on the scene, evidently a friend of Mr. O'Rourke, for he addressed that gentleman as "a saplin'" and told him to go home.

"Divil an inch," replied the saplin'; but he got himself off the threshold and resumed his position on the step.

"It's only Larry, mum," said the man, touching his forelock politely; "as dacent a lad as iver lived, when he's not in liquor; an' I've known him to be sober for days together," he added reflectively. "He don't mane a hap'orth o' harum, but jist now he's not quite in his right moind."

"I should think not," said Mrs. Bilkins, turning from the speaker to Mr. O'Rourke, who had seated himself gravely on the scraper, and was weeping. "Has n't the man any friends?"

"Too many of 'em, mum, and it's along wid dhrinkin' toasts wid 'em that Larry got throwed. The thing that saplin' has dhrunk this day would amaze ye. He give us the slip awhile ago, bad 'cess to him, and come up here. Did n't I tell ye, Larry, not to be afther ringin' at the owld gintleman's knocker? Ain't ye got no sinse at all?"

"Misther Donnehugh," said Mr. O'Rourke with great dignity, "ye're dhrunk again."

Mr. Donnehugh, who had not taken more than thirteen ladles of rum-punch, disdained to reply directly.

"He's a dacent lad enough," — this to Mrs. Bilkins; "but his head is wake. Whin he's had two sups o' whiskey he belaves he's dhrank a bar'l full. A

gill o' wather out of a jimmyjohn'd fuddle him, mum."

"Is n't there anybody to look after him?"

"No, mum, he's an orphan; his father and mother live in the owld country, an' a fine hale owld couple they are."

"Has n't he any family in the town —"

"Sure, mum, he has a family; was n't he married this blessed mornin'?"

"He said so."

"Indade, thin, he was, — the pore divil!"

"And the — the person?" inquired Mrs. Bilkins.

"Is it the wife ye mane?"

"Yes, the wife, where is she?"

"Well thin, mum," said Mr. Donnehugh, "it's yerself that can answer that."

"I?" exclaimed Mrs. Bilkins. "Good heavens! this man's as crazy as the other!"

"Begorra, if anybody's crazy it's Larry, for it's Larry has married Margaret."

"What Margaret?" cried Mrs. Bilkins with a start.

"Margaret Callaghan, sure."

"*Our* Margaret? Do you mean to say that *our* Margaret has married that — that good-for-nothing, inebriated wretch!"

"It's a civil tongue the owld lady has, anyway," remarked Mr. O'Rourke, critically, from the scraper.

Mrs. Bilkins's voice during the latter part of the colloquy had been pitched in a high key; it rung through the hall and penetrated to the kitchen, where Margaret was thoughtfully wiping the breakfast things. She paused with a half-dried saucer in her hand, and listened. In a moment more she stood with bloodless face and limp figure, leaning against the banister, behind Mrs. Bilkins.

"Is it there ye are, me jewel!" cries Mr. O'Rourke, discovering her.

Mrs. Bilkins wheeled upon Margaret.

"Margaret Callaghan, is that thing your husband?"

"Ye-yes, mum," faltered Mrs. O'Rouke, with a woful lack of spirit.

"Then take it away!" cried Mrs. Bilkins.

Margaret, with a slight flush on either cheek, glided past Mrs. Bilkins, and the heavy oak door closed with a bang, as the gates of Paradise must have closed of old upon Adam and Eve.

"Come!" said Margaret, taking Mr. O'Rouke by the hand; and the two wandered forth upon their wedding-journey down Anchor Street, with all the world before them where to choose. They chose to halt at the small shabby tenement-house by the river, through the doorway of which the bridal pair disappeared with a reeling, eccentric gait; for Mr. O'Rouke's intoxication seemed to have run down his elbow and communicated itself to Margaret.

O Hymen! who burnest precious gums and scented woods in thy torch at the melting of aristocratic hearts, with what a pitiful penny-dip thou hast lighted up our matter-of-fact romance!

CHAPTER II.

IT had been no part of Margaret's plan to acknowledge the marriage so soon. Though on pleasure bent, she had a frugal mind. She had invested in a husband with a view of laying him away for a rainy day, that is to say, for such time as her master and mistress should cease to need her services; for she had promised on more than one occasion to remain with the old people as long as they lived. And indeed, if Mr. O'Rouke had come to her and said in so many words, "The day you marry me you must leave the Bilkins family," there is very little doubt but Margaret would have let that young sea-monster slip back unmated, so far as she was concerned, into his native element. The contingency never entered into her calculations. She intended that the ship which had brought Ulysses to her island should take him off again after a decent interval of honeymoon; then she would confess all to

VOL. XXX. — NO. 178.

11

Mrs. Bilkins, and be forgiven, and Mr. Bilkins would not cancel that clause supposed to exist in his will bequeathing two first-mortgage bonds of the Squedunk R. R. Co. to a certain faithful servant. In the mean while she would add, each month, to her store in the coffers of the Rivermouth Savings Bank; for Calypso had a neat sum to her credit on the books of that provident institution.

But this could not be now. The volatile bridegroom had upset the wisely conceived plan, and "all the fat was in the fire," as Margaret philosophically put it. Mr. O'Rouke had been fully instructed in the part he was to play, and, to do him justice, had honestly intended to play it; but destiny was against him. It may be observed that destiny and Mr. O'Rouke were not on very friendly terms.

After the ceremony had been performed and Margaret had stolen back to the Bilkins mansion, as related, Mr. O'Rouke with his own skilful hands had brewed a noble punch for the wedding guests. Standing at the head of the table and stirring the pungent mixture in the small wash-tub purchased for the occasion, Mr. O'Rouke came out in full flower. His flow of wit, as he replenished the glasses, was as racy and seemingly as inexhaustible as the punch itself. When Mrs. McLaughlin held out her glass, inadvertently upside down, for her sixth ladleful, Mr. O'Rouke gallantly declared it should be filled if he had to stand on his head to do it. The elder Miss O'Leary whispered to Mrs. Connally that Mr. O'Rouke was "a perfic gentleman," and the men in a body pronounced him a bit of the raal shamrock. If Mr. O'Rouke was happy in brewing a punch, he was happier in dispensing it, and happiest of all in drinking a great deal of it himself. He toasted Mrs. Finnigan, the landlady, and the late lamented Finnigan, the father, whom he had never seen, and Miss Biddy Finnigan, the daughter, and a young toddling Finnigan, who was at large in shockingly scant raiment. He drank to the

company individually and collectively, drank to the absent, drank to a tin-peddler who chanced to pass the window, and indeed was in that propitiatory mood when he would have drunk to the health of each separate animal that came out of the Ark. It was in the midst of the confusion and applause which followed his song touching the propriety of putting "the Grane above the Red," that Mr. O'Rourke, the punch being all gone, withdrew unobserved and went in quest of Mrs. O'Rourke,—with what success the reader knows.

According to the love-idyl of the period, when Laura and Charles Henry, after unheard-of obstacles, are finally united, all cares and tribulations and responsibilities slip from their sleek backs like Christian's burden. The idea is a pretty one, theoretically, but like some of those models in the Patent-Office at Washington, it does n't work. Charles Henry does not go on sitting at Laura's feet and reading Timothy Titcomb to her forever; the rent of the cottage by the sea falls due with prosaic regularity; there are bakers, and butchers, and babies, and tax-collectors, and doctors, and undertakers, and sometimes gentlemen of the jury to be attended to. Wedded life is not one long amatory poem with recurrent rhymes of love and dove, and kiss and bliss. Yet when the average sentimental novelist has supplied his hero and heroine with their bridal outfit and attended to that little matter of the marriage certificate, he usually turns off the gas, puts up his shutters, and saunters off with his hands in his pockets, as if the day's business were over. But we, who are honest dealers in real life and disdain to give short weight, know better. The business is by no means over: it is just begun. It is not Christian throwing off his pack for good and all, but Christian taking up a load heavier and more difficult than any he has carried.

If Margaret Callaghan, when she meditated matrimony, indulged in any roseate dreams, they were quickly put

to flight. She suddenly found herself dispossessed of a quiet, comfortable home, and realized the fact that she had a white elephant on her hands. It is not likely that Mr. O'Rourke assumed precisely the shape of a white elephant to her mental vision; but he was as useless and cumbersome and unmanageable as one.

Margaret and Larry's wedding-tour did not extend beyond Mrs. Finnigan's establishment, where they took two or three rooms and set up housekeeping in a modest way. Margaret, who was a tidy housewife, kept the floor of her apartments as white as your hand, the tin plates on the dresser as bright as your lady-love's eyes, and the cooking-stove as neat as the machinery on a Sound steamer. When she was not rubbing the stove with lamp-black she was cooking upon it some savory dish to tempt the palate of her marine monster. Naturally of a hopeful temperament, she went about her work singing softly to herself by times, and would have been very happy that first week if Mr. O'Rourke had known a sober moment. But Mr. O'Rourke showed an exasperating disposition to keep up festivities. At the end of ten days, however, he toned down, and at Margaret's suggestion that he had better be looking about for some employment, he rigged himself up a fishing-pole and set out with an injured air for the wharf at the foot of the street, where he fished for the rest of the day. To sit for hours blinking in the sun, waiting for a cunner to come along and take his hook, was as exhaustive a kind of labor as he cared to engage in. Though Mr. O'Rourke had recently returned from a long cruise, he had not a cent to show. During his first three days ashore he had dissipated his three years' pay. The housekeeping expenses began eating a hole in Margaret's little fund, the existence of which was no sooner known to Mr. O'Rourke than he stood up his fishing-rod in one corner of the room, and thenceforth it caught nothing but cobwebs.

"Divil a sthroke o' work I'll do," said Mr. O'Rouke, "whin we can live at aise on our earnin's. Who'd be after frettin' hisself, wid money in the bank? How much is it, Peggy darlint?"

And divil a stroke more of work did he do. He lounged down on the wharves, and, with his short clay pipe stuck between his lips and his hands in his pockets, stared off at the sail-boats on the river. He sat on the doorstep of the Finnigan domicile and plentifully chaffed the passers-by. Now and then, when he could weedle some fractional currency out of Margaret, he spent it like a crown-prince at The Wee Drop round the corner. With that fine magnetism which draws together birds of a feather, he shortly drew about him all the ne'er-do-weels of Rivermouth. It was quite wonderful what an unsuspected lot of them there was. From all the frowsy purlieus of the town they crept forth into the sunlight to array themselves under the banner of the prince of scalawags. It was edifying of a summer afternoon to see a dozen of them sitting in a row, like turtles, on the string-piece of Jedediah Rand's wharf, with their twenty-four feet dangling over the water, assisting Mr. O'Rouke in contemplating the islands in the harbor, and upholding the scenery, as it were.

The rascal had one accomplishment, he had a heavenly voice, quite in the rough, to be sure, and he played on the violin like an angel. He did't know one note from another, but he played in a sweet natural way, just as Orpheus must have played, by ear. The drunker he was the more pathos and humor he wrung from the old violin, his sole piece of personal property. He had a singular fancy for getting up at two or three o'clock in the morning and playing by an open casement. All the dogs in the immediate neighborhood and innumerable dogs in the distance would join to swell the chorus on a scale that would have satisfied Mr. Gilmore himself.

Unfortunately Mr. O'Rouke's *bêtises*

were not always of so innocent a complexion. On one or two occasions, through an excess of animal and other spirits, he took to breaking windows in the town. Among other nocturnal feats he accomplished the demolition of the glass in the door of The Wee Drop. Now, breaking windows in Rivermouth is an amusement not wholly disconnected with an interior view of the police-station (bridewell is the local term); so it happened that Mr. O'Rouke woke up one fine morning and found himself snug and tight in one of the cells in the rear of the Brick Market. His plea that the bull's-eye in the glass door of The Wee Drop winked at him in an insultin' manner as he was passing by, did not prevent Justice Hackett from fining the delinquent ten dollars and costs, which made sad havoc with the poor wife's bank account. So Margaret's married life wore on, and all went merry as a funeral knell.

After Mrs. Bilkins, with a brow as severe as one of the Parcae, had closed the door upon the O'Roukes that summer morning, she sat down on the stairs and, sinking the indignant goddess in the woman, burst into tears. She was still very wroth with Margaret Callaghan, as she persisted in calling her; very merciless and unforgiving, as the gentler sex are apt to be — to the gentler sex. Mr. Bilkins, however, after the first vexation, missed Margaret from the household; missed her singing, which was in itself as helpful as a second girl; missed her hand in the preparation of those hundred and one nameless comforts which are necessities to the old, and wished in his soul that he had her back again. Who could make a gruel, when he was ill, or cook a steak, when he was well, like Margaret? So, meeting her one morning at the fish-market, — for Mr. O'Rouke had long since given over the onerous labor of catching cunners, — he spoke to her kindly, and asked her how she liked the change in her life, and if Mr. O'Rouke was good to her.

"Troth, thin, sur," said Margaret,

with a short dry laugh, "he 's the devil's own !"

Margaret was thin and careworn, and her laugh had the mild gayety of champagne not properly corked. These things were apparent even to Mr. Bilkins, who was not a shrewd observer. With a duplicity quite foreign to his nature, he gradually drew from her the true state of affairs. Mr. O'Rourke was a very bad case indeed ; he did nothing towards her support ; he was almost constantly drunk ; the little money she had laid by was melting away and would not last until winter. Mr. O'Rourke was perpetually coming home with a sprained ankle, or a bruised shoulder, or a broken head. He had broken most of the furniture in his festive hours, including the cooking-stove. "In short," as Mr. Bilkins said in relating the matter afterwards to Mrs. Bilkins, "he had broken all those things which he should n't have broken, and failed to break the one thing he ought to have broken long ago — his neck, namely."

The revelation which startled Mr. Bilkins most was this : in spite of all, Margaret loved Larry with the whole of her warm Irish heart. Further than keeping the poor creature up waiting for him until ever so much o'clock at night, it did not appear that he treated her with personal cruelty. If he had beaten her, she would have worshipped him. As it was, she merely loved the ground he trod upon.

Revolving Margaret's troubles in his thoughts as he walked homeward, Mr. Bilkins struck upon a plan by which he could help her. When this plan was laid before Mrs. Bilkins, she opposed it with a vehemence that convinced him she had made up her mind to adopt it.

"Never, never will I have that ungrateful woman under this roof !" cried Mrs. Bilkins ; and accordingly the next day Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke took up their abode in the Bilkins mansion, — Margaret as cook, and Larry as gardener.

"I'm convanient if the owld gintle-

man is," had been Mr. O'Rourke's remark, when the proposition was submitted to him. Not that Mr. O'Rourke had the faintest idea of gardening. He did n't know a tulip from a tomato. He was one of those sanguine people who never hesitate to undertake anything and are never abashed by their gigantic inability.

Mr. Bilkins did not look to Margaret's husband for any great botanical knowledge ; but he was rather surprised one day when Mr. O'Rourke pointed to the triangular bed of lilies-of-the-valley, then out of flower, and remarked, "Thim 's a nate lot o' purtaties ye 've got there, sur." Mr. Bilkins, we repeat, did not expect much from Mr. O'Rourke's skill in gardening ; his purpose was to reform the fellow if possible, and in any case to make Margaret's lot easier.

Re-established in her old home, Margaret broke into song again, and Mr. O'Rourke himself promised to do very well ; morally, we mean, not agriculturally. His ignorance of the simplest laws of nature, if nature has any simple laws, and his dense stupidity on every other subject, were heavy trials to Mr. Bilkins. Happily Mr. Bilkins was not without a sense of humor, else he would have found Mr. O'Rourke insupportable. Just when the old gentleman's patience was about exhausted, the gardener would commit some atrocity so perfectly comical, that his master all but loved him for the moment.

"Larry," said Mr. Bilkins, one sweltering afternoon in the middle of September, "just see how the thermometer stands on the back porch."

Mr. O'Rourke disappeared, and after a prolonged absence returned with the monstrous announcement that the thermometer stood at 82o !

Mr. Bilkins looked at the man closely. He was unmistakably sober.

"Eight hundred and twenty what ?" cried Mr. Bilkins, feeling very warm, as he naturally would in so high a temperature.

"Eight hundthred an' twinty de-grays, I suppose, sur."

"Larry, you're an idiot."

This was obviously not to Mr. O'Rourke's taste; for he went out and brought the thermometer, and pointing triumphantly to the line of numerals running parallel with the glass tube, exclaimed, "Add 'em up yerself, thin!"

Perhaps this would not have been amusing if Mr. Bilkins had not spent the greater part of the previous forenoon in initiating Mr. O'Rourke in the mysteries of the thermometer. Nothing could make amusing Mr. O'Rourke's method of setting out crocus bulbs. Mr. Bilkins had received a lot of a very choice variety from Boston, and, having a headache that morning, turned over to Mr. O'Rourke the duty of planting them. Though he had never seen a bulb in his life, Larry unblushingly asserted that he had set out thousands for Sir Lucius O'Grady, of O'Grady Castle, "an illegant place intirely, wid tin miles o' garden walks," added Mr. O'Rourke, crushing Mr. Bilkins, who boasted of only a few humble flower-beds.

The following day he stepped into the garden to see how Larry had done his work. There stood the parched bulbs, carefully arranged in parallel lines on top of the soil.

"Did n't I tell you to set out these bulbs?" cried Mr. Bilkins, wrathfully.

"An' did n't I set 'em out?" expostulated Mr. O'Rourke. "An' ain't they a settin' there beautiful?"

"But you should have put them into the ground, stupid!"

"Is it bury 'em, ye mane? Be jabbers! how could they iver git out agin? Give the little jokers a fair show, Misther Bilkins!"

For two weeks Mr. O'Rourke conducted himself with comparative propriety; that is to say, he rendered himself useless about the place, appeared regularly at his meals, and kept sober. Perhaps the hilarious strains of music which sometimes issued at midnight from the upper window of the north gable were not just what a quiet, unostentatious family would desire;

but on the whole there was not much to complain of.

The third week witnessed a falling off. Though always promptly on hand at the serving out of rations, he did not even make a pretence of working in the garden. He would disappear mysteriously immediately after breakfast, and reappear with supernatural abruptness at dinner. Nobody knew what he did with himself in the interval, until one day he was observed to fall out of an apple-tree near the stable. His retreat discovered, he took to the wharves and the alleys in the distant part of the town. It soon became evident that his ways were not the ways of temperance, and that all his paths led to The Wee Drop.

Of course, Margaret tried to keep this from the family. Being a woman, she made excuses for him in her heart. It was a dull life for the lad anyway, and it was worse than him that was leading Larry astray. Hours and hours after the old people had gone to bed, she would sit without a light in the lonely kitchen, listening for that shuffling step along the gravel-walk. Night after night she never closed her eyes, and went about the house the next day with that smooth, impenetrable face behind which women hide their care.

One morning found Margaret sitting pale and anxious by the kitchen stove. O'Rourke had not come home at all. Noon came and night, but not Larry. Whenever Mrs. Bilkins approached her that day, Margaret was humming "Kate Kearney" quite merrily. But when her work was done, she stole out at the back gate and went in search of him. She scoured the neighborhood like a madwoman. O'Rourke had not been at the Finnigan's. He had not been at The Wee Drop since Monday, and this was Wednesday night. Her heart sunk within her when she failed to find him in the police station. Some dreadful thing had happened to him. She came back to the house with one hand pressed wearily against her cheek. The dawn struggled through the kitch-

en windows and fell upon Margaret crouched by the stove.

She could no longer wear her mask. When Mr. Bilkins came down she confessed that Larry had taken to drinking again, and had not been home for two nights.

"Mayhap he's drowneded hisself," suggested Margaret, wringing her hands.

"Not he," said Mr. Bilkins, "he does n't like the taste of water well enough."

"Troth, thin, he does n't," reflected Margaret; and the reflection comforted her.

"At any rate, I'll go and look him up after breakfast," said Mr. Bilkins. And after breakfast, accordingly, Mr. Bilkins sallied forth with the depressing expectation of finding Mr. O'Rourke without much difficulty. "Come to think of it," said the old gentleman to himself, drawing on his white cotton gloves as he walked up Anchor Street, "I don't want to find him."

CHAPTER III.

BUT Mr. O'Rourke was not to be found. With amiable cynicism Mr. Bilkins directed his steps in the first instance to the police station, quite confident that a bird of Mr. O'Rourke's plumage would be brought to perch in such a cage. But not so much as a feather of him was discoverable. The Wee Drop was not the only bacchanalian resort in Rivermouth; there were five or six other low drinking-shops scattered about town, and through these Mr. Bilkins went conscientiously. He then explored various blind alleys, known haunts of the missing man, and took a careful survey of the wharves along the river on his way home. He even shook the apple-tree near the stable with a vague hope of bringing down Mr. O'Rourke, but brought down nothing except a few apples, which, being both unripe and unsound, were not perhaps bad representatives of the object of his search.

That evening a small boy stopped at the door of the Bilkins mansion with a straw hat, at once identified as Mr. O'Rourke's, which had been found on Neal's Wharf. This would have told against another man; but O'Rourke was always leaving his hat on a wharf.

Margaret's distress is not to be pictured. She fell back upon and clung to the idea that Larry had drowned himself, not intentionally, may be; possibly he had fallen overboard while intoxicated. The late Mr. Buckle has informed us that death by drowning is regulated by laws as inviolable and beautiful as those of the solar system; that a certain percentage of the earth's population is bound to drown itself annually, whether it wants to or not. It may be presumed, then, that Rivermouth's proper quota of dead bodies was washed ashore during the ensuing two months. There had been gales off the coast and pleasure parties on the river, and between them they had managed to do a ghastly business. But Mr. O'Rourke failed to appear among the flotsam and jetsam which the receding tides left tangled in the piles of the Rivermouth wharves. This convinced Margaret that Larry had proved a too tempting morsel to some buccaneering shark, or had fallen a victim to one of those immense schools of fish which seem to have a yearly appointment with the fishermen on this coast. From that day Margaret never saw a cod or a mackerel brought into the house without an involuntary shudder. She averted her head in making up the fish-balls, as if she half dreaded to detect a faint aroma of whiskey about them. And, indeed, why might not a man fall into the sea, be eaten, say, by a halibut, and reappear on the scene of his earthly triumphs and defeats in the non-committal form of hashed fish?

"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

But, perhaps, as the conservative Horatio suggests, 't were to consider too curiously to consider so.

Mr. Bilkins had come to adopt Mar-

garet's explanation of O'Rourke's disappearance. He was undoubtedly drowned, had most likely drowned himself. The hat picked up on the wharf was strong circumstantial evidence in that direction. But one feature of the case staggered Mr. Bilkins. O'Rourke's violin had also disappeared. Now it required no great effort to imagine a man throwing himself overboard under the influence of *mania à potu*; but it was difficult to conceive of a man committing violinicide! If the fellow went to drown himself, why did he take his fiddle with him? He might as well have taken an umbrella or a German student-lamp. This question troubled Mr. Bilkins a good deal first and last. But one thing was clear, the man had gone,—and had evidently gone by water.

It was now that Margaret invested her husband with charms of mind and person not calculated to make him recognizable by any one who had ever had the privilege of knowing him in the faulty flesh. She forgot all his bad qualities, and projected from her imagination a Mr. O'Rourke as he ought to have been,—a sort of seraphic being mixed up in some way with a violin; and to this ideal she set up a headstone in the suburban cemetery. If Mr. O'Rourke could have read the inscription, he would never have suspected his own complicity in the matter.

But there the marble stood, sacred to his memory; and soon the snow came down from the gray sky and covered it, and the invisible snow of weeks and months drifted down on Margaret's heart, and filled up its fissures, and smoothed off the sharp angles of its grief; and there was peace upon it.

Not but she sorrowed for Larry at times. But life had a relish to it again; she was free, though she did not look at it in that light; she was happier in a quiet fashion than she had ever been, though she would not have acknowledged it to herself. She wondered that she had the heart to laugh

when the ice-man made love to her. Perhaps she was conscious of something comically incongruous in the warmth of a gentleman who spent all winter in cutting ice and all summer in dealing it out to his customers. She had not the same excuse for laughing at the baker; yet she laughed still more merrily at him when he pressed her hand over the steaming loaf of brown-bread delivered every Saturday morning at the scullery door. Both these gentlemen had known Margaret many years, yet neither of them had valued her very highly until another man came along and married her. A widow, it would appear, is esteemed in some sort as a warranted article, being stamped with the maker's name.

There was even a third lover in prospect; for according to the gossip of the town, Mr. Donnehugh was frequently to be seen of a Sunday afternoon standing in the cemetery and regarding Mr. O'Rourke's headstone with unrestrained satisfaction.

A year had passed away, and certain bits of color blossoming among Margaret's weeds indicated that the winter of her mourning was over. The ice-man and the baker were hating each other cordially, and Mrs. Bilkins was daily expecting it would be discovered before night that Margaret had married one or both of them. But to do Margaret justice, she was faithful in thought and deed to the memory of O'Rourke,—not the O'Rourke who disappeared so strangely, but the O'Rourke who never existed.

"D'ye think, mum," she said one day to Mrs. Bilkins, as that lady was adroitly sounding her on the ice question, "d'ye think I would condescend to take up wid the likes o' him, or the baker either, afther sich a man as Larry?"

The rectified and clarified O'Rourke was a permanent wonder to Mr. Bilkins, who bore up under the bereavement with remarkable resignation.

"Peggy is right," said the old gentleman, who was superintending the burning out of the kitchen flue. "She

wont find another man like Larry O'Rouke, in a hurry."

"Thru for ye, Mr. Bilkins," answered Margaret. "Maybe there's a good fish in the say as iver was caught, but I don't belave it all the same."

As good fish in the sea! The words recalled to Margaret the nature of her loss, and she went on with her work in silence.

"What — what is it, Ezra?" cried Mrs. Bilkins, changing color, and rising hastily from the breakfast-table. Her first thought was apoplexy.

There sat Mr. Bilkins, with his wig pushed back from his forehead and his eyes fixed vacantly on "The Weekly Chronicle," which he held out at arm's length before him.

"Good heavens, Ezra! what *is* the matter?"

Mr. Bilkins turned his eyes upon her mechanically, as if he were a great wax-doll and somebody had pulled his wire.

"Can't you speak, Ezra?"

He could n't, but he pointed a rigid finger, quite in the manner of a guide-board, at a paragraph in the paper which he held up for Mrs. Bilkins to read over his shoulder. When she had read it she sunk back into her chair without a word, and the two sat contemplating each other as if they had never met before in this world and were not overpleased at meeting.

The paragraph which produced this singular effect on the aged couple occurred at the end of a column of telegraph despatches giving the details of an unimportant engagement that had just taken place between one of the blockading squadrons and a Confederate cruiser. The engagement itself does not concern us, but this item from the list of casualties on the Union side has a direct bearing on our narrative: —

"Larry O'Rouke, seaman, splinter wound in the leg. Not serious."

That splinter flew far. It glanced from Mr. O'Rouke's leg, went plumb through the Bilkins mansion, and knocked over a small marble slab in the Old South Burying-Ground.

If a ghost had dropped in familiarly to breakfast, the constraint and consternation of the Bilkins family could not have been greater. How was the astounding intelligence to be broken to Margaret? Her explosive Irish nature made the task one of extreme delicacy. Mrs. Bilkins flatly declared herself incapable of undertaking it. Mr. Bilkins, with many misgivings as to his fitness, assumed the duty; for it would never do to have the news sprung upon Margaret suddenly by people outside.

As Mrs. O'Rouke was clearing away the breakfast things, Mr. Bilkins, who had lingered near the window with the newspaper in his hand, coughed once or twice in an unnatural way to show that he was not embarrassed, and began to think that may be it would be best to tell Margaret after dinner. Mrs. Bilkins fathomed his thought with that intuition which render women terrible, and sent across the room an eye-telegram to this effect, "Now is your time."

"There's been another battle down South, Margaret," said the old gentleman presently, folding up the paper and putting it in his pocket. "A sea-fight this time."

"Sure, an' they're allus fightin' down there."

"But not always with so little damage. There was only one man wounded on our side."

"Pore man! It's sorry we oughter be for his wife and childer, if he's got any."

"Not badly wounded, you will understand, Margaret; not at all seriously wounded; only a splinter in the leg."

"Faith, thin, a splinter in the leg is no pleasant thing in itself."

"A mere scratch," said Mr. Bilkins lightly, as if he were constantly in the habit of going about with a splinter in his own leg and found it rather agreeable. "The odd part of the matter is the man's first name. His first name was Larry."

Margaret nodded, as one should say there's a many Larrys in the world.

"But the oddest part of it," continued Mr. Bilkins, in a carelessly sepulchral voice, "is the man's last name."

Something in the tone of his voice made Margaret look at him, and something in the expression of his face made the blood fly from Margaret's cheek.

"The man's last name," she repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes, his last name, — O'Rouke."

"D'ye mane it?" shrieked Margaret, — "d'ye mane it? O worra! worra!"

"Well, Ezra," said Mrs. Bilkins, in one of those spasms of base ingratitude to which even the most perfect women are liable, "you've made nice work of it. You might as well have knocked her down with an axe!"

"But, my dear —"

"O bother! — my smelling-bottle! — second bureau drawer, — left-hand side."

Joy never kills; it is a celestial kind of hydrogen of which it seems impossible to get too much at one inhalation. In an hour Margaret was able to converse with comparative calmness on the resuscitation of Larry O'Rouke, whom the firing of a cannon had brought to the surface as if he had been in reality a drowned body.

Now that the whole town was aware of Mr. O'Rouke's fate, his friend Mr. Donnehugh came forward with a statement that would have been of some interest at an earlier period, but was of no service as matters stood, except so far as it assisted in removing from Mr. Bilkins's mind a passing doubt as to whether the Larry O'Rouke of the telegraphic reports was Margaret's scapegrace of a husband. Mr. Donnehugh had known all along that O'Rouke had absconded to Boston by a night train and enlisted in the navy. It was the possession of this knowledge that had made it impossible for Mr. Donnehugh to look at Mr. O'Rouke's gravestone without grinning.

At Margaret's request and in Margaret's name, Mr. Bilkins wrote three

or four letters to O'Rouke, and finally succeeded in extorting an epistle from that gentleman, in which he told Margaret to cheer up, that his fortune was as good as made, and that the day would come when she should ride through the town in her own carriage, and no thanks to old flint-head, who pretended to be so fond of her. Mr. Bilkins tried to conjecture who was meant by old flint-head, but was obliged to give it up. Mr. O'Rouke furthermore informed Margaret that he had three hundred dollars prize-money coming to him, and broadly intimated that when he got home he intended to have one of the most extensive blow-outs ever witnessed in Rivermouth.

"Oche!" laughed Margaret, "that's jist Larry over agin. The pore lad was allus full of his nonsense and spirits."

"That he was," said Mr. Bilkins, dryly.

Content with the fact that her husband was in the land of the living, Margaret gave herself no trouble over the separation. O'Rouke had shipped for three years; one third of his term of service was past, and two years more, God willing, would see him home again. This was Margaret's view of it. Mr. Bilkins's view of it was not so cheerful. The prospect of Mr. O'Rouke's ultimate return was anything but enchanting. Mr. Bilkins was by no means disposed to kill the fatted calf. He would much rather have killed the Prodigal Son. However, there was always this chance: he might never come back.

The tides rose and fell at the Rivermouth wharves; the summer moonlight and the winter snow, in turn, bleached its quiet streets; and the two years had nearly gone by. In the mean time nothing had been heard of O'Rouke. If he ever received the five or six letters sent to him, he did not fatigue himself by answering them.

"Larry's all right," said hopeful Margaret. "If any harum had come to the boy, we'd have knowed it. It's the bad news that travels fast."

Mr. Bilkins was not so positive about that. It had taken a whole year to find out that O'Rourke had not drowned himself.

The period of Mr. O'Rourke's enlistment had come to an end. Two months slipped by, and he had neglected to brighten Rivermouth with his presence. There were many things that might have detained him, difficulties in getting his prize-papers or in drawing his pay; but there was no reason why he might not have written. The days were beginning to grow long to Margaret, and vague forebodings of misfortune possessed her.

Perhaps we had better look up Mr. O'Rourke.

He had seen some rough times, during those three years, and some harder work than catching cunners at the foot of Anchor Street, or setting out crocuses in Mr. Bilkins's back garden. He had seen battles and shipwreck, and death in many guises; but they had taught him nothing, as the sequel will show. With his active career in the navy we shall not trouble ourselves; we take him up at a date a little prior to the close of his term of service.

Several months before he had been transferred from the blockading squadron to a gun-boat attached to the fleet operating against the forts defending New Orleans. The forts had fallen, the fleet had passed on to the city, and Mr. O'Rourke's ship lay off in the stream, binding up her wounds. In three days he would receive his discharge and the papers entitling him to a handsome amount of prize-money in addition to his pay. With noble contempt for so much good fortune, Mr. O'Rourke dropped over the bows of the gun-boat one evening and managed to reach the levee. In the city he fell in with some soldiers, and, being of a convivial nature, caroused with them that night, and next day enlisted in a cavalry regiment.

Desertion in the face of the enemy—for though the city lay under Federal guns, it was still hostile enough—involved the heaviest penalties.

O'Rourke was speedily arrested with other deserters, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death.

The intelligence burst like a shell upon the quiet household in Anchor Street, listening daily for the sound of Larry O'Rourke's footstep on the threshold. It was a heavy load for Margaret to bear, after all those years of patient vigil. But the load was to be lightened for her. In consideration of O'Rourke's long service, and in view of the fact that his desertion so near the expiration of his time was an absurdity, the Good President commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life, with loss of prize-money and back pay. Mr. O'Rourke was despatched North, and placed in Moyamensing Prison.

If joy could kill, Margaret would have been a dead woman the day these tidings reached Rivermouth; and Mr. Bilkins himself would have been in a critical condition, for, though he did not want O'Rourke shot or hanged, he was delighted to have him permanently shelved.

After the excitement was over, and this is always the trying time, Margaret accepted the situation very philosophically.

"The pore lad's out o' harum's rache, any way," she reflected. "He can't be gitting into hot wather now, and that's a fact. And may be after awhile they'll let him go agin. They let out murderers and thaves and sich like, and Larry's done no hurt to anybody but hisself."

Margaret was inclined to be rather severe on President Lincoln for taking away Larry's prize-money. The impression was strong in her mind that the money went into Mr. Lincoln's private exchequer.

"I would n't wonder if Misthress Lincoln had a new silk gownd or two this fall," Margaret would remark sarcastically.

The prison rules permitted Mr. O'Rourke to receive periodical communications from his friends outside. Once every quarter Mr. Bilkins wrote him a letter, and in the interim Marga-

ret kept him supplied with those doleful popular ballads, printed on broadsides, which one sees pinned up for sale on the iron railings of city churchyards, and seldom anywhere else. They seem the natural exhalations of the mould and pathos of such places, but we have a suspicion that they are written by sentimental young undertakers. Though these songs must have been a solace to Mr. O'Rourke in his captivity, he never so far forgot himself as to acknowledge their receipt. It was only through the kindly chaplain of the prison that Margaret was now and then advised of the well-being of her husband.

Towards the close of that year the great O'Rourke himself did condescend to write one letter. As this letter has never been printed, and as it is the only specimen extant of Mr. O'Rourke's epistolary manner, we lay it before the reader *verbatim et literatim* :—

mi beloved wife	february. 1864
gose the wezel.	fur the luv of God sind mee pop yours til deth
	larry O rourke

"Pop goes the Weasel" was sent to him, and Mr. Bilkins ingeniously slipped into the same envelope "Beware of the Bowl," and "The Drunkard's Death," two spirited compositions well calculated to exert a salutary influence over a man imprisoned for life.

There is nothing in this earthly existence so uncertain as what seems to be a certainty. To all appearances, the world outside of Moyamensing Prison was forever a closed book to O'Rourke. But the Southern Confederacy collapsed, the General Amnesty Proclamation was issued, cell doors

were thrown open ; and one afternoon Mr. Larry O'Rourke, with his head neatly shaved, walked into the Bilkins kitchen and frightened Margaret nearly out of her skin.

Mr. O'Rourke's summing up of his case was characteristic : "I've bin kilt in battle, hanged by the coort-martial, put into the lock-up for life, and here I am, bedad, not a ha'p'orth the worse for it."

None the worse for it, certainly, and none the better. By no stretch of magical fiction can we make an angel of him. He is not at all the material for an apotheosis. It was not for him to reform and settle down, and become a respectable, oppressed tax-payer. His conduct in Rivermouth, after his return, was a repetition of his old ways. Margaret all but broke down under the tests to which he put her affections, and came at last to wish that Larry had never got out of Moyamensing Prison.

If any change had taken place in Mr. O'Rourke, it showed itself in occasional fits of sullenness towards Margaret. It was in one of these moods that he slouched his hat over his brows, and told her that she need n't wait dinner for him.

It will be a cold dinner, if Margaret has kept it waiting, for two years have gone by since that day, and O'Rourke has not come home.

Possibly he is off on a whaling voyage ; possibly the swift maelstrom has dragged him down ; perhaps he is lifting his hand to knock at the door of the Bilkins mansion as we pen these words. But Margaret does not watch for him impatiently any more. There are strands of gray in her black hair. She has had her romance.

T. B. Aldrich.

A T R Y S T .

"The iceberg slowly floating down into the path of traffic, to keep its fatal appointment with the ship." —
JOHN WEISS, *Lecture on Fate.*

FROM out the desolation of the North
An iceberg took its way,
From its detaining comrades breaking forth,
And travelling night and day.

At whose command? Who bade it sail the deep
With that resistless force?
Who made the dread appointment it must keep?
Who traced its awful course?

To the warm airs that stir in the sweet South
A good ship spread her sails;
Stately she passed beyond the harbor's mouth,
Chased by the favoring gales.

And on her ample decks a happy crowd
Bade the fair land good by;
Clear shone the day, with not a single cloud
In all the peaceful sky.

Brave men, sweet women, little children bright,
For all these she made room,
And with her freight of beauty and delight
She went to meet her doom.

Storms buffeted the iceberg, spray was swept
Across its loftiest height;
Guided alike by storm and calm it kept
Its fatal path aright.

Then warmer waves gnawed at its crumbling base
As if in piteous plea,
The ardent sun sent slow tears down its face,
Soft flowing to the sea.

Dawn kissed it with her tender rose-tints, eve
Bathed it in violet;
The wistful color o'er it seemed to grieve
With a divine regret.

Whether day clad its clefts in rainbows dim
And shadowy as a dream,
Or night through lonely spaces saw it swim
White in the moonlight's gleam,

Ever Death rode upon its solemn heights,
Ever his watch he kept;
Cold at its heart through changing days and nights
Its changeless purpose slept.

And where afar a smiling coast it passed
Straightway the air grew chill,
Dwellers thereon perceived a bitter blast,
A vague report of ill.

Like some imperial creature, moving slow
Meanwhile, with matchless grace,
The stately ship, unconscious of her foe,
Drew near the trysting-place.

For still the prosperous breezes followed her,
And half the voyage was o'er;
In many a breast glad thoughts began to stir
Of lands that lay before:

And human hearts with longing love were dumb
That soon should cease to beat,
Thrilled with the hope of meetings soon to come,
And lost in memories sweet.

Was not the weltering waste of water wide
Enough for both to sail?
What drew the two together o'er the tide,
Fair ship and iceberg pale?

There came a night with neither moon nor star,
Clouds draped the sky in black;
With straining canvas reefed at every spar,
And weird fire in her track,

The ship swept on, a wild wind gathering fast
Drove her at utmost speed;
Bravely she bent before the fitful blast
That shook her like a reed.

O helmsman, turn thy wheel! Will no surmise
Cleave through the midnight drear?
No warning of the horrible surprise
Reach thine unconscious ear?

She rushed upon her ruin; not a flash
Broke up the waiting dark:
Dully through wind and sea one awful crash
Sounded, with none to mark.

Scarcely her crew had time to clutch despair,
So swift the work was done;
Ere their pale lips could frame a speechless prayer
They perished, every one!

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

JEFFERSON GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

COLLEGE friends find themselves strangely confronted, sometimes, in after life ; rivals, perhaps, for prizes more important than a high place in a commencement programme. In January, 1779, the Virginia Legislature had to choose a governor to succeed Patrick Henry, whose third term would expire on the 1st of June. The favorite candidates were no other than John Page and Thomas Jefferson, fellow-students at William and Mary, who had exchanged love-confidences, and gone with thumping hearts together to meet their sweethearts at the balls in the Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg ; and not so very long before either. In 1779, they were still young men, — thirty-six, both ; Page being fifteen days the elder. The gilding was still bright on some parts of the state coach which Lord Botecourt had brought over from England about the time of their entering public life ; and “the palace” had not yet been defaced by vandal hands. Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts saw that tremendous vehicle, as late as 1781, in an outhouse near the palace ; “a clumsy machine,” he thought it ; “as heavy as two common wagons” ; “gilded in every part, even the edges of the tires of the wheels, and the arms of Virginia painted on every side.” On the day, ten years before, when these two young friends had smiled derision at this historic coach, as it bore the new governor to the Capitol, who were less likely than they to be candidates for the right to ride in it ? Things had changed, indeed, in Virginia, since young Jefferson had put his fiddle under his arm, and gone to the palace to take his part in one of Governor Fauquier’s weekly concerts.

Page’s strong point was, that, though born a member of the plantation aristocracy, possessing a great estate, inhabiting the largest house ever built

in Virginia, and enjoying the honor most coveted by his class, a seat at the viceregal Council board, he had, from the beginning of the controversy with the king, sided with his country. The contest was a warm one between the friends of the candidates ; but between the candidates themselves there was no contest. It was part of the recognized etiquette of politics then, which both of these gentlemen observed, that the candidates for a responsible executive post should take no part, either by word or deed, in the canvass. Jefferson was elected by a majority of a very few votes. His old friend wrote him a letter of apology and congratulation, and Jefferson replied with the tact which good-nature inspires. “It had given me much pain,” he said, “that the zeal of our respective friends should ever have placed us in the situation of competitors. I was comforted, however, with the reflection that it was their competition, not ours, and that the difference of the numbers which decided between us was too insignificant to give you a pain or me a pleasure, had our dispositions toward each other been such as to admit those sensations.” Twenty-three years later, when Jefferson was President, he had the pleasure of congratulating his friend Page on his election to the governorship of their native State.

The governor elect took the lead in one important administrative act before he was sworn in. The war was gasping for money ; for the legal-tender notes were rushing down the sharp decline that led from par to zero ; and, as yet, the French troops had not begun to scatter*coin about the country, nor Dr. Franklin to coax more millions from the French treasury than were needed to freight a few ships with military stores. One of Jefferson’s friends in the House, who had rented four thousand acres of good land be-

fore the war to tenants at six pounds a year per hundred acres, and received his rents in 1778 in the legal-tender currency, had not money enough from that estate to buy twenty barrels of corn. Governor Jefferson's magnificent salary of four thousand five hundred pounds a year was not enough, when he began to receive it, to supply the inmates of the palace with food; and when he went out of office, it would hardly buy the governor a new saddle. This was the period when members of Congress — the ruling power of the United States — had to borrow little sums from their landladies in order not to be quite penniless. Elbridge Gerry, member from Massachusetts, a man of good estate in Marblehead, was behind with his board, in 1779, a hundred and forty-seven dollars, besides being obliged to borrow twenty-seven from his landlady, and going in debt sixteen to his tailor and shoemaker. At the head of the Finance Committee, which had to deal with millions, he had not sixpence in his personal pocket with which to buy a pair of shoestrings.

Hard money alone, as it was thought, could restore the currency. Jefferson's Italian neighbor, Philip Mazzei, who had once been in office under the Duke of Tuscany, told him that the Duke, like his Highness of Hesse-Cassel, was a great hoarder of money, and, only three years before, had had "ten million crowns lying dead in his treasury"; part of which, Mazzei thought, *he* could borrow for the United States, if he could be sent over properly authorized. Jefferson wrote to John Adams on the subject, stating the facts, and commending Mazzei as "a native of that duchy, well connected there, conversant in courts, of great understanding, and equal zeal in our cause." Nothing came of this suggestion, so far as is known, and those ten million crowns remained in the Duke's strong box, though the struggling States needed them so much, needed them more and more. Doubtless the two neighbors talked over those precious crowns of-

ten enough as they sat by Jefferson's fireside on Monticello, or strolled about in Mazzei's young vineyards. Indeed, whenever, in this impecunious world, there is known to be a large lump of money "lying dead" anywhere, there are sure to be individuals scheming for its resurrection. Besides, was not the Duke of Tuscany, though an Austrian prince, a brother of Marie Antoinette, queen of France, known to be enthusiastic for Franklin and the noble insurgents? And had not Philip Mazzei sent his Duke an Italian translation of the Declaration of Independence? How plausible, on the breezy heights of Albemarle, seemed the scheme of getting some of those dead crowns from Tuscany, and giving them life in Virginia!

Philip Mazzei, who had all an Italian's ardor for the American cause, offered to go himself without compensation to his native land, and negotiate the loan; and soon after the election of Jefferson to the governorship, he sailed, commissioned by Governor Henry and his Council, to borrow from his prince a sum not to exceed nine hundred thousand pounds sterling, and to buy with part of it a quantity of supplies for Virginia's quota of troops. Not to exceed! It is always prudent to limit strictly the powers of an agent. Mazzei *might*, in his excessive zeal, carry off the whole ten million crowns!

It was a costly mission to poor Mazzei. His misfortunes began before he left home. He rented his house to the Hessian general, Baron Riedesel, who moved in, with his Amazon of a wife and his large military family, before the Italians could move out. It was a tight squeeze, as the Baroness recorded; and Mazzei, it seems, had no notion of the amount of sustenance required by so many Hessian warriors and a baroness who rode astride. "We looked impatiently forward," wrote the lady, "to the time of his departure, and that of his wife and daughter, on account of the smallness of the house and the scarcity of provisions." She took the liberty of remarking one day,

that a calf's head and tripe was not enough for twenty persons' dinner ; but the frugal Italian replied that " we could make a very good soup of it." He did, however, add to the repast " two cabbages and some stale ham," and this, says the Baroness, " was all we could obtain from him." The Italians left the house at last ; and long before they had made their way across the sea, the Hessians' horses had trampled their vineyards, planted with so much care, and watched by Jefferson and by all intelligent Virginia with so much interest, into irremediable ruin.

In Paris, face to face with practical Dr. Franklin, the project of extracting nine hundred thousand pounds sterling from the coffers of an Austrian duke addicted to hoarding, at an interest of five per cent, for a Province four thousand miles off, whose independence the duke had not acknowledged and *would* not acknowledge, did not wear so feasible an aspect as it had on Jefferson's piazza, overlooking the rich garden of Virginia. If the Duke of Tuscany was brother to a romantic queen of France, he was also brother to an emperor of Austria, who reminded Paris patriots that he was a king by trade. Tuscany ! The very name was enough to put even the placid Franklin out of temper ; for he had had an eye himself upon those Tuscan crowns, *knew* they could not be got, and was in full quarrel with Ralph Izzard of South Carolina for drawing twenty-five hundred pounds sterling per annum, in his character of Tuscan minister, though unable to do so much as to get permission to enter Tuscany. Franklin was barely civil to the sanguine and generous Italian. At their first interview, the moment he learned Mazzei's errand, he dashed cold water upon the scheme. " So many people," he said, " have come to Europe on that kind of business, that they have ruined our credit, and made the money-men shy of us." * Mazzei argued in vain. As

often as he went out to Passy and broached the subject, Franklin " never failed," as Mazzei reported to Governor Jefferson, " giving some mark of disapprobation and displeasure." And well he might, since he had already offered six per cent for the very crowns which Virginia hoped to get for five. The Duke of Tuscany kept his money ; Mazzei returned to Virginia to find his estate in ruins, and to seek in vain compensation for his losses ; and the governor passed his two terms in torture, with hostile fleets ravaging the shores, and hostile armies menacing the interior, while every effort to defend the State was " cramped for want of money."

In sending Mazzei upon this mission to a reigning prince, Virginia performed the act of a sovereign State. In the same spirit, and, evidently, without a thought of impropriety, the Legislature, on the second day of Jefferson's governorship, June 2, 1779, formally ratified the treaty with France. Such acts as these throw a valuable light upon the subsequent State Rights controversy. This ratification seems to me so remarkable, that I will copy the resolutions by which it was authorized :—

" *Resolved*, NEMINE CONTRADICENTE, That it is the opinion of this Assembly that the treaties of alliance and commerce between his Most Christian Majesty of France on the one part, and the Congress of the United States of America, on behalf of the said States, on the other part, ought to be ratified and confirmed, and the same are accordingly hereby ratified, confirmed, and declared binding on this Commonwealth.

" *Resolved*, That the governor be desired to notify to the minister of his Most Christian Majesty, resident at Philadelphia, the above ratification, under the seal of the Commonwealth."

On the 1st of June, then, 1779, Mr. Jefferson became his Excellency, the second republican governor of Virginia. In his public life hitherto, all had been plain sailing, for wind and tide had

* Lossing's American Historical Record, Vol. I. p. 33.

been strongly in his favor, and the services which he had been called upon to render were such as his character and habits had fitted him to perform. How different the task which confronted him now! Not more difficult nor nobler, but far more difficult to *him*. And from the time of his election in January, to the day when he was sworn in, the situation had been growing, every week, more complicated and menacing. If, in January, he had been gratified by the honor done him, probably on the 1st of June he shrunk dismayed from the responsibility which that honor brought with it.

The French alliance, he now knew, was working ill in two ways,—in relaxing the vigor of the States, and rendering the foe more unanimous and more savage. The three British commissioners had announced to all the world that the nature of the contest was changed by the alliance with France. Britain was, thenceforth, going to use all the means for subduing rebellious Colonies which “God and Nature had placed in her hands.” Since America *might* ere long become an accession to France, the common law of self-preservation (said the commissioners) “will direct Great Britain to render that accession of as little avail to her as possible.” The Colonies were to be subdued by being destroyed. America was to be laid waste. This declaration, published in October, 1778, was acted upon at once by Henry Hamilton, commandant of Detroit, who marched into the Western wilderness to rouse the Indians to war against Virginia. The State over which Jefferson ruled extended to the Mississippi, and embraced all the territory which we now call Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky, besides a great part of what is now Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. I need not remind the reader that that rich and well-watered region swarmed with Indians, among the best and bravest of their race. Taking post at Vincennes on the Wabash, a hundred miles from its junction with the Ohio, Colonel Hamil-

ton spent the winter in “talking” with chiefs, gathering supplies, and preparing for a desolating swoop over Kentucky into the settlements of Virginia. An Indian war, therefore, was among the difficulties preparing for the governor elect while he was receiving the congratulations of his friends. He knew it not, however. It was a good “express” who could keep either his despatches or his scalp while making his way from the Wabash to the James in 1779.

British commanders at the South executed the threats of the commissioners not less. They, too, were to ravage and devastate a country which they had tried in vain to conquer. The war was now to be transferred to the South, too thinly settled to resist, it was thought, yet offering an inviting field for spoliation. Americans as they wander about the dusty interior of St. Paul’s cathedral in London remark with surprise that the most showy monument there commemorates a soldier associated in their minds with defeat,—the great defeated Cornwallis. He certainly behaved at the South more in the style of a bandit than a soldier; not disdaining petty larceny, it appears, when he saw a precious object that could be conveniently pocketed and carried off. His system being to wreak the king’s vengeance, rather than promote his country’s interest, his orders were to imprison and despoil every man who would not take arms in his service, and to hang every man who, after being thus impressed, made his escape and joined his brethren in arms on the other side.

Governor Jefferson, therefore, from the watch-tower of his high office, had sometimes to look half a dozen ways at once. The flower of the men of Virginia were, of course, in the army under Washington. *They* must be looked to and their numbers kept up. But that new enemy in the Carolinas, able, enterprising, relentless, must be opposed with all the force which Virginia could spare; since to defeat Cornwallis in North Carolina was the

only way to keep him out of Virginia : it was self-defence. The Indians were a third object of attention. The thousand British and German prisoners in Albemarle occasioned constant solicitude ; and the more, as the war drew nearer the borders of the State, and as the men of the State were drawn away to serve in distant camps. On the side of the ocean there was always a wide and an open door to danger. Nothing but a fleet will ever be able to shut out a fleet from Chesapeake Bay ; and what was Virginia's navy then ? Four little cruisers, carrying in all sixty-two guns. And as to Hampton Roads and the mouth of the James River, military men think that even now, in this year 1872, after fifty-seven years' work upon Fortress Monroe and the Ripraps, there is nothing there which could stop a good iron-clad. Certainly, there was nothing in 1779 that could stop a wooden frigate. Three weeks before Jefferson's inauguration, a fleet of a dozen vessels, with two thousand troops on board, had run in without firing or receiving a shot, and landed troops without the least molestation. These troops carried out their part of the new programme. They spent several days in ravaging, burning, plundering, murdering, while the militia fled helpless ; for in Virginia, in 1779, there was only one musket left to every four or five men, and the unarmed militia of the region could not even limit the area of spoliation. When at last Governor Henry had got together an armed force of some magnitude, the bold marauders ceased destroying turpentine, tobacco, and pork, ceased despoiling farm-houses and burning villages, and went at their leisure on board their ships, and sailed away. The smoke of their burnings had not ceased to ascend to heaven when Jefferson took the oath. What had been done once, he well knew, could be done again.

That was the situation : front door open to hostile fleets ; back door, to hostile Indians, General Washington wanting all that Virginia had of men,

money, arms, and food ; a powerful foe at the South, anxious to get over the border ; one gun to four or five men, and a most plentiful lack of all other warlike material, which can only be got with money. This was the task which had fallen to the lot of a lawyer of thirty-six, with a talent for music, a taste for art, a love of science, literature, and gardening. But mind is mind, intelligence is intelligence. I would not choose Mr. Emerson or Mr. Darwin to command an expedition or govern a country ; but if, in the course of events, it fairly fell to their part to undertake either of those tasks, I should confidently look to their acquitting themselves respectably. Moreover, the individual at the head of a free republic does really have at command, and may utilize, its whole intelligence, as we saw Mr. Lincoln do during the late war. Jefferson had to aid him a Council and Assembly which contained the best sense which Virginia could spare from the field.

The gloom which hung over the State in consequence of the late unchecked and unpunished ravages of the enemy near the sea was dispelled, before the new governor had been many days in office, by most cheering news from the opposite quarter.

Virginia had in the field, at that time, two eminent heroes : one so known to all mankind, that he need not be named ; the other, now almost fallen out of memory : one, at the head of the armies of America ; the other in the far West, twelve hundred miles from the capital of Virginia, with a band of a hundred and fifty kindred spirits, holding back, by the force of his single will, the Indians from the frontiers of his native State. George Rogers Clarke was the name of this other hero. He was a native of Jefferson's own county of Albemarle ; "our Colonel Clarke," he calls him ; a neighbor of the governor ; not twenty-six years old when Governor Henry sent him into the wilderness, in the spring of 1778, to protect the border. This hero is not as famous as Leonides or Hannibal

only because he has not had such historians as they. But he defended the western homes of Virginia precisely as Hannibal would have done. By way of giving the Indians something to do in their own country, he floated and marched to the post of Kaskaskias on the Mississippi, took it, held it as a base ; struck for other posts near by ; terrified some tribes ; seduced others ; broke the spell of British influence ; became lord paramount in the land of the Illinois ; showing himself a most swift, alert, tough, untiring, closely calculating commander. No order from home helped or hindered him. "Not a scrape of your pen," he wrote to the governor in April, 1779, "have I received from you for near twelve months."

In the midst of his success, when he had held the Indians quiet for nine months, Colonel Hamilton interposed, marching from Detroit, and taking post at Vincennes on the Wabash, right between Clarke and Virginia. Instantly, the whole aspect of things was changed ; for Hamilton was a man of energy and skill, long familiar with Indians, unscrupulous, willing to let his Indians wage war in the Indian manner. Whole tribes fell off from Clarke, and joined Hamilton, who had guineas, wampum, weapons, red cloth, and all that an Indian prizes. War parties streaked the prairies and glided through the woods. The Indians of the whole Western wilderness, from the Alleghanies to the Great River, were agitated or astir. Clarke prepared to sell his post as dearly as he could ; for, as he said, he had not men enough to stand a siege, and was too remote to send for aid. But while he was in the rush of preparation, calling in his outposts, burning superfluous or obstructive houses, making all tight and snug for a desperate fight, came news that Hamilton had sent out so many parties from Vincennes, that he had but eighty men left to defend the post. His resolution was taken ; for, really, he had but one chance. Let him wait at Kaskaskias till the spring opened, and he would

have Hamilton, British troops, and thousands of Indians upon him, against whom his little band could fight only to be at last tortured and burnt alive.

The distance from Kaskaskias to Vincennes was a hundred and fifty miles ; Clarke's force, about one hundred and fifty men. Sending a barge round by river with the artillery and stores, he struck across the country with a hundred and thirty soldiers, joined on the way by a few young men of the country. It was in the midst of the great February thaw, the rivers all overflowing, the swamps under water, the prairies soft, the woods soaked and dripping. On the eleventh day they were within nine miles of Vincennes ; but those nine miles were covered with the waters of the overflowing Wabash. It took the band five days to accomplish the distance, "having to wade often," says the heroic leader ; and, the last six miles, "up to our breasts in water." They must have perished, he added, if the weather had not been warm. Reaching dry land an hour after dark, they saw the place before them ; when, all chilled and wet as they were, they began the attack ; and, after an eighteen hours' fight, took the post and all its garrison without the loss of a man. It was Clarke's audacity, fortitude, and skill that won this victory, which in its consequences was one of the most important of the war ; for, besides relieving the whole frontier of apprehension from the Indians, it confirmed Virginia's claim to the possession of the country, and had its due weight in the final negotiations.

The victors were bountifully rewarded. A few days after, they made an easy capture of forty men and ten thousand pounds' worth of goods, floating down the river to reinforce Colonel Hamilton. In short, George Rogers Clarke was lord of the West, *vice* Henry Hamilton, deposed, and sent as a prisoner of war, with his chief officers, to the governor of Virginia. "But what crowned the general joy," wrote Clarke to the governor, "was the arrival of William Morris, my express to you,

with your letters, which gave general satisfaction. The soldiery, being made sensible of the gratitude of their country for their services, were so much elated that they would have attempted the reduction of Detroit, had I ordered them." William Morris was despatched with tidings of this new triumph; but, as he was killed on the way, it was not until the beginning of June, a hundred days after the event, that Jefferson received the intelligence.

The success of Colonel Clarke, though it relieved the governor's mind from an ever-present dread, devolved upon him a painful duty. Hamilton and two of his officers reached Williamsburg, prisoners, charged with having incited the Indians to scalp, massacre, torture, and burn; Hamilton himself having confined in a dungeon without fire, and loaded with chains, and cruelly tormented, an American citizen. For four years Congress and the people had seen, with a sorrowing and indignant amazement, the cruelty with which English commanders had uniformly treated American prisoners of war, and they had sought to avenge the wrong by heaping coals of fire upon their heads, — treating English and Hessian prisoners with an extravagance of generosity. In their unique manifesto of October 30, 1778, the Congress of the United States had declared to the world that, "considering themselves bound to love their enemies," they had "*studied* to spare those who were in arms against them, and to lighten the chains of captivity." This was the simple truth. The British prisoners had been courted and petted, rather than abused. Jefferson and his neighbors had personally striven to render the stay of the Burgoyne prisoners in Albemarle, not endurable merely, but delightful.

I can perfectly understand the feelings of the Virginians on this occasion; because, during the late war, while Union prisoners were dying in anguish at Andersonville, unsheltered, and not permitted to shelter *themselves* from the blasting Georgia sun and rain, I saw, near Fortress Monroe, Confeder-

ate prisoners in an exquisite seaside hospital, nourished, while their wounds were healing, upon a diet of alternate broiled chicken and lamb-chop, with a glass of delicate hock (whenever ordered by the physicians) at eleven and four; and as well treated, in all essential particulars, as Queen Victoria could be if she lay sick in Windsor Castle. Having seen this sight in September, 1864, I can understand how it was that the governor of Virginia and his Council, in June, 1799, came to the conclusion to discontinue the refined coals-of-fire system, and try the vulgar method of retaliation. The Council, in fact, "resolved to advise the governor" that the three prisoners from Vincennes "be put in irons, confined in the dungeons of the public jail, debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, and excluded all converse, except with their keeper."

Each variety of human being has its own besetting foible. As a man of great executive force is apt to be cruelly reckless of others' woe, so a person of scholarly habits and philanthropic character is generally too reluctant to be the instrument of inflicting pain, even when justice, necessity, and mercy all unite to demand it at his hands. I observe, therefore, with pleasure, in the voluminous correspondence relating to this affair, that Governor Jefferson rose superior to the natural and usual infirmity of men of his temperament, and went heart and hand with his legal advisers. He put those men in irons, and immured them in a dungeon. In those days, too (Howard was only just beginning his jail tours then), a dungeon *was* a dungeon. It was rotten straw, foul air, darkness, underground chill, and everything that was most dismal and repulsive. A hundred years ago, the Christian religion was just struggling into existence. It had not yet acquired force enough to purify the public jails of remote Virginia. But Jefferson, philanthropist as he was, and, indeed, because he was a philanthropist, adhered firmly to the system of retaliation; perceiving, as he told General Washington, that retaliation in this in-

stance was only a more far-reaching kind of mercy.

General Phillips, that "proudest man of the proudest nation on earth," prisoner of war in a pleasant mansion near Monticello, sent a vigorous, though moderate and respectful remonstrance to Governor Jefferson. His chief point was, that Hamilton having capitulated, it was a breach of faith on the part of Virginia to treat him otherwise than as a prisoner of war. The governor ransacked authorities, but found nothing to justify this view. It occurred to him, however, that military usage, not yet embodied in law, might have established the principle; and he therefore, with the consent of his Council, referred the matter to the decision of General Washington. "I have the highest idea," he wrote to the General, "of those contracts which take place between nation and nation at war, and would be the last on earth to do anything in violation of them"; and "my own anxiety under a charge of violation of national faith by the executive of this Commonwealth will, I hope, apologize for my adding this to the many troubles with which I know you to be burdened." The Commander-in-Chief, after much reflection and consultation with military men, thought it best, upon the whole, that Hamilton and his companions should have the benefit of the doubt. Their shackles were, therefore, taken off, and they were finally admitted to parole.

Not the less were the governor and Council resolved to adhere to the system of retaliation. A prison-ship, on the fell pattern of those used by the English in New York, was actually got ready, and the exchange of prisoners was stopped between Virginia and New York. "Humane conduct on our part," wrote the governor, "was found to produce no effect; the contrary was therefore to be tried. If it produces a proper lenity to our citizens in captivity, it will have the effect we meant; if it does not, we shall return a severity as terrible as universal. . . . Iron," he added, "will be retaliated by iron, but a great

multiplication on distinguished objects; prison-ships by prison-ships, and like for like in general." But, happily, Governor Jefferson, in November, 1779, received notification from head-quarters that the British generals, under the new commander, Sir Henry Clinton, had changed their system, and were treating prisoners of war with an approach to humanity. Virginians might be pardoned for thinking that the just, spirited, and firm conduct of their governor and Council had had something to do with this change.

Meanwhile, the governor had trouble enough with the thousands of Burgoyne prisoners near his own home. Their thriving gardens, attractive as they might be to a visitor, could not retain them when there was a chance to escape; and whenever there was a British force operating in or near Virginia, no one could say, of a squad of soldiers on the tramp, whether they were deserters from that force, or prisoners escaped from Albemarle. "Four hundred desertions in the last fortnight," wrote Colonel Bland in July, 1779; and he had reason to believe, "with the connivance of some of the officers." This news was not calculated to soothe the mind of the new governor.

But the grand object of Mr. Jefferson's solicitude, during the first summer of his administration, was to enable the gallant Colonel Clarke to make the most of his commanding position in the far West. The burning desire of that hero's heart was to capture Detroit, the seat of the enemy's power in the Indian country, and, as Governor Jefferson described it, "an uneasy thorn in our side." A great host of friendly Indians were assembled at Vincennes, and all was ready for the expedition, except the more costly supplies, and the regiment or two of white troops needful for the onset. It lay heavy on the governor's mind, during the whole period of his service, that he could never quite spare them. Several times he thought he had both men and money enough. But, just as the troops were ready to march, an exigency would

occur so dire, so pressing, that he was compelled to order them elsewhere; thus Detroit remained in the hands of the enemy; remained a very uneasy thorn in the side of Washington, the United States, the Federal party, until John Jay extracted it by treaty in 1794. Governor Jefferson, unable to get Detroit, resolved to secure what Colonel Clarke had already conquered. A wild delusion prevailed just then that peace was at hand through the mediation of Spain; and, supposing that each belligerent would retain what he actually held at the moment of treating, the governor ordered Colonel Clarke to build certain forts in the Western country, particularly one on the Mississippi, at the southern boundary of Virginia, which would make good Virginia's ancient claim to extend westward as far as the Great River. Colonel Clarke, who was a surveyor by profession, — resembling in this as in other respects Jefferson's own father, — built the fort, and named it Fort Jefferson.

This year, 1779, the last of Williamsburg's serving as the capital of Virginia, was the last of Jefferson's residence near William and Mary College, in which he had been educated. Being now elected a college visitor, he endeavored, amid the bustle and anxieties of the war, to lop off some of the dead branches that hindered, as he thought, its useful operation. He caused the Grammar School to be abolished, and the two professorships of divinity and Hebrew to be suppressed. In place of these he made provision for the instruction of the students in chemistry, natural history, anatomy, medicine, law, modern languages, the fine arts, natural justice, and the laws of nations. In the spring of 1780, Richmond, a village then of nine hundred white inhabitants, peculiarly defenceless and unprovided, became the capital of Virginia; the government finding shelter — and little more than shelter — in extemporized wooden structures.

The dream of peace was rudely dispelled. About the time of this removal to Richmond, April 1, 1780, the stern

and bitter trial of Virginia and her governor began. By the time he had arranged his new pigeon-holes at Richmond, came a private letter from Madison, then in Congress, which must have appalled timid minds. The army under Washington, Mr. Madison said, was on the verge of dissolution, being short of bread and nearly out of meat; the treasury empty and the public credit gone; the currency nearly worthless, and no visible means of restoring it; the States pulling one way and Congress another; and everything in extremity. This was, indeed, the period of profoundest gloom, — the black hour before the dawn. It was the time when Thomas Paine, whose pen during the Revolution was equal to a thousand men in the field, drew the year's salary due him as clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly and began with it a private subscription in aid of the gasping cause, which had an effect rivalling in importance a new number of "The Crisis." The sum was but five hundred paper dollars, it is true; but it was all he had, and it kindled the patriotism of men who had more.

By the time Governor Jefferson had docketed Mr. Madison's letter, in the first week of April, 1780, arrived news that a British fleet and army were investing Charleston; news followed, six weeks after, by intelligence that the city was taken, South Carolina helpless, and a British army free to move northward, over North Carolina, into Virginia, unless a half-armed militia could stop it.

To the governor of Virginia, this whole year, 1780, and half the next, was a period of the most rending anxiety, and of exertion the most intense and constant. With four thousand five hundred Virginians already in the army, we see him stimulating the recruiting system in each county, writing letters, public and private, to county members and magnates, urging them to utilize the dying currency, and get out the last man with the last dollar, while it still had a semblance of value. He arranged, early in the campaign,

three lines of express-riders, — one to General Washington, one to Hampton Roads, one to the head-quarters of the Army of the South, — so that, at a crisis, he hoped to be able to get and send news at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in a day and night. Still further to guard against surprise, he despatched General Nelson on a tour of the eastern counties, requesting him to get the county lieutenants together and concert a plan of action in case of another descent of the enemy from the ocean. At first, it was an agonizing question, to which quarter Virginia should send her levies. Three letters from the Committee of Congress at head-quarters lay upon his desk at once, all asking for men and means; but early in July, General Gates arrived at Richmond, on his way to take the command in the South; and, for the next six weeks, every man, horse, wagon, gun, bayonet, axe, cartridge-box, shoe, belt, saddle, blanket, tent, and coin, which Governor Jefferson could beg, buy, borrow, or get made was hurried away to General Gates's head-quarters in North Carolina. Some Virginians saw with dismay the governor pouring into General Gates's camp the whole of Virginia's means of defence. His answer then and ever after was, that Virginia's single chance of escaping devastation by Cornwallis's army lay in strengthening Gates. If Gates and his army did not stop and hurl back upon Charleston the British forces, nothing could keep them out of Virginia.

For the first time in her history, Virginia became a manufacturing State. "Our smiths," wrote the governor, August 4th, "are making five hundred axes and some tomahawks for General Gates," — turning out twenty a day, — "and we are endeavoring to get bayonet-belts made"; though leather was so scarce that people stole the flaps of cartouch-boxes from the wagons to mend their shoes with. The governor sent messengers all over the State to pick up little lots of material, such as duck and leather. And, when he

had accumulated supplies, he was at his wit's end for wagons in which to transport them. Nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed since Braddock had found wagons so scarce in Virginia and Maryland; and Governor Jefferson, since he had no money in his treasury to hire or buy them, found them scarcer still. In this extremity he was obliged to impress wagons, not sparing his own. His principle was, to leave on every farm the horses and vehicles absolutely necessary to secure the ripening crops, and take all the rest for the public service. This he did upon his own farms in Albemarle. It is interesting to note that, in the crisis of the campaign, the governor was sending about to try and find, for the use of General Gates, a copy of the old map of Virginia, made when he was a child, by Professor Fry and his own father. The ladies, this summer, were contributing the costly trifles of their jewel drawers to the cause, besides huge packets of the paper money of the period. Doubtless, a hard-pressed treasurer valued Mrs. Sarah Cary's gold watch-chain, which "cost £ 7 sterling," or Mrs. Ambler's "five gold rings," or Mrs. Griffin's "ten half-joes," or Mrs. Ramsay's collection of "one half-joe, three guineas, three pistareens, one bit," more highly than the same lady's sounding collection of four bundles of paper money, containing in all seventy-five thousand five hundred and eighteen dollars and one third. This delusive sum was not altogether to be despised. It would buy one or two blankets, or half a dozen pairs of tolerable marching shoes.

These efforts were in vain. In the midst of the governor's endeavors, while he was in the very act of hurrying away reinforcements and stores toward the scene of action, occurred (August 16, 1780) the disastrous defeat of Gates at Camden, one hundred and ten miles from the capital of Virginia. It was a woful stroke. In an hour — such a destroyer is war — all that Virginia and the whole Confederacy

could accumulate of men, horses, and material, in two months of intensest exertion, was scattered and gone. Those wagons so painfully got together, to the number of one hundred and thirty, were all lost; one of Jefferson's among the rest. In this sad extremity, the governor's first thought was to gather precise and full information of the cause and extent of the disaster, and transmit the same to General Washington; his second, to raise and equip new levies, (though "without any money in the treasury, or hope of any till October,") and do whatever else was possible to enable General Gates to make a new stand. For the lost wagons he tried to substitute barges in which to float provisions down the streams toward General Gates's camp; but he was obliged to become personally responsible for the cost of their construction. It marks the confusion of the time, that, when a month had elapsed after the Camden defeat, he was still ignorant of the fate of his own wagoner and horses. A wagon-master from the fatal field told him that a brigade quartermaster, at the moment of panic, cut one of his best horses from the harness and rode away on him; and that his negro wagoner, Phill, lame in one arm and leg, was seen loosening another horse for the same laudable purpose of saving himself for further service. As the public money was carried in the governor's wagon, it is to be presumed he never saw it again.

Camden, in North Carolina, is about fifteen miles from the Virginia line; and yet several months passed before a soldier of the victorious army trod Virginia soil. The enterprising and resolute yeomanry of North Carolina held them in check, and even compelled a retreat into South Carolina. It was from another quarter that Virginia was menaced next.

It was the 22d of October, 1780. Amid the universal horror and consternation caused by Arnold's defection, the governor of Virginia was still sending forward from every coun-

ty all the men it could spare to General Gates, except a force which he still hoped to reserve for Colonel Clarke's project against Detroit. Drove of cattle were on the southern road; the smiths were still working on the axes, producing twenty a day; agents were out buying the newly harvested corn on the credit of the State; men were ranging the western counties for a hundred more wagons,—all for the new army forming under Gates in North Carolina,—when news came that a British fleet of sixty vessels had entered Hampton Roads and were landing troops near Portsmouth! Jefferson's three lines of express riders stood him in good stead now; for against such a force—a dozen armed vessels and three thousand regular troops of all arms—there was nothing in Virginia that could stand an hour; and he could do little more than send the information to Washington and Gates. Such militia as were left and had arms were instantly diverted to this new danger; but they could do nothing but make a show of resistance. To General Gates the governor could now only forward an idea: "Would it not be worth while to send out a swift boat from some of the inlets of North Carolina to notify the French Admiral that his enemies are in a net, if he has leisure to close the mouth of it?"

"His enemies!" Mr. Jefferson soon learned whose enemies these newcomers were, and what they had come to Virginia for. When they had been a week at Portsmouth, doing nothing particular, a suspicious character was arrested on the road leading southward. While protesting his willingness to be searched, he was seen to put something into his mouth. Tobacco, perhaps? But the Virginia militia-men, experienced tobacco-chewers, did not recognize the correct swing of the arm in the motion made by this unknown; and, taking the liberty to examine his mouth, they extracted therefrom a remarkable quid, a neat little roll of the size of a goose-quill, covered with goldbeater's-skin and

nicely tied at each end. It proved to be a letter from General Leslie, the commander of the expedition, to Lord Cornwallis: "My Lord, I have been here near a week, establishing a post; I wrote to you to Charleston and by another messenger by land. I cannot hear for a certainty where you are. I wait your orders. The bearer is to be handsomely rewarded, if he brings me any note or mark from your lordship. A. L."

This great armament, then, had come to co-operate with Cornwallis in the subjugation of Virginia. The design was frustrated by the activity and valor of the North Carolina militia in annoying and detaining Cornwallis. Leslie waited a month; at the expiration of which he put to sea again with all his ships and all his men. During his stay, the British prisoners in Albemarle escaped in such numbers, that the governor deemed it best to march them into Maryland. And none too soon! If they had remained in Albemarle through the winter, every man of them would have gone to swell the British Army when it made its last stand at Yorktown; for Cornwallis, in the spring, could have struck the camp which they had made so inviting with gardens and shrubbery. To the last week of their stay, the agreeable relations between some of the officers and Governor Jefferson continued. To a young German lieutenant of scientific tastes, who had poured forth fervent thanksgivings for Mr. Jefferson's kindness, the governor sent an amiable reply, making light of the services he had been able to render, and suggesting to his young friend to resume philosophy when the war should be over, and, settling in America, acquire a fame "founded on the happiness, and not on the calamities, of human nature." Really, these were fortunate prisoners. The officers had bought for their pleasure such a large number of the superior Virginia horses, that, upon their going away, it became a serious question whether they ought to be allowed to take the animals out of a

State so terribly in want of them; and Governor Jefferson referred this point also to General Washington's decision.

The month of December, 1780, was a breathing time to the Virginians. The governor employed it chiefly in pushing measures in aid of Colonel Clarke's design against Detroit. The British were again powerful in the far West. Certain news came, that, in the spring, two thousand Indians and English would ravage the frontiers, unless employment could be found for them nearer home; and it was only too probable that the scene of the next regular campaign would be Virginia. Clarke was himself in Richmond for the purpose of urging and organizing the expedition, and was waiting, as the year 1780 drew to a close, the final answer of General Washington to the governor's strong recommendation of the scheme. The General's consent and warm approval were given in due time; but before his letter reached Richmond, events again interposed their irresistible fiat.

On Sunday, the last day of the year 1780, at eight in the morning, Jefferson received intelligence that a fleet of twenty-seven sail had entered Chesapeake Bay the day before. The messenger must have ridden hard, the distance in a straight line between Richmond and Old Point Comfort being not less than a hundred and twenty miles; and he had not waited long enough to learn what flag the vessels bore, nor whether they were bound up the bay or into the James. All the rulers of Virginia were in Richmond at the moment, for the Legislature was in session, within two days of its adjournment. General Nelson of the State militia and the heroic Clarke were there; and Baron Steuben, who had recently come to assist in the defence of the State, was not far off. But neither soldier nor civilian could assist an anxious governor in determining the character of the new arrival. Could it be Leslie back again? Might it not be the long-wished-for French fleet? Was it that mysterious

expedition fitting out lately in New York, destined, as it was given out, for some Southern port, of which General Washington, three weeks before, had sent his usual circular of notification to the governors of States? No one could tell. And if the fleet should prove to be hostile, would the commanding general be content with merely ravaging the shores of the lower country, like his two predecessors, or push for regions which no enemy had yet despoiled? Which river would he ascend, the York, the James, the Potomac, the Patapsco? What town would he first plunder, Alexandria, Baltimore, Williamsburg, Petersburg, or Richmond?

Amid all this doubt, the governor could only despatch General Nelson, with full powers, to the mouth of the James, that he might be near the scene of his duties in case it were necessary to call out the militia. Richmond has known some anxious Sundays since, but, perhaps, few more distressing than this; for the whole day passed without bringing further intelligence. Monday came and went; but not a messenger from the lower country arrived. On Tuesday morning, at ten, the suspense was at an end. Word came that the fleet was British, not French, and that it had entered the James, not gone up Chesapeake Bay. Instantly the governor signed orders, calling out half the militia of the region menaced, and a third of the militia of the counties adjacent to it, — four thousand seven hundred men in all, — and entrusted the orders to the county members just departing for their homes. That done, he directed the removal of public property to Westham, a village just above the rapids which close the navigation of the James at Richmond.

The next evening at eight, Wednesday, January 3d, the governor learned that the enemy's fleet of light vessels had come to anchor near Jamestown, the point where the river is only seven miles from Williamsburg. Then all thought the enemy's first object must be the ancient capital. But it was not.

On Thursday morning, two hours before the dawn, came intelligence that the fleet, favored by wind and tide, had swept on up the broad James to a landing below where the Appomattox enters it. There was still, therefore, some doubt whether Richmond or Petersburg was to be visited; but the governor, who had now learned that "the parricide Arnold" was the commander of the expedition, called out all the militia of that part of the State. At five that afternoon all doubt was dispelled by a despatch which informed the governor that the foe had landed troops at Westover, twenty-five miles distant.

In this emergency, Governor Jefferson found himself alone. Not a member of the Council or of the Assembly remained in Richmond to aid him, for all had gone to place their families in safety, or were absent on public duty. He sent his own family — wife and three children, the youngest two months old — to the house of a relative at Tuckahoe, thirteen miles above the town. There were two hundred militia of the neighborhood near at hand; and stronger parties were gathering at various points under Steuben, Clarke, Nelson, and others; but nowhere in Virginia was there yet an armed body capable of holding in check a regiment of regular troops led by an Arnold.

The governor mounted his horse, and took command of the situation. His first orders were to stop transporting stores to Westham, and simply get everything across the river, or *into* the river, anywhere so that Arnold could not easily reach it. Some hours he spent in superintending and urging on this work, first at Richmond, later at Westham, reaching Tuckahoe, where his family were, at one in the morning. There he remained long enough to assist them across the river, and see them safely on their way to a securer refuge, eight miles above; and then he galloped back along the James to a point opposite Westham, where at daylight he resumed his superintend-

ence of the transfer of the public property. At full speed, on the same tired, unfed horse, he continued his ride toward Manchester, then a small village, opposite Richmond. Before he reached it, his horse sank under him exhausted, and he was obliged to leave the animal dying in the road. With saddle and bridle on his own back, he hurried on to the next farm-house for another horse. He could only borrow there a colt not yet broken, upon which he continued his journey; until, coming in sight of Richmond, he discovered the foe already in possession. After doing the little that was possible for the security of the public stores at Manchester, he rode away to the headquarters of Baron Steuben, a few miles off, for consultation with the only educated soldier within his reach.

In war, everything, even the elements, seem sometimes to favor audacity. Arnold only remained in Richmond twenty-three hours; but, so promptly had the governor acted, and so well was he seconded by the county militia and their officers, that Arnold only escaped with his nine hundred men through a timely change in the wind which bore him down the river with the extraordinary swiftness of his ascent. In five days from the first summons, twenty-five hundred militia were on the traitor's path, and hundreds more coming in every hour; but the breeze wafted him away from them down the James, with the loss of thirty of his men, laid low by a whiff of musketry from a party of militia under Colonel Clarke. During the brief stay of the enemy near Richmond, they burned a cannon foundry, several of the public shanties, a few private houses, and a prodigious quantity of tobacco, besides throwing into the canal five tons of powder and spoiling three hundred muskets.

After three days' absence from the capital, the governor returned, and affairs began to resume their usual train. For eighty-four hours his home had been the saddle. Arnold went plundering on to the mouth of the

James, where he entrenched himself in the camp abandoned a few weeks before by Leslie.

A passionate desire pervaded the continent to have this traitor brought to justice; or, as Jefferson expressed it, "to drag him from those under whose wing he is now sheltered." When the governor learned the details of Arnold's retreat, he felt that a small band of cool, resolute men could have seized and carried him off, and he now proposed the scheme to an officer of militia. The men to aid him were drawn from the regiments of Western Virginia, in whom the governor had "peculiar confidence." The band, he recommended, should be few in number, the smaller the better, and he left it to the discretion of the chief whether they should enter Arnold's camp as friends, or lie in wait for him without. "I will undertake," he wrote, "if they are successful in bringing him off alive, that they shall receive five thousand guineas' reward among them; and to men formed for such an enterprise, it must be a great incitement to know that their names will be recorded with glory in history with those of Van Wart, Paulding, and Williams." Arnold grew wary, however, and could not be caught.

From this time civil government in Virginia was, in effect, almost suspended. The war was to be fought out upon Virginia soil and in Virginia waters; and it is an old saying, that in the presence of contending armies, laws are silent. Arnold, Phillips, Cornwallis, Tarlton, Rochambeau, Greene, Steuben, Lafayette, Nelson, Washington, are the names that figure in the history of Virginia during the next nine months. Arnold, reinforced and superseded by Phillips, ravaged one portion of the State, except when checked by Steuben and Lafayette. Cornwallis and Tarlton, long retarded and eluded by Greene, swept over the border at last. Indians threatened the western counties; and fleets arrived, departed, contended, on the eastern shores. All that Virginia had of manhood, resources, credit, ability, was enlisted in

the cause; and so many men were in service during the planting season, that the governor feared there would not be food enough raised for the year's necessities.

Jefferson, in the midst of this agonizing chaos, did whatever was possible to supply and reinforce Greene, Steuben, Lafayette; the burden of his cry to Washington, to Congress, being always "the fatal want of arms." The need of arms became at length so pressing, that, after "knocking at the door of Congress" by letter for many months, he requested Harrison, Speaker of the Assembly, to go to Philadelphia, and beg Congress, in person, if they could not assign to Virginia a proper supply of arms, to at least repay Virginia the arms she had lent for the protection of the Carolinas. Power little short of absolute was conferred upon the governor by the Legislature at one of its hurried spring sessions. He was authorized to call out the whole of the militia; to impress all wagons, horses, food, clothing, accoutrements, negroes; to arrest the disaffected and banish the disloyal. He was empowered, also, to emit the magnificent sum of fifteen millions of dollars, in addition to the hundred and twenty millions previously issued in the same month,—the whole amount being worth then about twenty-seven thousand golden guineas. But all this availed little. Virginia wanted muskets,—wanted them, not merely for the great operations of the war, but for daily and nightly and hourly defence against predatory bands. Governor Jefferson could not furnish them.

Four times in the spring of 1781 the Legislature of Virginia were obliged to adjourn in haste, and fly before the coming or the menace of an enemy. First, in January, when Arnold plundered the capital. Next, in March, when every act was hurried through from fear of another interruption. Then, in May, when an attack seemed so imminent that the few members who had come together gave up trying to legislate at Richmond, and separated to meet at Charlottesville, under the shadow of

Monticello, little thinking that the storm of war was about to sweep over Albemarle also.

The day appointed for the assembling of the Legislature at Charlottesville was May 24th. The governor's second term of service would expire on the 1st of June; but, amid the hurry and alarm of the time, the Assembly had as yet found no opportunity to attend to an election. There was no quorum till the 28th, when a Speaker was chosen; but even then, such was the emergency, the House could not enter into the election of a governor. Cornwallis, with all his army, was five days' march distant, and the State seemed to lie at his mercy. Not a boat could cross the bay or descend the James without risk of capture by the enemy's smaller craft. The civil government seemed a nullity at such a moment, and the governor, as the last hours of his term were gliding away, could only serve his State by explaining its situation to Congress and the Commander-in-Chief. He felt that what Virginia needed then was a general, able, strong in the confidence of the people, acquainted with the State, one who could place himself in the centre of the crisis, rally around him every element of force Virginia possessed, and direct it upon the foe. He thought, moreover, that the seven thousand men of Cornwallis must be the enemy's principal force; and, under this impression, he wrote to General Washington on the 28th of May, while a small quorum of the Legislature were choosing their Speaker within sight of his house: "Were it possible for this circumstance to justify in your Excellency a determination to lend us your personal aid, it is evident from the universal voice that the presence of their beloved countryman, whose talents have so long been successfully employed in establishing the freedom of kindred States, to whose person they have still flattered themselves they retained some right, and have ever looked upon as their *dernier resort* in distress, that your appearance among them, I say, would restore full

confidence of salvation, and would render them equal to whatever is not impossible."

The time had not yet come for Washington's appearance on this scene, though that time was not distant. The month of May expired. Jefferson was out of office, and Virginia had no governor. The Speaker of the House, the President of the Council, and several members of both bodies, were his guests at Monticello, riding over from Charlottesville every afternoon after the business of the day was at an end.

Just before sunrise, June 4, 1781, while as yet the inhabitants of Monticello slept, except, perhaps, the early-waking master of the mansion, a horseman rode at full speed up the mountain, and sprang from his foaming steed at the door of the house. He was a gentleman of the neighborhood, named Jouitte, well known to Jefferson. He had been spending the evening before at a tavern in Louisa, twenty miles away, the county town of the next county eastward from Albemarle. An hour before midnight a body of British cavalry, two hundred and fifty in number, had galloped into the town, had come to a halt, dismounted, and proceeded to refresh man and beast with food and rest. Jouitte guessed that the object of such a band, so far from the actual seat of war, commanded, too, by the famous Tarlton, could be no other than the surprise of the governor and Legislature of Virginia. He had had his horse saddled; and, while Tarlton and his men were enjoying their three hours' halt at Louisa, he had struck into an old disused road, a short cut, and ridden with all speed toward Charlottesville to give the alarm; making a slight detour on his way to warn Mr. Jefferson and his friends at Monticello. He delivered his message there, and rode on to notify the rest of the members in the village.

The family, we are told, breakfasted as usual; after which the guests rode away to Charlottesville, and the inmates of the house prepared for a jour-

ney. A carriage was made ready and brought round to the door, in which Jefferson placed his most valued papers. He sent his best horse to be shod at a shop on the river's bank, a mile off. The two most trusted of the household servants gathered the plate and other things of value, and hid them under the floor of the front portico. All these things were done with a certain deliberation, because the family naturally concluded that Tarlton would first strike Charlottesville, which lay in plain sight from Monticello, and thus give them ample notice of his approach. But Tarlton, as he went thundering on towards the village, detached a troop to seize the governor and hold Monticello as a lookout during his stay in the vicinity; and, hence, when Jefferson had been employed something less than two hours in sorting and packing his papers, an officer of militia came in breathless, to say that British cavalry were coming up the mountain.

Jefferson had two law pupils at the time, James Monroe, and another whose name is not recorded. Monroe was in the field, of course, during these weeks of stress and ravage. To the other Jefferson confided his family, directing him to take them to a friend's house some miles distant. He sent to the blacksmith's for his horse, ordering the servant to bring the animal to a spot between his own mountain and the next, which he could quickly reach by a by-road through the woods. Still he lingered a few minutes among his papers, wishing to give his servant time to get the horse to the designated place. He left his house at length, — telescope in hand, light sword of the period at his side, — and walked down through the forest to the valley between the two mountains, where he found his horse. Before mounting, he paused to listen. No sound was audible, except the musical din of a peaceful June morning in the primeval woods. No clang of accoutrements, nor tramp of armed men, nor distant thunder of a troop of horse. He went a little way up the next mountain to a rock whence,

with the aid of his telescope, he could clearly see Charlottesville; but there was no unusual stir in the streets. A false alarm, perhaps; and, so surmising, he resolved to go back to his house and finish the sorting of his papers, the accumulated treasure of the years that had passed since the burning of the house in which he was born. He had gone some distance toward his home, when he discovered that his sword had slipped from its scabbard, as he guessed, when he had stooped to get a rest for his spyglass. He went back for it. Before leaving the rock, he took another peep through his glass at the village; when, behold, it was all alive and swarming with troopers!

Then, for the first time, he mounted his horse, and took the road to follow his family, whom he rejoined before night. The dropping of his sword was a lucky event. If he had gone back to the house, he might have fallen into the hands of the enemy; for they entered just five minutes after he left it. The two friendly slaves who were hiding the family treasures — one in the cavity receiving, and the other on the portico handing down — were almost caught in the act of stowing away the last article. They heard the sound of hoofs just in time for the one above to slam down the plank, shutting up the other in a dark, hot, and narrow hole, during the whole eighteen hours' stay of the troop. It proved to be a superfluous exertion of fortitude. Tarlton had given orders that nothing in the house should be injured or removed, and these orders were obeyed; except that some of the thirsty soldiers, after their thirty hours' gallop, helped themselves on the sly to some wine in the cellar.

The fidelity of these two slaves, Martin and Cæsar, during this time of trial, was always remembered by the family with gratitude and pride. Martin, after shutting down the faithful Cæsar with the treasures, remained standing upon the plank of the portico, where he received the captain of the troopers with dignified politeness. He conducted

the officer over the house. When they reached the library, where Jefferson had, five minutes before, been at work among his papers, this captain — McCleod by name, gentleman by nature — locked the door, and then, handing the key to Martin, said, in substance, "If any of the soldiers ask you for the key of this room, tell them I have it." One of the soldiers, to test Martin's mettle, put a pistol to his breast and threatened to fire unless he told which way his master had gone. "Fire away, then," replied the slave. Cæsar, on his part, cramped and tortured as he was in his black hole, made no movement, uttered no sound, during the whole eighteen hours, — all the rest of that day and all the night following.

Down the James, a hundred miles or more, Jefferson possessed a plantation named Elk Hill, with mansion house, negro quarter, extensive stables, herds of cattle, and growing crops. For ten days Cornwallis lived in this house, which had an elevated site, commanding a view of the whole estate. Jefferson himself has put upon record what his lordship did or permitted during his brief residence there. He destroyed all the growing crops of corn and tobacco; he burned all the barns, filled with last year's product; he took all the cattle, hogs, and sheep for his army; he appropriated all the serviceable horses; he cut the throats of the colts; he burned all the fences; he carried off twenty-seven slaves. With his usual exactness, Jefferson enumerates the items of his loss: nine horses, fifty-nine cattle, thirty sheep, sixty hogs, seven hundred and eighty barrels of corn, nineteen hogsheads of tobacco, and two hundred and seventy-five acres of growing wheat and barley. Respecting the lost slaves he remarks: "Had this been to give them freedom, he would have done right; but it was to consign them to inevitable death from the small-pox and putrid fever, then raging in his camp." A few of these slaves crawled home to recover or to die, and to give the fever to five who had not left the plantation. Cornwall-

lis, he adds, "treated the rest of the neighborhood in much the same style, but not with that spirit of total extermination with which he seemed to rage over my possessions."

For twelve days Virginia had no governor. If Tarlton had ridden on that morning, without stopping for breakfast, he might have caught a quorum of the Legislature in or near Charlottesville, and kept the State without a government for the rest of the campaign. It would have been no great harm; for during the next five months, while the allied fleets and armies, and all the militia of Virginia that Jefferson had been able to arm, were cornering the marauder of the Southern States, there was little for civilians to do. Tarlton halted at the house of one of Jefferson's friends, who ordered breakfast for the colonel and his officers. But the privates were as hungry as their leaders, and devoured the food in the kitchen as fast as the cook could get it ready. Tarlton got no breakfast until he had placed a guard to protect the cook; and this delay gave members time to come together at Charlottesville, and adjourn to meet, three days after, at Staunton, forty miles to the westward, on the safe side of the Blue Ridge.

They met, accordingly, on the 7th of June. Discouraged at the aspect of affairs, soured and irritated by this fourth flight from the tramp of armed men, several of them were disposed to cast the blame of these invasions upon Governor Jefferson. One young member even said as much in the House, intimating that the governor should have foreseen Arnold's coming and called out the militia in time. We all know from recent experience that, in war time, when affairs go ill in the field, the civil administration sinks in the esteem of the public; and, indeed, we cannot wonder that, amid the musket famine of this terrible year, Virginians should bitterly regret the arms and accoutrements which the governor had sent down all the highways to Carolina, only to have them thrown

away or captured at Camden and Guilford. Jefferson's friends courted, demanded inquiry into his conduct, and insisted on having it set down as part of the business of the next session.

Still the House refrained from the election of a governor. Some of the weaker members revived the stale device of naming Patrick Henry dictator, but again laid the project aside from fear of the dangers of imaginary patriot-assassins. "The very thought," as Jefferson wrote, "was treason against the people, was treason against mankind in general, as riveting forever the chains which bow down their necks, by giving to their oppressors a proof, which they would have trumpeted through the universe, of the imbecility of republican government, in times of pressing danger, to shield them from harm." Jefferson had a far better device, one which gave the State a legitimate, a constitutional dictator. Several months before, he had resolved to decline serving a third term. In the belief that, at such a crisis, the civil and military power should be wielded by the same hands, he induced his friends, who were a majority of the House, to give their votes to Thomas Nelson, commander-in-chief of the militia of the State, who was accordingly elected.

General Nelson had been a main stay of his own administration, giving to it the support of his honored name, his military talents, and the credit of his vast estates. On his own personal security he had raised the greater part of a most timely loan of two millions of dollars, and advanced money to pay two Virginia regiments who would not march for the southern army before their arrears were discharged. Governor Nelson took the field. He used without reserve the despotic powers with which he was entrusted; forcing men into the field, and impressing wagons, horses, negroes, supplies. He was in at the death of that foul, mean, and monstrous war. At Yorktown, his own mansion being within the enemy's lines and

occupied by British officers, he had the pleasure of sending cannon-balls crashing through his own dining-room, and breaking up festive parties making merry over his own wine. It was a happy stroke of good sense and good management in Jefferson to leave his office to such a successor ; because he appeased the dictator party by giving them a dictator, while assigning the sole duty of the time to one fitted to perform it.

But General Nelson did not succeed in satisfying his countrymen, for whom he had sacrificed health and fortune. He was an unpopular governor ; for the Virginians did not enjoy a dictator when they had got one ; and he could not long endure the opprobrium which the exercise of dictatorial power evoked. He threw up his office after holding it about six months ; and he, too, sought opportunity to defend his administration before the Legislature.

James Parton.

M A R G U E R I T E.

I.

I WAS but the village weaver's girl,
He only the hireling of a churl ;
Yet into our lives there dropped a pearl.

II.

He drove the kine by meadow and dale,
And searched the hollows in every vale,
For a flower of love, to tell the tale.

III.

A spring-time daisy, waxen white,
Lay on my breast when fell the night,
And the stars shone down with a tender light.

IV.

He to the plough, and I to the loom, —
Tilling and toiling ; — yet love may bloom,
And fill our hearts with its sweet perfume.

V.

Heart of mine, I have waited long ;
Life and love are a poet's song ;
Life is fleeting, but love is strong.

VI.

'T was lonely waiting, but God knew best ;
Lay me now by my love to rest,
A spring-time daisy upon my breast.

Mary E. C. Wyeth.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

XVIII.

A TERRIBLE PROPOSAL.

OF course such a plan as the one which Grimes had been thus evolving from his profound meditations could not be kept secret from one who was to play so important a part in it as Carrol; and to tell him the plan meant a general narration of all the events of the day, including his meeting with Mrs. Lovell, and her appeal to him for help. There was a strong repugnance in the breast of Grimes against any such disclosure, and his native delicacy revolted against breathing into another ear the story of his reviving tenderness; but it had to be done. After a faint attempt to discuss the subject in a commonplace manner, he gave it up and launched forth into an enthusiastic description of Mrs. Lovell's candor, her gentleness, her beauty, and her trustful disposition, from which Carrol was able to gather a very correct idea of the state of mind into which his friend had passed. But all this was of far inferior interest to Carrol compared with the one striking fact that Grimes had accompanied Mrs. Lovell to her lodgings, that he knew her address, and that the clew to Maud which he had thought lost was once more recovered. He asked eagerly after their address, and Grimes told him; after which he relapsed into his former silence.

Grimes looked at him attentively for a few moments, and then exclaimed in a cordial tone of approbation, "Wal now, I must say I like that. That has the right ring. You talk like a man. I was afraid that the very mention of the ladies would act on you like a red rag on a bull. But you take the mention calmly, and even show a gentlemanly interest in them. Carrol, my boy, by those words, you've taken a tremendous load off my mind, and

saved me about ten hours of solid talk. So you're all right, are you? If so, I say, three cheers."

"O well," said Carrol, "the fact is, I begin to think I was unjust to — to her — and that there was — a — a mistake —"

He would have said more, for he now felt keenly how ungenerous and how base his suspicions had been, and he also felt most profoundly the perfect truth and constancy of Maud. Yet he could not tell any more than this, certainly not to Grimes; so he held his tongue.

"All right, my boy," said Grimes, cheerily. "You've come round at last; I don't care how, so long as you've come. And now I want to tell you about a plan I've been concocting for the escape of the ladies from this prison. They're frightened, no doubt. They want to get away, ere it be eternally too late; and as they've appealed to me, why it stands to reason that I must be up and doin', and help them somehow, and for that matter so must you. You acknowledge that yourself, don't you?"

"Yes," said Carrol.

"Wal," said Grimes, "ordinary means of escape are of no use at all. Paris is a bottle corked up tight. You can't get out nohow, that is by any common way; you've got to try some-thin' extraordinary. You're aware, perhaps, that no human being can pass from this village to the world outside, or come from that world to us. For between us and them there is a great gulf fixed. Are you aware of that?"

"Of course! Everybody knows that Paris is blockaded perfectly, and has been for no end of a time."

"Wal, there again you excite my gratitude, for you save me from a two or three hours' talk in the way of explanation. And now let me ask you

this. You know there is one way of escape, don't you?"

"One way?" asked Carrol, doubtfully.

"Yes, by doin' the American eagle, and soarin' aloft to the everlastin' stars; in plain language, by takin' to a balloon *à la* Gambetta."

"A balloon!" exclaimed Carrol, in amazement, — "a balloon!"

"Yes," said Grimes. "And now I want to ask you one question. Are you man enough to try it?"

"Good heavens, man alive!" cried Carrol; "what are you talking about? Do you mean to say that the ladies will be willing to go in a balloon?"

"Wal, I don't know yet, for I hain't mentioned the subject to them; but Mrs. Lovell's remarks indicated a state of desperation that was equal to a desperate undertakin', and so I should n't wonder a bit if I might succeed in persuadin' her to trust herself to the unfathomable tracts of ether. O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee! as the poet says. But never mind what the poet says; what I want to know is, will you go? Will you take Miss Heathcote in one balloon, together with an aerial navigator, while I take Mrs. Lovell in my own personal, particular, and individual car?"

"I? why, of course," said Carrol; "but then, how under heaven do you expect ever to get the ladies to consent to such a journey?"

Upon this Grimes began to explain to Carrol the grounds of his hope, and the plan that he had made, and the way in which he expected to carry it out, and many other things which are unnecessary to report just here.

This conversation with Grimes lasted far into the night, and gave to Carrol the material for agitated thought during the wakeful hours that intervened till morning. The knowledge of Maud's whereabouts opened up to him once more the chance of communicating with her; and now that he was aware of the truth of the case, now that he had seen her tearful eyes, her pleading face, and her tremulous lips, since he

had heard her low, sweet voice, as she told her simple and touching story, there had arisen in his heart a strong yearning after her which was intolerable and irresistible. Should he yield to his feelings? Should he seek her out?

"But, alas!" he thought, "why should I go? and for what end, and with what hope? She can never be mine. She does not know it, but there lies between us an unfathomable gulf, over which we cannot pass to join each other. I am a murderer! She will know all some day, soon enough too. Can I go to tell her that? Impossible. Can I go carrying with me this secret? I cannot. I can neither keep my secret in the presence of her pleading eyes, nor have I the heart to tell her that which would mar her hopes and throw a blight over her young life. She will learn it all herself, and then she will understand me and do me justice. As to this flight, if she is willing to go, I shall rejoice to go with her, and trust myself to circumstances. But till then I must struggle against my desires and keep away from her."

Grimes was naturally prompt, and so on the following day he set forth to call on Mrs. Lovell. He had been somewhat troubled in his mind as to the propriety of mentioning Carrol's name. With him it was a difficult question. For Grimes, it must be remembered, had only heard Carrol's first account of his rejection by Maud. Carrol's long tirades against her had deepened the impression which that story had produced, and he very naturally concluded that the rejection of Carrol's proposal had been done by Maud quite deliberately and seriously. He was aware of Carrol's love for her, he remembered the bitterness of his grief over his rejection, and he knew how unfortunate the consequences had been for his friend in many ways. He never had been able to sympathize with Carrol's harsher views of her motives and her character; but some impression had been made upon him by denunciations so persistent; and he had come to feel as much dislike for Maud as it was

possible for a chivalrous man to entertain towards a beautiful girl. His idea was that Maud had flirted with Carrol, and had encouraged him without any intentions of accepting him; and as her own affections had not been enlisted, she had not made sufficient allowance for him. He thought her nature was somewhat cold and callous, and that her rejection of Carrol was owing rather to indifference or to vanity than to anything like downright cruelty.

With such views of Maud's character, he naturally concluded that Carrol would not be a very agreeable companion to her; and, except in a very great emergency, he supposed that she would refuse to go with him altogether. Now a refusal on her part would spoil his little plan, and he was anxious that nothing should be added to the ordinary unpleasantness of a balloon voyage to make it more disagreeable than it was in itself. And so Mr. Grimes very sagely concluded that it would be best not to mention Carrol's name at all, but to allude to him merely as "a friend." He thought that if Carrol could only be with Maud under unusual and somewhat serious circumstances, her hard and callous heart might possibly be softened and she might relent.

On seeing him, Mrs. Lovell's face lighted up with a glow of genuine pleasure, and she greeted him with a cordiality that was very flattering indeed.

"Wal," said Grimes, "and how are you? Pooty well?"

"O thanks; but how very, very good this is of you," said Mrs. Lovell; "and so thoughtful, too, you know. I was afraid you'd forget all about me."

And with these words she seated herself, while Grimes did the same, looking at her admiringly all the time.

"Fine weather we're havin' to-day," said he, "especially after the rain yesterday."

"It really is quite delightful," said Mrs. Lovell, "though I have not been out yet."

"But it did rain tremendous yester-

day, did n't it now!" persisted Grimes, who had a distressing way of prosing about the weather, when Mrs. Lovell was crazy to have him talk of other things.

"O yes, I dare say," said she; "but have you heard yet of any way of getting away from this dreadful place? I'm really very, very anxious, do you know. It's very silly, but really one can't help being a coward, and I'm sure there's every reason to be alarmed. Why, I heard guns yesterday, — positively guns. But that's not the worst."

"Wal," said Grimes, "that's the very thing I've come for; that is, next to havin' the pleasure of seein' you, and — and —"

He stopped and his face grew very red.

"O, how good of you!" said Mrs. Lovell. "And have you heard of anything?"

"Yes, 'm," said Grimes. "I have."

"O, what is it?" cried Mrs. Lovell, eagerly.

"Wal," said Grimes, "I've got a plan that I think's goin' to work, if you'll only fall in with it."

"A plan?" said Mrs. Lovell, eagerly; "O, what is it? But how really nice, and clever, and kind, and all that! But what is the plan, Mr. Grimes?"

"Wal," said Grimes, "I don't know exactly how it'll strike you, and I'm a little mite afraid that you may n't altogether like the looks of it."

"O, I'm sure I'll be perfectly charmed! I'm sure *you* would n't think of any plan which would not be *perfectly* agreeable, Mr. Grimes."

"Wal, I hope you'll like it," said Grimes, slowly and thoughtfully, "but I don't know about it just yet; you see the bother of it is, in the first place we've got to divide ourselves."

"Divide ourselves?"

"Yes, that is to say, you've got to separate yourself from your sister, and I don't know how you'll like that."

"Separate? what, from Maudie?" exclaimed Mrs. Lovell; "what, leave Maudie?"

"O, she'll be all right. There's a friend of mine that's goin' too, and he'll put her through."

"Maudie! but I can't separate from Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, sadly. "I really can't. Poor, dear Maudie! What would become of her if she went away by herself?"

"O, wal now," said Grimes, "there ain't the least mite of danger. My friend would die rather than have her run any risk. He's a man of honor, an American, and a gentleman. He's goin' off himself, and I spoke to him about this matter. It was the only thing I could think of. I'd trust him as I would myself. Miss Heathcote could go with him, and I thought that I might take charge of you. We've got to divide in some fashion, and that seemed to me to be the best way. But, if you feel anxious about Miss Heathcote, why I'd agree to take charge of her, and you could go with my friend."

This last offer was an act of immense self-sacrifice on the part of Grimes, and it was made in a very doleful tone of voice.

"O, I don't know," said Mrs. Lovell, slowly, "that it is altogether necessary to do that; in fact, the trouble is about Maudie being separated from me. Could n't we manage in any way to go together, Mr. Grimes? It would be so very, very sad to be separated. Could n't that be avoided in any way, Mr. Grimes?"

And Mrs. Lovell turned to Grimes with an appealing look that was really most pathetic.

Grimes hesitated, and all his plan was once more revolved in his mind.

"No, 'm," said he at length, with much decision, — "no, 'm. I don't exactly see how I could manage to fix it that way."

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

"I'm sure," said she, "I don't believe that poor Maudie would ever consent, but then she is sometimes very, very set, and I really don't know but that she might be brave enough. But how I could ever bear

to have her leave me I really do not know."

"Wal," said Grimes, who felt it to be his duty to disarm her fears as far as possible and to soothe her natural anxiety, — "wal, after all, you know, it won't be for long. It'll only be for a few days at the most. You'll then be joined again and meet to part no more."

Mrs. Lovell shook her head sadly and solemnly.

"Wal, the fact of the matter is, 'm," said Grimes, "it can't be managed, as I can see; for, you see, it won't hold more 'n two."

"It?" repeated Mrs. Lovell. "What do you mean by it? Is it a carriage? Why, I'm sure I can sit anywhere, so long as I have Maudie, and know that she is safe. Or is it a horse? Are we to go on horseback? And why can't we go together? I'm sure I don't see why we can't go together, Mr. Grimes. Why, I'd be willing to ride behind Maudie, or even to walk so long as I had her with me."

"Wal, 'm, the fact of the business is, it ain't a carriage, nor a horse, nor is it any kind of land conveyance, or water conveyance either. You see, our position is a little peculiar, and to escape from Paris requires very peculiar contrivances. Now, 'm, my plan had reference to a — a balloon."

At this Mrs. Lovell started and regarded Grimes in unspeakable amazement.

"A what!" she said; "a balloon?"

"Yes, 'm," said Grimes firmly, for he felt that the time had come to grapple with this subject, and that the question must be decided at once.

"A balloon?" repeated Mrs. Lovell. "You can't really mean what you say. A balloon? O Mr. Grimes! and I thought all the time that you were my friend."

"A balloon?" said Grimes, who felt wounded by this implied reproach. "A balloon? Why not? Why, 'm, a balloon is the safest and the easiest mode of travel that has ever been invented. I'm aware," he continued

with engaging candor, "that there does exist a kind of prejudice against balloons, but I assure you that it's quite unfounded. You only get into your balloon, let the wind be fair, and the weather any ways moderate, and let a cool head have the navigation of her, and I'll bet any money that you go by that balloon easier, pleasanter, quicker, safer, and altogether happier than by any mode of conveyance known to mortal man. Now, I *know* this to be the case as sure 's my name 's Grimes. Fact, 'm."

"A balloon!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovell, upon whom Grimes's remarks had made not the least impression, but who still clung to her prejudices against that mode of travel with unfaltering pertinacity,—"a balloon? Why, Mr. Grimes, you cannot possibly be in earnest. Why, it's downright insanity. A balloon? Why, can you possibly suppose that I could have the rashness to venture into a balloon? Why, I'm sure I'd just as soon think of allowing myself to be fired from a cannon. And is that all that you can do for me? O dear! Then I'm afraid that our case is indeed hopeless, and that nothing remains but to face the worst."

Mrs. Lovell spoke in a despairing tone which deeply affected her hearer. Grimes sat looking quite crushed, with an expression on his face which was made up of deep disappointment and equally deep remorse. But he struggled gallantly against both of these feelings, and at length found voice to speak.

"Wal, now, really, 'm, it strikes me that you're puttin' it a little too strong altogether. When you speak of despair, and facin' the worst, you see there is a remedy. After all, balloonin' ain't so bad as despair. Lots of people are leavin' Paris all the time by this mode of conveyance. There ain't a single fault you can find with it, except that you can't guide them very straight. That might be an objection if you wanted to go to some place in particular. But you see you don't want that. You simply want to get out of Paris,

no matter where you go. Now a balloon will do just exactly that for you. It'll take you far enough away from here to put you out of reach of battle and murder and sudden death; and plague, pestilence, and famine; and sieges, blockades, and bombardments. Now, if a balloon 'll do just what you want to be done, and no more, I don't see why you should find fault with it because it don't do what you don't want it to do, and what it don't pretend to do."

To this Mrs. Lovell opposed the danger of such a mode of travel. Whereupon Grimes hastened to explain that there was no danger at all. Upon this a long conversation followed, in which Grimes endeavored to prove that a balloon was not only free from danger, but actually safer than *terra firma*. These arguments, however, made but little impression upon Mrs. Lovell, who found herself quite unable to overcome her fears.

The end of it was that Grimes, as he rose to go, informed her that he would call again in two days, and exhorted her to think over his plan. If she could bring herself to accept it, he would be ready to leave at once; if not, then it would be necessary for her to remain in Paris during the siege.

And so he departed, leaving Mrs. Lovell in a state of mind bordering on despair.

XIX.

THREATS CUT SHORT.

THE desire which Mrs. Lovell had expressed for escape was certainly no weaker than it had been, nor had her sense of present danger in any way lessened. This sense of danger arose from various causes which must have fully revealed themselves. One class of dangers were those which were connected with the siege, involving plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, sudden death, explosions, bombardments, and red-hot shot, with other things of a similar character; all of which usually go to make up a first-class siege. The other class of dangers were those which

arose from the vindictive menace of Du Potiron, and his possible powers for carrying his threats into execution. What these might be she could not exactly know, and these dangers, therefore, became all the more terrible from being mysterious; but among the most prominent of those evils which might be impending from this quarter, her fancy suggested arrests, imprisonment, separation from Maud, trial, condemnation, and, to crown all, the guillotine.

Such fancies as these, whatever might be their cause, were certainly not adapted to promote peace of mind or serenity of soul. Yet such was the structure of Mrs. Lovell's character, that she did not allow any unusual depression of spirit to appear. Her chief desire was to keep these troubles secret from Maud, for it will be seen by this time that one of Mrs. Lovell's strongest characteristics was a most devoted and self-sacrificing affection for her younger sister. For this reason she had not told her anything about the particulars of Du Potiron's later visits, so that Maud was in complete ignorance of that person's plans and threats.

The next day came, and brought a new trouble to the afflicted lady. This new trouble came in the visible form of Madame Guimarin, who waited on Mrs. Lovell and requested a private interview. With some surprise Mrs. Lovell granted the request, and Madame Guimarin, prepared to make known the object of her call.

With many apologies and much circumlocution she mentioned the fact that she would be compelled to give up her house and seek a new home for herself. She assigned as the cause of this decision, first, the absence of lodgers; secondly, her own ill-health and nervousness; and, thirdly, a dismal apprehension which she had of some mysterious danger which was impending. On being questioned still more closely as to the nature of this danger, it came out that Du Potiron had been tampering with her, and had managed to work upon her fears to such an extent that her only idea now

was of instant flight. She had no confidence in anything. Paris was without law, order, or anything else. The whole city might rise any day from its present deceitful quiet, and the whole population might prepare at a moment's warning to cut one another's throats. Madame Guimarin had gone through 1848, and the *coup d'état*; and the Red Spectre was to her a very real and a very terrific apparition indeed. The good lady also warned Mrs. Lovell to seek the protection of some friends if she had any, and not live in this way apart and by herself; for she had good reason to believe that Du Potiron was preparing some very unpleasant combination against her; and she had equally good reason to fear that Du Potiron's influence in certain quarters was strong enough to enable him to carry it into execution.

All of this sank deep into Mrs. Lovell's soul and intensified her despondency. She now knew of nothing else that could be done except to seek once more the aid of Grimes. She could not remain in her present lodgings much longer. Madame Guimarin had named a week as the longest possible time that her exhausted nature could bear the terrible strain of her present position; and Mrs. Lovell saw that she would have to seek a new home somewhere within that time. Madame Guimarin mentioned one or two eligible places that were still accessible, but Mrs. Lovell concluded to wait and ask the advice of Grimes.

On the following day Grimes was to come again, and in her distress she looked forward to his appearance with an impatience that was quite unusual with her. At length a visitor was announced and she hurried to meet him.

To her intense annoyance she found the visitor to be, not Grimes, but the irrepressible Du Potiron. The annoyance which she felt was plainly visible in her face and manner as her eyes rested on him, and she did not make any effort whatever to conceal it. But Du Potiron took no notice of it whatever, and whether he saw it or not

could not be detected from his manner. His manner, indeed, was in every respect the exact counterpart of what it had been on his former visit: that is to say, first, as she entered he advanced to meet her with outstretched hands, eager eye, and enthusiastic smile; then on reaching her he stopped, laid one hand impressively on his heart, and made a most elaborate bow.

"Madame," said he, "I again haf ze honneur of to presenter mes respects, and to lay mes compliments at your feets."

"Really, sir," said Mrs. Lovell, "I think I have a right to call this a most unwarrantable intrusion, after what has already passed between us. I thought, after what I said the other day, that you would not call here again."

"Mille pardons, madame," said Du Potiron, in a very obsequious tone. "I haf not ze presumption to hope zat I sall be more agreable to you zan before, an' I must explain zat I haf arrive zis time to see ze charmant Mo, to whom I wish you to be kind enough to convey ze assurance of my consideration distingué, and inform her zat I wait to see her."

"If you have come again to see Miss Heathcote," said Mrs. Lovell, "I can only say that it is quite useless, for she positively will not see you."

Du Potiron smiled, and waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Mais, madame, will you not haf consideration? Conceive what ees my chagrin. Moreovaire I haf rights, zey must not be despise and disregard."

"You have no rights whatever, sir, as I have already explained. What you base your very impertinent claim on is a letter which was never intended for you."

"Pardon, madame, it was addresse to me, in response to a letter sent by me to Mo. What more would you haf? Mo haf nevaire taken back her acceptance. Mo still claims me and holds me. She nevaire make any explanation of what you haf call ze meestake. So where was ze meestake?"

"You are mistaken. Miss Héath-

cote wrote you in Montreal, explaining it all; and it's very strange that you never got it."

Du Potiron at this shrugged his shoulders in incredulity.

"Très bien, madame," said he, dropping the tone of obsequious politeness which he had chosen to make use of thus far, and adopting one of insolent rudeness; "aha, you haf said sufficient, and now eet ees my turn. I haf sometin' to say to you. Listen. I say I *sall* see Mo and you *must* send for her."

"That is absurd," said Mrs. Lovell, quietly.

"Absurd! très bien! You sall see, madame. I haf sometin for you zat sall make you comprehend me better, and become more complaisant zan you haf been. I haf come zis day as a friend for ze last time; and if you are unraisonable, I sall come again with means zat sall make you surrendre."

"I have already mentioned," said Mrs. Lovell, with unalterable coolness, "the fact that I neither believe in your power to injure me, nor fear it."

"You do not? Aha! très bien! then you sall see it. Aha, yes, you sall see it. You sall be brought before ze sovereign people. You sall be arrest. You sall be prisoner. You sall be punish."

"Who is to do all this, pray?"

"Who — moi — I — myself; in ze name of l'humanité."

"That is quite absurd," said Mrs. Lovell. "I live quietly here; I never harmed the sovereign people, and they don't even know of my existence. So how they can arrest me, and punish me for doing nothing, is a statement which I confess I am quite unable to make out."

"You not comprehend?" said Du Potiron. "Aha — très bien, zen I sall make zat you sall comprehend ze réalité. Look at me," he continued, slapping his chest vigorously and elevating his eyebrows, "do you see me? Who am I? Moi! I am a power. I haf command, influence, autorité. The tyrant ees overtroun," —

and he made a flourish with his right hand, — “ze peuple haf triumph!” — a flourish with both hands, — “they rise!” — a stamp of his foot, — “I rise!” — violent slapping of the chest, — “I haf command!” — another violent slapping, — “I am obey!” — a dark frown and both hands clutching each other convulsively, — “I harangue ze peuple!” — another flourish with the right, — “I indicate zeir enemies!” — a flourish with the left, — “I anform zem of ze spies, ze myriads spies zat fill Paris!” — hoarse intonations with clasped hands, — “ze spies zat Bismarck employ to effecter ze destruction of la France!” — eyes rolled up and hands crossed over breast, — “zat is my work!” — a wild outcry, and hands flung forward, — “to labor for ma patrie!” — two or three steps backward, — “and save it from ze insidious spy!” — a groan. “Trés bien,” — a smack of the lips, accompanied with a wild glare at Mrs. Lovell and followed by the stamp of both feet, — “and now do you comprehend? Hah?” — a wild gesture with clenched fists, — “do you comprehend ze danjaire zat impends? Hah?” — another fist flung out, — “who is ze next spy to denounce? Hah?” — a step forward with both fists flung forth, — “who is ze spy secret and mystérieuse zat conceal herself here in zis rue, in zis house? Hah?” — A gasp. — “Eef I denounce you, how sall you save yourself? Hah?” — Another gasp. — “Eef I denounce you as a spy, what sall you become in deux or tree day? Hah?” — A yell of maniacal derision, accompanied by snorts, stampings of both feet, and clappings of his hands. — “And zis is what you sall haf! I sall show no mercy!” — A gasp. — “I sall be inexorable!” — A howl. — “You sall be prisoner!” — slappings of the breast, gorilla fashion, — “and Mo — Mo le charmante — le tendre — Mo!” Here his eyes were raised in ecstasy to the ceiling, and the sentence died away in an inarticulate murmur.

So Du Potiron raved to this extent and still further. He had full swing. He let himself loose. He got the one

idea in his head, and let his fancy play freely round it. He was excited as a Frenchman only can be, and acted as an excited Frenchman only can.

As for Mrs. Lovell she had never been called on before to behold an excited Frenchman, and the sight of Du Potiron naturally created some surprise. She was not what is called a brave woman, nor did she ever dream of laying any claim to such a character; but on the present occasion she did not show the slightest fear. It may have been because in the appearance of Du Potiron there was less of the terrible than there was of that other quality which lies closely associated with it, — the grotesque, — bearing to it the same relation which the ridiculous bears to the sublime. Mrs. Lovell might therefore have been amused at the pranks which Du Potiron was thus playing before high heaven, had there not been various serious thoughts in her mind which checked all tendencies to mirthfulness.

Mrs. Lovell therefore stood looking at Du Potiron, neither smiling with mirth nor trembling with terror, but regarding him with cold curiosity and mild wonder. She appeared perfectly cool and self-possessed; and it seemed as though the spectacle of this coolness only served to increase the excitement of the visitor. In this position then these two were, Mrs. Lovell cool, calm, collected; Du Potiron lashing himself into greater fury, gesticulating, howling, menacing, taunting, interrogating, denouncing, advancing, retreating, shaking his fists, and going through all those performances which have already been so minutely reported. Now at this very moment and in the very crisis of this scene another person quietly made his appearance, entering the room behind Du Potiron, in such a way that he was not seen by that excitable and too impetuous person. The new-comer was the visitor whom Mrs. Lovell had been expecting impatiently for two long days, for whose appearance she had looked so eagerly, and who, had he tried, could not possi-

bly have chosen a better period for acting the *deus ex machina*, and thus winning the everlasting gratitude of Mrs. Lovell, than this very moment which chance had thus opened to him.

The new-comer was Mr. Grimes.

At the sight of him Mrs. Lovell's heart gave a wild bound, and she felt as if she could have flung herself at his feet in joy and gratitude. Du Potiron's back was turned toward him, so that he did not see Grimes, nor did he see the change in Mrs. Lovell's face; for just at that moment he had thrown his eyes, his fists, and his soul toward the ceiling, and was in the midst of an eloquent invocation of the goddess of Liberty and the genius of France. After which he once more resumed his strain of menace.

Grimes stood and looked around with an air of surprise; he returned Mrs. Lovell's glance with a benevolent smile that would have done honor to that lady's guardian angel, and then stood listening. He did not see Du Potiron's face and so did not know at first who this eccentric being might be, but finally, after a few moments' listening, he grasped the situation, and made up his mind as to his own course. Du Potiron was just showing Mrs. Lovell how inevitable her doom was, and how dark it would be, when at that moment Grimes walked toward him and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Yes," said he, somewhat dryly, "all that's very well; but, my friend, you've got me to reckon with, and it strikes me that you've left that fact out of the account."

At this Du Potiron started as if he had been shot, and whirling round found himself face to face with Grimes.

For reasons that have already been explained, it is sufficiently evident that the man who now confronted Du Potiron was one of the very last whom he would have wished to see, and he stood staring at the new-comer in dumb bewilderment.

As for Grimes, he too was utterly amazed at seeing Du Potiron, but not

at all disconcerted. After the first surprise his glance of astonished recognition was succeeded by an expression of grim satisfaction, of a nature that was not by any means calculated to reassure Du Potiron.

"So it's you, is it?" said Grimes, slowly and with a sardonic smile. "I don't think we've had the pleasure of meetin' with one another since we parted in Montreal. I've got somethin' to say to you, and if you'll be kind enough to step this way, I'll take it as a favor. Allow me."

And with these words Grimes grasped Du Potiron by the collar, inserting his hand in no gentle manner down his neck, and forcing Du Potiron's head back in a particularly unpleasant way.

"I won't detain you long," said Grimes; "and this lady will excuse us for a moment."

Du Potiron struggled and gasped, but to no purpose. Grimes walked solemnly to the door with a slow, steady step, like Fate dragging his helpless prey after him. Arriving outside, he dragged him along the hall till he reached the top of the stairway. Then he stopped; and, still holding him by the collar, he stood in front of him and glared upon him like some avenging power.

"So, this is the way you pass your time, is it?" he cried, shaking Du Potiron with one hand till he trembled all over, and holding his clenched fist close to his face. "So, you can't find any better employment for your time, can't you, than to come here and bully an unprotected female. You miserably, skinny, lean, lantern-jawed, frog-eatin' Frenchman you! What do you think of yourself now? Hey? You did n't reckon on my bein' round, did you? Rather think not. Don't you feel that you're a poor, lost, guilty sinner by nature and by practice? Look me in the face, you miserable Parley Voo, and tell me what you mean by this."

All this time Du Potiron had been kicking, struggling, and cursing; but kicks, struggles, and sibilant French

curses, with the accompaniment of rolling guttural *r*'s, availed nothing to save him from the grasp of Grimes. At this last appeal he gasped forth something about "Vengeance — you sally *soffaire* — République — citizens of Paris," and other incoherences.

"So that's all you've got to say, is it? Well now, listen to me," said Grimes, fiercely. "If you ever dare to show so much as the tip of your infernal nose in this place again, I'll kill you! Do you hear that? I'll kill you! And now go."

Saying this, Grimes pushed Du Potiron forward toward the stairs and gave him a kick. Du Potiron went sprawling down and fell heavily in a confused heap at the bottom.

Grimes then turned back and walked toward Mrs. Lovell's apartments.

XX.

DRIVEN TO EXTREMITIES.

WHEN Grimes came back, he found Mrs. Lovell still there. She was very much excited and began to pour forth a torrent of grateful words. She told him how much she had suffered from the impertinent intrusions of Du Potiron, and how he had threatened her. In her explanation she did not allude to Maud, nor make any reference to Du Potiron's claim on her, for she thought it unnecessary. Grimes, however, had heard Carrol's story, and knew that Du Potiron claimed to be her accepted lover. The presence of the Frenchman in Paris was rather a puzzle to him at first; but as he now recalled the fright of Carrol on board the steamer, he perceived that his own surmises at that time were correct, and that Du Potiron had actually crossed the ocean with them; though how he had managed to conceal himself was a mystery. To Grimes it now seemed as if Mrs. Lovell was fighting off the Frenchman from Maud; for of Maud's own state of mind about the matter he, of course, knew nothing.

Mrs. Lovell all the while evinced

much agitation, and this grew stronger and stronger as she went on. It was the result of her intense excitement. After all, that interview with Du Potiron had been a sore trial, and the very calmness which she had maintained cost her no small struggle. Now that it was over, a reaction took place, and her nervous excitement grew worse and worse, until at length, in spite of her efforts, she burst into tears.

At this Grimes was overwhelmed. The sight of Du Potiron had created an excitement in his soul, but the sensation was of an entirely pleasing description. This spectacle of Mrs. Lovell in distress, shedding tears before him, — actually weeping, — created intense excitement, but of a kind that was altogether painful. He looked at her for a few moments in dumb despair, and a flush passed over his face. Then he started up from the chair on which he had been sitting and wandered in an aimless way about the room. Then he came back to her and implored her not to cry. Then he resumed his wandering career. At length, in the darkest hour of his despair, a bright thought came to him, illuminating all his soul. He at once acted upon it. The thought was in the highest degree natural. The thought had reference to that panacea for all woes which he himself always carried about his person; that generous spirit which he kept imprisoned in his flask, and which was even now in his pocket all ready to exert its benign influence over any sorrowing soul that might stand in need of it; in short, whiskey; so Grimes tore his whiskey-flask from his pocket and unscrewed the stopper, and took the cup from the bottom of the flask and poured out the whiskey till that cup was full and running over. The fumes of the strong liquid arose and filled the room and penetrated to the very soul of Mrs. Lovell, as it wandered far away in the regions of sorrow and tears. It startled her. She opened her eyes amid her tears and stared at Grimes.

He was before her on one knee, with his eyes fixed compassionately upon

her, a flask in one hand, a cup full of whiskey in the other. This he was offering her with a mixture of helplessness and anxiety that was most affecting. Now Mrs. Lovell was deeply agitated, painfully so in fact, nerves upset, and all that sort of thing, as was natural, being a lady of delicate frame and slender build; Mrs. Lovell, I repeat, was excessively agitated, and no end of direful forebodings at that time filled her heart, increasing that agitation; but at the same time the spectacle which Grimes thus presented as he held forth the proffered whiskey, together with the fact itself of whiskey of all liquors being offered to her, was so novel and so droll, that it produced a complete *bouleversement* of feeling. Terror vanished. Panic fled. Fear was forgotten. A long peal of merry laughter, on the healthy side of the hysterical, burst from her, and the refreshing effect of that laughter was such that it restored her to herself.

She declined the whiskey, and declared herself quite well again. It was the excitement, she said, of the late scene with that insane Frenchman, coming as it did upon other exciting scenes.

"And O," she went on, "this awful, awful place! I showed no fear, Mr. Grimes, no, not the slightest; but now, when I think of those dreadful Reds, and this man with his threats, I declare I dare not stay in Paris a moment longer. But how can I escape? O, what a fearful position! In prison here and exposed to danger. What can I do? He may have influence, as he says. Paris is always moved by the basest of the population. Robespierre was a miserable charlatan, yet he ruled Paris, and France too. People that in other places would only be despised become great men in this miserable city. Charlatans and knaves do what they please here. And how do I know but that by to-morrow Du Potiron himself may be governor of Paris?"

"That's very true," said Grimes, as he solemnly returned his whiskey-flask

to his pocket. "It's gospel truth, every word of it. The monkey and the tiger go together to make up the Parisian. I am Du Potiron's master to-day, but he may be mine to-morrow. There's no safety, as you say, ma'am, in this here infernal hole; and what you've got to do is this, you've got to fly."

"To fly? O, how glad I would be if I only could!" said Mrs. Lovell, in despairing tones.

"Wal, 'm," said Grimes, "that is the very thing I came to see you about to-day. I want to persuade you to fly,—to fly really, and literally,—to fly in the air, in a balloon. 'Fly with me,' is a poetic invitation which you find in some song or other, but I now say it to you in sober prose."

"But O, Mr. Grimes, the frightful danger!"

"Danger? why there ain't any danger at all. The balloon affords the easiest mode of travel known to man."

"Easy!"

"Yes, easy. Why, only think, you step into your car. The balloon rises, you don't feel any motion at all. The earth seems to sink away from beneath. Then it glides past you. You seem to be perfectly still. If you look down, you see the country sliding away, while you are motionless. If you are afraid to look down, you simply shut your eyes, and may imagine yourself to be in your easy-chair. You feel no motion, you don't even feel any wind. In this easy and agreeable manner you are carried away from this miserable place; and when you have gone far enough, you descend as gently as a flake of snow, and find yourself in Bordeaux, or Havre, or perhaps London. Easy? Why, it's luxurious. There ain't any such travellin' as this in all the world. Why, you'd never dream of objectin', if you knew all about it as I do."

"But what makes people so afraid about balloons if they're so easy?" asked Mrs. Lovell.

"Ignorance, ma'am," replied Grimes coolly, "mere ignorance. You see, the balloon can't be utilized for ordi-

nary purposes of travel, because it's generally at the mercy of the wind. But for purposes of escape it's invaluable. You get into your balloon on a calm day, and sit quiet, and in the course of a few hours you find yourself far away from all danger, safe and sound, free as a bird possessed of all the inalienable rights of man, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Mrs. Lovell listened eagerly to this, and in spite of herself was favorably affected by the confident tone of Grimes, and the pleasing picture which he drew of balloon travelling.

"But poor Maudie! How can I be separated from her?"

"Why, ma'am, I assure you she'll be as safe as you. My friend that I told you of'll take care of her; and I assure you he'll answer with his life for her safety, just as I will for yours."

"But who is he?" said Mrs. Lovell. "I cannot bear to separate from Maud; but to hand her over to the care of a stranger is really too dreadful."

"Wal, as to that, my friend ain't exactly a stranger—"

"Isn't he? Well, that is more encouraging. Who is he? Do we know him? Does Maudie know him? Is he a friend of yours? Who can he be? It can't be Mr. Carrol."

Mrs. Lovell made this suggestion in the most natural way in the world, for the simple reason that Carrol was the only one that she could think of who was at once an acquaintance of herself and of Grimes. She knew also that Carrol had crossed the ocean and supposed that he might have accompanied Grimes ever since.

As for Grimes, he had not intended to mention Carrol for reasons already stated; but since Mrs. Lovell had asked him directly, he saw no particular reason for concealment, and so he at once informed her that Carrol was the man.

This information excited in Mrs. Lovell's mind thoughts of an important character. The fact that Carrol

was here ready to take charge of Maud was in a certain sense very reassuring. If she could bring herself to attempt such a flight, she certainly could not hope to find a better companion for Maud than he would be. She understood the difficulty that had arisen perfectly; and though she had not heard of their recent meeting, she felt sure that the difficulty was a trifling one which could easily be explained. She sympathized deeply with Maud in the sorrow that she had suffered on account of the misunderstanding with Carrol, and longed to have it all cleared up. This seemed to her to be a way to such an explanation. If a balloon voyage could indeed be ventured on, then Maud might have a chance to explain or to come to an explanation, and the result could not be other than satisfactory to all concerned. One objection still remained, and that was that it was by no means in accordance with *les convenances* of society for a young girl like Maud to be committed to the care of a young man, but the natural answer to this was that in desperate emergencies *les convenances* must give way; and if one is flying for one's life from pressing danger, one must not be too particular about the road.

The result was that Mrs. Lovell began to look more favorably upon the plan of Grimes.

"I do assure you, ma'am," said Grimes with unchanged solemnity,—"I do assure you, and declare to you, that you are not safe here. A balloon? why, you'd be safer almost in a sky-rocket than you are here. Paris is more like a lunatic asylum than anything else that I know of. Everybody is ravin' mad, and you never can tell on one day what they're goin' to do on the next. Paris altogether beats me, and the more I see of the place and the people the more I feel dumbfounded. Now, if I'd only myself to consider, I'd hang on here, and see them put this siege through, for I've never been at a siege before; but as it is, I give up this fancy as an idle piece of curios-

ity, and I feel that the highest and proudest dooty of my life is to devote myself to the rescue of you ladies ; which same, I 'm free to say, my friend Carrol feels similar to me, and is likewise ready to be up and doin'. All that I want is your frank, and cordial consent. I don't want you to be timid about it ; I want you to feel that the thing is safe and easy."

To this Mrs. Lovell had many things to say, all of which tended toward assuring herself further as to the safety of balloon travelling. Here Grimes came out strong. He explained the whole principle of the balloon. He gave a full, lucid, and luminous description of its construction. He described most minutely the improvements that had been made with the rationale of each. He gave much information about the past history of balloon voyages, and indulged in some speculations as to the future prospects of aerostation. To all of which Mrs. Lovell listened patiently and attentively, willing to believe the best, and to be convinced.

"Your decision," concluded Grimes, "must be made at once. The danger is pressin' and the balloons are ready. A favorable spell of weather has arrived. Now is the accepted time. We can start off at once, and remember that in a brief period of time you will soar aloft beyond these transitory troubles, and find yourself in the midst of a celestial calm. No matter where the wind may blow us, there we may go, and we will find safety and peace. But to do this we must leave at once. In fact, I may as well say that I've actually engaged the balloons. They're mine. We've got to go, and that's the long and the short of it. They're fine machines, not too large. Comfortable even to luxury, and fitted in every way to carry Grimes and his fortunes."

Some further conversation followed ; but the end of it was, that Mrs. Lovell found her last objection answered and her last scruple removed by the eloquent, the cogent, and the resistless

pleadings of Grimes ; and, with this understanding, he took his departure.

Hitherto Mrs. Lovell had kept all her troubles and her plans a profound secret from Maud ; but now, of course, it was necessary to make her acquainted with her latest decision. The best way to act seemed to her to give a full, complete, and candid narrative of all the events of the past few weeks, so that Maud might understand the state of affairs, and comprehend in the fullest manner the position in which they were. After all, it was Maud who was chiefly concerned ; it was for her that Mrs. Lovell incurred the danger that she dreaded, and consequently she had the best possible means of influencing her by a simple representation of the facts of the case.

She therefore told Maud about the various visits of Du Potiron, his impertinent assertions of a right to call on her, his insolent demands, and his violent threats. She informed her of her own encounter with Grimes on the Champs Elysées, and her appeal to him for help. She enlarged upon her own anxieties and terrors, and explained why she had not mentioned this before. She told her of Madame Guimarin's decision, and portrayed in glowing colors the utter misery and hopelessness of their situation. She then related the scene that had just occurred, where the violence of Du Potiron had been arrested by the appearance of Grimes. After these preliminaries she described the full danger of their life in Paris as it was now revealed to her own mind, and the possible fulfilment of the threats of Du Potiron. All these things served as an excellent introduction to the plan of Grimes, and the novel way of escape which he had proposed ; when she reached this subject she endeavored to disarm the possible prejudices of Maud by resorting to the rose-colored descriptions which Grimes had given of aerial navigation. Plagiarizing from him, and quoting him, she presented the subject of balloon travelling in the most attractive manner possible, and thus by

easy gradation she reached the particular part of her subject about which she felt the most anxiety. This was their separation, and the association of Carrol with Maud.

Mrs. Lovell did not feel sure how Maud would take this, for she did not know exactly the present state of her mind with regard to Carrol. She at first alluded to him in general terms, and at length ventured to mention his name. Having done so, she quoted Grimes as to Carrol's eagerness to assist, and readiness to answer for her safety with his life; and concluded with an earnest admonition to Maud not to allow herself to be swayed by prejudices of any kind, but to snatch this opportunity of escape from danger.

To all this Maud listened without one single word. The whole thing came to her like a thunder-clap, but she was in such a depressed state of mind that her dull feelings were not much aroused. She was, in fact, in a mood to acquiesce with perfect indifference in any proposal which might be made, and consequently listened without emotion. But at length, when Carrol's name was mentioned, she experienced an instantaneous change. At once all her indifference vanished. A flush passed over her pale face, her dull eyes brightened, she listened with intense absorption to everything that Mrs. Lovell had to say, and the eagerness which she evinced showed that she was not at all inclined to offer any objections.

In fact, to all those things which had

terrified Mrs. Lovell, Maud was utterly indifferent. The threats of Du Potiron, the dangers of Paris life, the perils of balloon voyaging, all these were things of small moment to her. But the mention of Carrol was another matter. The fact that he had shown an interest in her, that he was capable of something like devotion to her, that he had volunteered an act of devotion, — all these things roused her. She did not stop to try to reconcile this professed devotion with the apparent indifference which he had manifested in their last interview; she was not sufficiently exigent to raise objections on the ground of his not calling; the fact of his offer was enough; and the idea of his association with her in an attempt to rescue her, made even a balloon seem attractive. To be taken by Carrol on that adventurous flight seemed to her the most sweet and blessed of conceivable things; and while Mrs. Lovell was wondering how Maud would receive such a startling proposal, that proposal was already accepted in the mind of Maud, and regarded with joy, as something which might alleviate her sorrows, by putting her once more in communication with Carrol.

And so it was that Maud's answer came clear and unmistakable and most satisfactory.

"O Georgie, what an awful time you must have had! I had no idea of it at all. What made you so close? Of course I'll do anything that you want me to; and as to balloons, do you know I think it would be rather nice? I do, really."

James DeMille.

' JERRY AN' ME.

NO matter how the chances are,
Nor when the winds may blow,
My Jerry there has left the sea
With all its luck an' woe:
For who would try the sea at all,
Must try it luck or no.

They told him — Lor', men take no care
How words they speak may fall —
They told him blunt, he was too old,
Too slow with oar an' trawl,
An' this is how he left the sea
An' luck an' woe an' all.

Take any man on sea or land
Out of his beaten way,
If he is young 't will do, but then,
If he is old an' gray,
A month will be a year to him,
Be all to him you may.

He sits by me, but most he walks
The door-yard for a deck,
An' scans the boat a-goin' out
Till she becomes a speck,
Then turns away, his face as wet
As if she were a wreck.

The men who haul the net an' line
Are never rich; an' you,
My Johnny here, — a grown-up man, —
Is man an' baby too,
An' we have naught for rainy days,
An' rainy days are due.

My Jerry, diffident, abroad
Is restless as a brook,
An' when he left the boat an' all,
Home had an empty look;
But I will win him by an' by
To like the window-nook.

I cannot bring him back again,
The days when we were wed.
But he shall never know — my man —
The lack o' love or bread,
While I can cast a stitch or fill
A needful o' thread.

God pity me, I'd most forgot
How many yet there be,
Whose goodmen full as old as mine
Are somewhere on the sea,
Who hear the breakin' bar an' think
O' Jerry home an' — me.

Hiram Rich.

MISTRESS CASSANDRA LIPPINCOTT'S COURTSHIP.

THE first time that I met Captain Hopkinson was at Governor Hamilton's ball, given in February of the year 1750, now nearly forty years ago ; and I never could quite make out why he should have taken such a vast fancy to me, when there were so many other damsels of higher quality present, all eager for the notice of the gallant king's officer, as he was then. Certain it is, he quite lost his heart on the spot to an insignificant little rustic, and, as he hath since told me, never rested content till he had made her his honored wife. I have always held the notion that the new sky-colored tabby, flowered with silver thread, that mother had out from London in the course of the winter as a present to me against my birthday, which fell on the very day of the ball, had no small share in the matter ; for 't was universally pronounced the very pink of elegance, and was undoubtedly of the newest mode in design and shaping. With a modest patch on the left of the cherished dimple in my chin, and my hair in powder, I must confess that I was at my very best. I never could boast of particular good looks, but dress and neatness are great beautifiers, and I never spared soap or water, holding that a clean smooth skin is vastly better than an ill-kept complexion, repaired with paints, washes, etc. My low stature, too, was thought a sad disadvantage in my youth ; but by the help of unconscionable heels to my shoes, a high-piled head, and a certain upright carriage of the shoulders, which my mother insisted upon under all circumstances, the difficulty was in some degree overcome.

My brother Richard, who escorted my mother and me to the ball, burst into a fit of merriment when I came slowly and carefully into the drawing-room, where he had waited impatiently, whilst black Dinah, my own woman, had admitted the house-servants, one

by one, to view my grandeur in the rooms above. Dick, I say, fell to ridiculing my stately appearance, and swore that if it were not for my towering head, my high heels, and trailing gown, I should be a minikin with whom no one would dance at the ball. Struck by the unwelcome truth of his remark, a shower of tears would speedily have put my new dignity to flight, had not Dick (affectionate soul!) immediately kissed my hand with great gallantry, and soothingly vowed that I would carry it with the best of them for grace and elegance, and that tall females were not to every man's taste, thank God ! The coach being come to the door, he handed us in, and away we rolled to my first ball. So many years have elapsed since this (to me) important occasion, that my memory serves me but ill in the matter of recalling the events of the evening. I can now think of nothing but the minuet I walked with Captain Hopkinson, the glasses of negus I took from his hand, the elegant bows he executed, the air with which he wielded my large fan when I ventured to mention the heat, and, crowning all, his grand appearance as he stood at the door of our coach into which he had handed us ; my last impression being of a fine martial figure with laced hat sweeping the ground, and diamond shoe-buckles brought closely together in a final salute.

It was a sore business to condescend to the paltry duties that came with the morrow. I turned upon my pillow to dream of the ball again, provoked that day had dawned to put all my fine visions to flight.

From the night of this ball date all my joys and sorrows ; as for mother, she scarce knew a happy day afterward. Our poor Dick was the kindest, the most loving soul alive, but his very good-nature was his bane, and he filled a drunkard's grave at last, the

beginning of his ruin being as follows : Going down to Philadelphia on the day after the ball to dispose of a large quantity of grain that lay in our barns unsold, he fell in with a set of roysterers, old school friends, the which importuning him to join them in their thoughtless orgies, poor Dick, too good-natured to refuse, passed a week in their evil companionship, drinking and gaming away the whole of the proceeds resulting from the sale of our commodities. He wrote a truly penitent letter to our mother when the money was all spent, confessing all, and vowing that he would then and there enlist in the king's service if she would but say the word, for that he felt himself to be an unthankful villain, unfit to come home and consort with a decent family. This news shook my mother sadly (she was a *widow* and he her *only* son), and being but in a poor state of health, I feared lest she should sink under the shock. She did not care a fig for the money, for, thank Heaven ! we had plenty and to spare ; but she mourned over the poor youth's grievous fall. She wrote him to return to his home at once, and that he should be received with the welcome accorded to the Prodigal Son. Dick lost no time, and 't was a happy evening when we were again united, *our* prodigal sitting betwixt us, holding a hand of each, recounting his iniquities, and promising with tears and blushes of shame to amend his conduct. Alas ! 't was only a fortnight after this that he went for a stroll through our village, and, being lured into the brandy-shop, the pest of the whole place, returned at night with a host of vagabonds at his heels, singing and brawling till our entire household was awoken from innocent slumber and his shameful condition a secret to no one. Mother sat up in bed, pale as death. (I had run into her chamber at the first intimation of what was going forward below.) "Cassandra," said she, "is it the Indians ?" for the poor soul was always thinking of them ; but, before I could answer, Dick commenced to beat on the wall

with his cane, roaring meanwhile in a loud, thick voice, "Cass, Cass, I say, come down and open the door !" And then mother knew.

I was really at my wit's end, and was considering what steps to take in the matter, when I saw the flash of a candle under the door, and heard old Pomp, our black man, go down the stairway with his slow shuffling step, grumbling to himself as he went. I ran to peep over the baluster, and waited with beating heart while the old man unbarred the door and called out, "Is dat you, Mass' Richie ?"

"Yes, you black 'Gola," was the answer ; "how durst you keep a person of my quality waiting at his own door ? Make way there ; I have fetched this company of gentlemen to sup with me." All this was delivered in a thick, stuttering voice that I scarcely knew for Dick's own sweet tones.

"Ay, why do you keep a gentleman out of his own house ?" bawled one of the drunken retinue. "Play your cane about his shins, noble Dick, and choke the catiff with his own candle ; or no, set fire to his wool !" And then followed a shout of foolish laughter.

"If e'er a one of you offer to tech me, except Mass' Richie," said old Pompey stoutly, "I blow off his head wid dis yere blunderbush." And he pointed a rusty old horse-pistol of my father's at the crowd, which to be sure fell back in great confusion, although the weapon had not been loaded for ten years, if they had but known it. The old creature then caught Dick about the body and hauled him into the house without further ceremony, barring the door again in spite of the blows rained upon it from the outside. He never said a word, but led my unhappy brother, struggling violently, up to his chamber, and, after a scuffling and bumping that went on overhead for the best part of an hour, no more was heard of Dick till next morning, when he came down to breakfast at nine, looking like a man about to be hanged.

"Good morning, my child," said mother cheerfully (he little knew she

had spent the night in prayer and weeping); "wilt thou have a mug of ale or a cup of our good strong tea? Either will benefit thee greatly."

"Good God, ma'am," cried Dick, dropping his head and bursting into tears, "such kindness is too much for such a beast as I am become, and I'd rather be rated than bear it, so I would."

"We must all have our troubles, child," said mother sweetly, whilst I set a cup of our choice tea close to his hand, "and thine are but beginning; 't is all in thine own hands, Richard; thou dost not want for parts, and Heaven hath given thee a fine person and excellent prospects. Remember, thou art but just come to man's estate, and the enemy is but newly upon thee. Plenty of time is granted thee to amend. As for me, my days are not now very long, but I would fain see thee well settled and in a discreet, virtuous way of doing before I go. Thou art soon to be trusted with the care of little Cassy here; dost think thou art now in the way to become a suitable guardian of thy sister?"

Promises of amendment followed, and I sugared not less than five cups of tea which Dick drained to the very lees, while planning out volubly a course of future conduct to set him again in the straight path. But 't was all of no avail; bad habits so easily taken up are hard to set down again, and poor Dick was too weak to prolong the struggle beyond a fortnight or so. Some weeks after this sad piece of business he came in from a stroll, and kissing me as I sat at my seam (he was always a tender, affectionate lad), says, "Cass, who, dost think, is lodging at the Haycock?"

Of course I could not guess.

"No other, then, than the Captain who led you out so handsomely at the governor's ball, and made such a fine leg in the minuet. He says he is here on business, but I've a notion that he is come for a look at you; for he was uncommonly civil to me for no reason at all, and swore that he desired nothing better than my friendship and good

opinion. We had a bottle of Burgundy together, and I bespoke his company to dinner to-morrow."

I grew hot and cold by turns as Dick spoke, for, to be honest, I had thought more times than a few of the gallant officer who had honored me with such particular notice at the ball, and I was secretly well pleased with this opportunity for further acquaintance. I was sorry that the occasion scarce warranted the bringing forth of the sky-colored tabby, but I laid out my neat green and white striped linen gown and high-heeled shoes that night, and did not think of going into bed till I had made me a rose-colored true-lovers' knot for my hair, which I resolved upon dressing in a new and intricate design I then had in my mind.

I had a charming dream in the morning before I awoke; methought I was taking the air in a most beautiful garden, arrayed in my tabby, and hand in hand with the Captain, who presently plucked a posy of spearmint, May roses, and other sweet-scented flowers, which he presented to me kneeling, vowing that he would not rise till I had sworn to be his forever! Before I could bring my courage to speak the consent I fully meant to grant, I awoke and found the sun shining brightly, and the sweet smell of our climbing rose coming in at the windows. Although 't was Sabbath day, and mother scarce approved, I went into the pantry and whipped creams and custards for dinner, making, too, a tipsy-cake, the which I have generally found to be to the liking of most gentlemen, and which I stayed from meeting to watch in the baking, not venturing to trust to the discretion of our black cook, Jinny, who had a notable aversion to the entertaining of company on Sunday, and rarely failed to take measures for discouraging the practice. Everything turning out to my satisfaction, I arrayed myself in the striped gown and its belongings, and walked about the garden for a half-hour to compose my spirits and to cool my cheeks, that were become of the true Blowsabella tint,

through my exertions in the kitchen and pantry.

At twelve o'clock our family coach, with mother and Dick, rolled through the great gate into the avenue of horse-chestnuts, and I needed not to be told who rode beside it, with white breeches and scarlet coat shining so splendidly in the sunlight. I was silly enough to contemplate running away and hiding in my bedchamber till mother should send for me; but the Captain spied me while still afar off, and swept off his cocked hat in a salute that brought his head to the saddle-bow. Mother's pale face, all the whiter for the black velvet hood she wore, looked smiling from the coach-window; and Dick winked at me with so much meaning over her shoulder, that the courtesy I had meant should be so stately turned out to be a mere ugly *cheese*, from the ill-management of my stiff gown in the flurry of my spirits. But O, such a fine bow as the Captain executed when he had alighted, flinging the reins of his tall gray charger to the servant who had followed at some distance! and the air with which he led my mother into the house! We see nothing of the sort nowadays in these parts, where the young men are grown such coxcombs that I verily believe they think it a vast condescension to notice females at all, young or old. At dinner, the Captain did not address his attentions particularly to me, but engaged my mother in sensible and agreeable discourse, mentioning at length his widowed mother, who, he said, had heard much of *my* mother through Governor Hamilton's family, and would have the honor of waiting upon her at a suitable opportunity.

I had caught a glimpse of Madam Hopkinson at the ball, and a grand dame she was, exceeding tall and stately, wearing a costly Brussels lace head upon the top of her wig, and a gown of tea-colored brocade fit for a queen; and I secretly trembled at the notion of a visitation from such a mighty personage. My mother, who had lived out of the world of fashion since my father's decease, returning to it but for

my sake on the occasion of the ball, was mightily amused with the Captain's lively discourse, and I had not seen her so well entertained for years. He requested permission to wait upon us whensoever he should be in the neighborhood, where, as he said, he should have frequent calls of business; and mother readily consented, as she was well advised of his belongings, and knew of nothing in his disfavor. He did not sit at wine with Dick, much to the latter's contempt, but followed us almost immediately to the drawing-room, where, opening my spinet, he requested a song; I sang the whole three I had been taught at the academy, and he was pleased to bestow many flattering encomiums upon my voice and manner, both of which were very well suited to the taste of the time, but would make small sensation now, since screeching and gesticulation are become the mode, and nature left far behind.

When night fell, the Captain called up his man, who had been properly entertained in the kitchen below, and, mounting his gray horse, rode away to Philadelphia. For a week I trod on air, finding it a hard matter to settle down to my seam, music, or books.

On the Sabbath following I was on the lookout, half hoping to be disappointed; for matters were not well with us at home. But the gray horse clattered up the avenue just before tea was served, and my heart gave a leap of joy, notwithstanding that I had good cause for sorrow; for Dick had been again to the brandy-shop and was lying senseless up stairs, where we heard his heavy snoring through the open windows. My mother was greatly out of spirits, and the Captain (who understood everything at a glance) did not prolong his stay beyond an hour, kissing my mother's hand on taking his leave with a respectful sympathy that brought the tears to my eyes.

A fortnight passed and we heard no more of the Captain; Dick meanwhile really going from bad to worse, being fetched home night after night in a

state I cannot dwell on. Mother grew more feeble every day, and finally took to her bed. We had two medical men from Philadelphia, but they said that nothing could be done; an inward complaint of a most serious sort was hurrying her to the grave. This was a terrible hearing, although *she* had long realized her perilous state, and even our poor Dick was frightened into decent behavior for a while; but, on mother mending somewhat, the infatuated youth returned to his former ways, and drank and brawled till our hearts were wellnigh broken.

Our parson had several times been at the pains to remonstrate in a friendly manner with the thoughtless lad on his evil courses, and at length threatened to take some public action in the matter, if Dick did not hasten to amend his conduct, which, as Parson Trotter truly declared, was a crying scandal, perverting the youth of the village from virtuous, sober ways, beside sending our mother away out of the world before her time was come.

Dick took all in good part, shedding tears of repentance and agreeing to amend, but really, as it seemed to me, going all the more swiftly down the broad road to ruin. At length he was found one night, fallen from his horse on the high road, in a senseless condition from drink; and Parson Trotter, getting wind of it, went next morning to Squire Ellwood, our county magistrate, and made open complaint against the poor lad, whereby he was summoned to appear the following week to answer the charge of drunkenness on the public highway.

When Pompey put the notice into Dick's hand that afternoon, the poor lad turned a deathly white; he was weak already from the previous night's debauch, and his head sank upon the table before him. I took the paper and was struck with a chill of horror at the disgrace that had come upon us.

"O, I am undone!" cried the poor youth; "my sins have found me out, and I am fitly punished. O my mother, my mother!"

I comforted him as best I might, saying that the matter should be kept strictly from our mother, and offering to bear him company to the Squire's office, which latter, however, he would not hear to, saying, that as he had sinned alone, he meant to take his punishment alone, as best became a man.

This was on Wednesday, and Dick was completely sobered for the rest of the week; his disgrace had put by the taste for strong drink, although he continued to consume such vast quantities of ale, that it was really a standing wonder how that he could hold such an amount. The matter was carefully kept from mother, who still lay very ill; but the servants were well advised of the whole transaction. Indeed, the village was agape at the news, Parson Trotter having lost no time in proclaiming his share in it to all and sundry.

As for me, I found my anger justly aroused at this unchristian proceeding, for such it surely was in the state of things,—my mother lying at death's door, and no father to stand by our poor Dick; and I should have ventured upon speaking my mind to Parson Trotter, only that he took excellent care to keep away from our observation.

Dick was not destined to undergo the dreadful ordeal, however, for our blessed parent breathed her last on the very morning before that of the pending disgrace; and Parson Trotter, being summoned in great haste, was prevailed upon, at my entreaty, to speak a good word for the orphans, and actually did arrange the matter satisfactorily with our benevolent Squire, who said, that as Heaven had seen fit, through the death of his mother, to interpose between the sinner and his just punishment, the matter should rest then and there for the present; so that it really seemed as if our mother had died to save her son from disgrace.

About an hour or so before the great change (for which she was fully prepared), she discoursed calmly with me on our affairs, giving me many charges as to the proper fulfilment of her intentions respecting Dick and me; and I

gave to her my solemn promise that I would never turn against my poor brother, but uphold and comfort him as well as I might, in the hope that time would bring about some amendment in his conduct. But alas! this was not to be; for, notwithstanding that Dick was as one in the lowermost depths of despondency at our bereaved condition, refusing indeed to be comforted at first, in less than a week he resorted to the bottle, assuring me that his remorse of conscience was of such a sort as could only be drowned in strong drink. He was wise enough, however, to fetch his means of comfort (!) home and apply it at leisure, not choosing to risk another exposure.

Mother left to me our farm, with strict injunctions not to put it up at sale so long as I remained unmarried, for that she meant it should be always a safe home to me, whatsoever should befall. To Dick was left the remainder of the property, — some few cottages and pieces of valuable ground, the which he lost little time in converting into ready money, destined, alas! to be wasted upon worthless companions in wicked and senseless riot.

Captain Hopkinson, who had all this time been detained in New York on military business, arrived at home on the day of my mother's burial and rode up to the funeral. He was greatly grieved and shocked at the news, which seemed to him so sudden, as he had last seen my mother in moderate health, and looked for nothing less than her death.

At this time, my mother's cousin, Mistress Dorothy Lucas, a poor gentlewoman somewhat in years, came from Boston, according to previous agreement with my deceased parent, and took up her residence with us at the farm, where we all dwelt very satisfactorily together; she never interfering with Dick in any way, and proving to be a most valuable acquisition to our household, that had thriven but indifferently under my unaccustomed authority. She brought with her a letter from my father's sister in Boston, who

kindly advised me to rent out the farm and come to live with her in that city, where she kept great state and entertained the best of company, and where I should receive from her the welcome of a daughter; meanwhile Dick was to be left to shift for himself and squander his property at leisure.

When my poor brother came to hear of this plan, wherein everything was contrived for my comfort, and nothing whatever for his, he was quite cast down, and besought me with tears in his eyes, not to cut him loose on the waters of life, where his poor leaking bark was sure to go down at once! When he found that I did not entertain the notion for an instant, he embraced me with joy, and vowed I was his hope and treasure, whom he meant always to protect with his life if need be.

When our natural grief was somewhat abated, Captain Hopkinson renewed his agreeable visits, the which, from being at first fortnightly, and then weekly, soon became much more frequent, to my exceeding great content. He would sometimes fetch with him books of poetry, which he read aloud to Mistress Dorothy and me with appropriate gestures, as we sat at our knotting in the arbor on warm afternoons, and our relative (to whom he paid respectful court) was quite won by his polite attentions, vowing that he minded her greatly of a swain of her own, with whom she had coquetted so disastrously in her young days that he was obligated to leave her for a more compliant damsel, since which she had never seen his like till now.

I discovered that the Captain had a pretty taste in versification of his own, before the summer was out. There came a strolling portrait-painter to the neighborhood during the month of August, and Dick was bent upon having my miniature done upon ivory; so a sitting was arranged, and the man fetched his paraphernalia in a leathern case one afternoon, to make a beginning. I have the picture yet, though in a somewhat faded state; but I cannot flatter myself that it was ever very

like, as the man gave me a complexion of lilies and roses such as I am sure I never had, and was obliged to paint in my hair and eyebrows of a jet black from lack of the required brown pigment, of which, he said, he was most unfortunately out, and could come at no more nearer than New York. As the sitting had been arranged in the arbor, it being a very warm day, I threw over my head an elegant yellow gauze scarf of my deceased mother's, to protect me from the glaring sun; and, on making my appearance before the painter, was greeted with such exclamations of admiration as induced me to be taken off in this novel headgear. Captain Hopkinson, who was present, declared it resembled a halo, or *glory*, about my head, and whispered in my ear that he should henceforth call me *Gloria*, after the fashion of the day, when gallants racked their brains to invent fictitious names for romantic damsels.

This incident was the occasion of my discovery of the Captain's talent in the making of verses; for next morning, as that blundering Dick was idling about the drawing-room, he took from my work-bag, which I had not yet opened, a paper inscribed with the following elegant stanzas, and, seating himself upon the table, read them aloud in a lackadaisical tone before I knew what he was at, he never noting the while that I was roasting with vexation and shame.

TO GLORIA.

Were I a bee I'd haste to sip
The sweets that hang on Gloria's lip;
Or were I summer's scented air,
I'd frolic 'mid her nutbrown hair.

What sparkling jewels e'er can vie
With those that flash in Gloria's eye?
What flowers compare to those that blow
On Gloria's cheeks, on beds of snow?

My lady's gown is striped full gay,
Like crocus-blooms in bowers of May:
The gauze that shades her neck and arms
But borrows whiteness from their charms.

O would I were the velvet band
That parts that arm from snowy hand!
Or, better still, the scarf of lace
That holds her in a light embrace!

My lady's bodice doth enclose
A feeling heart for others' woes;
Then why, my sweet, must I complain
When thou canst ease my tender pain?

The strokes of fate would daunt me not,
Were Gloria near to soothe my lot;
For all of good would still be mine
If Gloria whisper, "I am thine."

"Vastly fine," quoth Dick, "and in the Captain's hand too, no less. But, pray, who may this Gloria be? A fanciful personage doubtless, and made up out of the Captain's brain. Well, he hath a very pretty fancy; but after all's said and done, 't is no such great matter to string a few fine sentiments together and make the tag ends of the lines to rhyme; I'll bet a pound that I could cap him if I'd nothing more important (!) to do." So saying, he cast the paper upon the table, and, to my great joy, stalked out of the room without bestowing another thought upon the matter. To run and secure the verses in the pocket of my *striped gown* was the work of a moment; and when Mistress Dorothy came into the room, I was sitting demurely at my seam, my heart filled with wrath at poor, innocent Dick, but very light, nevertheless, with the sweet revealings of the Captain's pen.

"Why, child," says Cousin, "thy cheeks are red as pippins, and there is even a little cherry on thy chin. This room is too stuffed: go, take the air for a while in the garden, or I shall have a fever-patient on my hands."

The business was not destined to progress much further just then, for at this time, our outlying settlements on the Delaware being much harassed by a bloodthirsty band of Indians, and matters being come to such a crisis as demanded some speedy measures to be taken for the safety of the settlers, on the day following the affair above mentioned two companies of soldiers were ordered to march to their relief, with directions to exterminate the tribe if necessary, and the Captain's was one of the two chosen.

Never shall I forget the evening on which he came up to the farm to make his farewells. Dick had been very un-

easy since the first intimation of the expedition, and with great sighs and groans lamented his hard fate that had not cast his lot in the army. Not a few of his wild comrades in the village volunteered in hot blood for the frolic (?), and the foolish lad was sorely minded to follow their example ; but, as he said, "By gad, Cass, I am a gentleman, and it goes against my stomach to consort with the rabble ; but O, I do wish I had the king's commission, sign, seal, and all in my pocket, and I should soon be off, and not be compelled to gnaw my fingers at home, curse the luck !" All his talk was now of military matters, and I was sadly fearful lest he should be tempted to enlist, notwithstanding that Cousin and I set before him our natural objections to being left alone, with ne'er a man, save old Pompey, to protect us in the event of thieves, murderers, and such like coming upon us in the night. On the morning before the appointed day he disappeared very early, purposing to see the drill in the public square of the town, and we saw nothing of him till evening.

About five o'clock the Captain's horse galloped up the avenue, and O, how my heart sank at the jingling sound of his sword, as he leaped to the ground and tied his charger to the big buttonwood that shaded the porch ! He made no allusion to his approaching departure until Cousin Dorothy had left the room on household matters, and I, who, sooth to say, had been wishing her away before, was now frightened and would gladly have followed her. At the first mention of the dreaded business, I trembled and felt the blood desert my cheeks ; for the dire thought darted through me that I might never again behold this being, who had somehow become most closely twined about my heart. Seeing my discomposure (for I really think I was about to faint), the Captain rose precipitately, and, seating himself at my side, took my hand respectfully and said, "Can I dare flatter myself, Mistress Cassandra, that these tokens of

sympathy are manifested for so unworthy an object as myself ? or is it only the thought of violence and bloodshed, so repugnant to the feelings of a delicate female, that produces these interesting but alarming symptoms ?"

I was murmuring I know not what in reply, when the door flew open with a bang, and that most provoking Dick burst into the room with a wild hurrah, his face aflame with drink, and communicated the startling news that he had enlisted in the Captain's company and was going off with the others on the morrow !

This completed my disorder, and I was obliged to retire to my chamber for a time, filled with feelings of a mixed nature, in which hope and apprehension struggled together for mastery. Seated at my open window, the better to calm my excited state, I presently heard Dick and the Captain at high words below, and made out that the latter was taking his new recruit severely to task for his rash step. This put Dick on his mettle, and he recommended the Captain to keep his nose out of other people's business ; and, to some quiet remark of the latter, answered, "Stay behind then, and coddle the women yourself !" And he went whistling out of the house, mounted his horse, and scoured away to the town to make a night of it.

When I ventured below stairs again, the Captain was striding up and down the floor, buckling on his sword which he had laid aside for convenience during his visit, talking meanwhile with Mistress Dorothy, who sat at the window with a pile of Dick's shirts, sewing on missing buttons and darning frayed ruffles ; her poor old eyes red with weeping and her hands trembling over the work. I went to her after dropping my courtesy to the Captain. "O child," says she, "this is sore news for us ! What would thy deceased mother say if she knew it ? The poor thoughtless lad will be killed and scalped, I've not a doubt of it."

"Nay, madam," said the Captain

gently, "do not increase the distress of your young relative by such dismal forebodings; for my own part, I am not without the hope that this business may work a change for the better in Richard's character; and rest assured that I will not fail to keep an eye to him in the hour of danger, and protect him as far as mortal man may do. And now I must be gone, for I have much to do before I sleep to-night."

So saying, he took up his hat and shook hands with Cousin Dorothy, who rained down good wishes upon his head and wept copiously. He then turned to me, and, as my hand lay trembling and cold in his, said, in a low voice, "I thank God, dear madam, that I am enabled to lay aside all selfish thoughts and wishes in these last moments, and I can only pray that his choicest favors may rest upon you in the time of anxiety that is approaching."

In a moment he was gone, and I caught up one of Dick's shirts and sat down with my back to Cousin Dorothy, resolved that I would not betray to her my disordered condition. I was presently roused by her telling me that the Captain had given the most particular directions to old Pompey for the proper protection of the household during Dick's absence, but that, for her part, she looked for nothing better than our all being murdered in our beds some night; her voice sounded dully in my ears, for I heard the ringing of a horse's hoofs outside and fled away to my room, to pray that the man of my heart might be restored to me again in safety. The parting with Dick next day had like to have riven my heart in twain, and I really felt for a time that my doubled anguish was more than nature could brook. Every one knows the result of these expeditions against the Indians (now, thank Heaven, so much less frequent than in those days), — the shocking bloodshed, and, in many instances, the utter extermination of the offending tribe. It was doubtless, in this case, a necessary measure; but the soul revolts at the idea of the massacre of so many unenlightened crea-

tures, whom Heavens must surely have created for some other purpose than the falling a prey to the king's soldiers, who shot them down like ravening beasts. In a fortnight all was done, and the companies returned with but little loss. Our poor Dick got an Indian arrow in his side, which was drawn so unskilfully by the surgeon that the wound inflamed, and he was not his own man for a fortnight. Captain Hopkinson escaped without a scratch, and tended Dick carefully on the homeward journey, devising everything for the poor youth's comfort that human ingenuity could accomplish, and conducting himself in everything as became a brave and humane man.

And now I was so well assured of the state of the Captain's affections, that I must needs borrow a leaf from Cousin Dorothy's book of experience and fall to playing the coquette; I did not come to any great honor in this new character, however, as will appear.

The first visit he made to the farm after his return, we walked about the garden as the twilight fell, and I could see that he was striving by various arts and contrivances to bring the discourse to a tender point; somewhat fluttered at what was pending, I must needs declare that Dick required my attendance at his bedside, where I had left Cousin Dorothy to entertain him while I waited on the Captain.

"O no," said the latter, "I cannot consent to allow you to peril your health in such close confinement, and I am sure that Richard is very well with Mistress Lucas. Come, sit with me in the arbor and honor me with your attention for a few moments, for I have that to say to you that will not brook longer delay; but, first, pluck a flower for me with your own fair hand, that I may have a token of encouragement."

The Evil One entered into me, and, whipping off a sprig of scarlet cock's-comb near at hand, I presented it with a deep courtesy. In a moment I had repented, but 't was too late; with a face as red as a flame, and a look of reproach

that cut me to the soul, he said, as he took the offending flower, "A most fitting rebuke indeed, madam; for I had the vanity of a coxcomb truly when I fancied I had your favor."

I stammered and turned cold: "O, I did not mean offence, 't was not intended." And hastily breaking off the nearest blossom, I thrust it into his hand without perceiving that it was a bachelor's button! With a merry burst of laughter, the Captain seized my hand and the opportunity at one and the same time, crying, "It rests alone with thee, charming creature, whether this be appropriate or the contrary; for I hereby swear, if thou dost not approve my suit, that I will wear this odious emblem forever!"

Where was the use of holding out further, when I had fully settled in my mind to have no other man in the world?

Before we thought of going into the house (shame to say, I had completely forgotten poor Dick), we arranged to be wed that day month if matters should progress according to our wishes; the Captain promising to fetch his lady-mother to wait upon me immediately, according to propriety.

She came in a day or two, in her coach and pair; and really our drawing-room appeared too small when she was come into it with her frills and furbelows, huge fan, wig and broad hat, her waiting-woman following her with a cross-grained spaniel in a cushioned basket, the Captain bringing up the rear with a comical smile upon his face. I, who had put on all my best in readiness for the visitation, stood courtesying respectfully near the chimney-piece, not venturing to come forward; when she spied me, she pointed me out with an arm that was like to that of a man for all its lace frills and delicate silk mitten, saying, "Pray, who is this little person?" I was like to drop for very shame; but the Captain ran forward, and, taking my hand, drew himself up proudly, saying, "This, madam, is the lady who has so graciously consented to share my humble lot, when you

shall be pleased to bestow upon us your blessing."

Without moving, she said, with a little frown, "Why, how is this, Harry? I thought that thou hadst been an admirer of fine, tall females."

"So am I, madam," he made answer, "an admirer of tall women in their prime." And he secretly nipped my little finger as he spake.

"Hum, well," said she, somewhat appeased; "but, sir, let me tell you that little women do not grow taller as they approach maturity; and they grow old, too, and are still pygmies." And she eyed me with a look of triumphant disfavor.

"Nay, mother," said he, leaving me, and raising her hand respectfully to his lips, "no woman *ever* grows old to the man who loves her." And she being beaten with the weapon she did not fear, *flattery*, was pleased to open her arms and fold me in a huge embrace that went nigh to smother me, and then sat down afterwards to discuss the marriage from all points. She never cast my stature in my face again, and even went so far as to say that my air was very well indeed, for a country-bred chit. She assumed all the management of the wedding outfit, sending me the gown itself as a present, a white lutestrung that was of such a sort for thickness as to break a whole row of the best needles in the difficult process of sewing it together. We had a fine wedding to please Madam Hopkinson, although I should have been better suited with less parade, considering the comparatively recent decease of my dear mother, whose countenance and advice on this important occasion I greatly missed. Dick journeyed all the way to New York to buy for me a string of pearls as a wedding-gift; and he was in his element when the day arrived, going nigh to spoiling everything with taking too much wine and making foolish speeches in the gladness of his heart. Poor lad, we had not been wed quite a month, and were looking about us for a suitable residence in town, when he was struck

down with a kind of raving fever, and never rose from his bed again; the doctor said 't was all the effect of strong drink, and gave us little comfort from the first; the kind of life the misguided youth had led for the past year had so shaken his constitution that 't was scarce possible he could rally.

O the long, sad nights that we sat out at his bedside, the Captain, Cousin Dorothy, and I! 'T was a sad ending to our honeymoon, but I gained skill and experience then that served me well in after years. He raved like a bedlamite, now thinking himself in the town with the evil companions who had led him astray; now madly plucking at fancied serpents that were writhing and twining about his body; anon calling piteously upon the bystanders to drive away the devils and imps that were climbing upon his pillow to grin and mock at him.

On the first night that he was come to his proper mind again, he looked about him as one waking from a dream and called for brandy in a strong voice. The doctor had left no directions as to the administering of the baneful stuff, and the Captain was loath to take the matter into his own hands.

"I am mending fast," said Dick, striving to sit up in his bed, when he could scarce lift a limb; "give me the drink if there be any feeling in ye, I am sinking for want of it."

"Nay, Richard," said the Captain, gently, "think no more of the accursed stuff that hath brought you so low; I could not answer to my conscience did I give it you now; it hath wrought so much of evil, that I marvel you can think on it without a shudder."

"You've no call to be so virtuous," said Dick, sulkily; "I've seen you toss off your bumper as well as another."

"Ay, lad, so you have," said the Captain kindly, as he stroked the poor youth's hair from his hot forehead, "but I always know when I have had enough."

"So do I," said Dick, "but I never find it out till I am under the table." And he turned upon his pillow with a

sigh that seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart.

When the doctor came again, he ordered that a teaspoonful of brandy be occasionally administered, for that it could no longer work harm; my brother was fast wearing away, and human aid could avail naught to save him. I knew that it was best so, but my heart was sore within me at the thought of our approaching separation. He sank apace, notwithstanding the stimulative action of the brandy. The night before his death he called me to his bedside (he would have none but me to wait upon him now), and, taking my hand feebly, said, "Cass, thou art the sweetest soul, after mother, that ever lived upon earth, and art too good for any living man, ay, even the Captain yonder, who has been a brother to me when I least deserved it. Cass, I have been a great sinner, and my transgressions rise up before me now in all their hideousness. I despised seasonable warning, and am done to death in the very flower of my youth through my perversity." And the poor lad fell to weeping, in very pity of his sad case. I strove to cheer him, turning his thoughts to the future rather than the past, which could give him but little comfort now, and, when he was become somewhat easier in his mind, he said humbly, "I have reason to be thankful that I die now; for should I live a twelvemonth longer, I could scarce fail to drink and game away my last hundred pounds, leaving you and the Captain to be at the charges of my burying; as it is, there will be enough to put me away decently, and something left for you, mayhap."

Our dear lad made a pious end, repenting his sins and forgiving his enemies as became a Christian; and although I heard that Parson Trotter had the ill-manners to say that he was a good riddance to the parish, I know that thrice as many people came to dear Dick's funeral as were at the pains to attend that of the parson himself, who died a year or so after; from which I make bold to draw my own conclusions.

K. T. T.

A TRIUMPH OF ORDER.

A SQUAD of regular infantry,
In the Commune's closing days,
Had captured a crowd of rebels
By the wall of Père-la-Chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,
And one little boy, with a peach-down cheek
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little waif,
And said "What dost thou here?"
"*Sapristi*, Citizen captain!
I'm a Communist, my dear!"

"Very well! Then you die with the others!"
"Very well! That's my affair!
But first let me take to my mother,
Who lives by the wine-shop there,

"My father's watch. You see it,
A gay old thing, is it not?
It would please the old lady to have it,
Then I'll come back here, and be shot."

"That is the last we shall see of him,"
The grizzled captain grinned,
As the little man skimmed down the hill,
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed gorged like a greedy snake
From the Arch to Père-la-Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired,
The child's shrill voice was heard!
"*Houp-là!* the old girl made such a row
I feared I should break my word."

Against the bullet-pitted wall
He took his place with the rest,
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,
Which showed his soft, white breast.

"Now blaze away, my children!
With your little one — two — three!"
The Chassepots tore the stout young heart,
And saved Society!

John Hay.

A QUAKER WOMAN.

"I DON'T care who thee marries," Aunt Rebecca used to say, "grave or gay, rich or poor, but he must at least have had a Quaker grandmother!"

Aunt Rebecca's logic was perhaps better than her grammar, at all events her heart was large enough to cover both; but — will you believe it? — I never once thought of her injunction the first time I met John! And as the first time was really the last and final time so far as I was concerned, and resulted in the purchase of a lovely sole-leather trunk with my initials on it, and a trip of thousands of miles across the Plains with him, I may truly be said to have forgotten it altogether. So that on arriving in this far-away San Francisco, at his father's house, with every mark of the world's people upon its windows and its walls, judge of my surprise to find hanging in the library, as family portraits in substantial gilt frames, a Quaker grandmother, and grandfather too, as natural as life!

Then I saw why, in spite of myself, I had married John! That it was the Quaker in *me* that had found response in him. All the underlying delicacy, the inner refinement of soul which makes John, with his broad shoulders and his gay laugh, the most adorable of human beings, had its explanation in those portraits on the wall. I blessed every fold of the soft muslin kerchief that framed the full throat of Grandmother More, for I knew that the heart that once it covered was gentle and kindly to the end. And my heart went out in reverence to the clear prim border of her wondrously starched cap, for I saw in it the spotless purity of her walk in life and the mild asceticism of her ways.

The other portrait was not so distinctive; Quaker men are not and cannot be so different from the rest of the world in garb as the sisters of their

sect. Their breadth of brim is rivalled by many an English gentleman of middle age and stout proportions; and as for the straight lappel of the coat, in these Ritualistic days one is apt to set down any peculiarity of cut to the sartorial requirements of creed, and pass it as a "vestment" of some sort, sanctioned by the Church.

But I kiss my thank to both the dear benign faces, and thank them for my husband. Is it that the abnegation of all ceremony, the stripping from life of all those lying little conventions and easy-going forms which pass current in the world for genuine, — the moral heroism which Quaker conversation requires, — has given him in this generation his inheritance of true courtesy? When life is reduced to the abrupt yea and nay, of necessity the graces of kindness and delicate thoughtfulness, golden consideration for the feelings of others must be cherished, or man becomes a savage again. Thus Quakerism, taking refuge in straitness from the etiquette that with all its uses is oftentimes so hollow-hearted, keeps alive and bright in its rigid setting the glow of charity and love.

Out of Philadelphia and its corresponding "Quarterly Meetings" the Quaker is an exceptional figure. In other places he seems like a colonist. The Quakers of New York, influential and wealthy as many of them are, — and a *poor* Quaker, anywhere, is a *rara avis*, — are still a part of the roar and the rush, and drive quite naturally from the week-day meeting to the "Board" at noon. A gay color slips in now and then in dress or upholstery. The Quaker bonnet is not worn so demurely, but covers unlimited business aptitude, a talent for subscription getting and for a wider field of worldly intercourse than the traditions of the sect justify. But the charities are comprehensive and wisely administered, which

justifies the subscriptions, and the essential qualities of the peculiar people are only merged, not lost, but hidden in the dust of Broadway.

Quakerism, though it lives on the southeast coast, never has taken kindly to New England soil, and the New England Quaker of to-day has a strong flavor of Puritanism, a dash of the salt, sharp spray about him, that would go far to reconcile the ancient grudge. There has been an interchange; Yankee philosophy has become tintured with Quaker inspiration, and the "Friend" in his lymphatic way has absorbed the keen, driving qualities of the people he lives among. Despite some few dramatic figures, Quakerism in New England does not seem intact as a unit; and it is a question if Lucretia Mott, Nantucket born though she be, apart from the fostering influence of Philadelphia, would have reached the serene prophetic height of her gracious womanhood.

In the West the Quakers are of the Philadelphia type, primitive and simple, save that the exigencies of the new, rapid life compel sometimes a trivial departure from the ordered ways: where drab alpaca is not to be had, a blue or green cotton print must take its place; and if there is nobody to take care of the babies at home, they must be brought to "meeting," albeit an occasional cry disturb the sweet serenity. The vexed question of maternity *versus* a public career was calmly settled in one of these "meetings" not so very long ago. The clerk of the meeting—it was a week-day gathering for business purposes—sat calmly at her table taking "minutes" and putting questions. The meeting-house was a barn-like structure with an adjoining chamber devoted apparently to rafters and darkness. From this crypt, at one interval of the proceedings, a crying child was handed in to the clerk, who hushed it in motherly fashion and handed it back to its obscurity again. Nobody was disturbed, no one was impatient at the episode; it made not a ripple on the calm tide of the morning's business,

and nobody laughed save a few visiting Philadelphians, who had not anticipated, in attending country "meeting," the easy solution of a problem which bids fair to rend the world. But this was on the "women's side" of the house; for in the wise ordering of the Quaker church, each sex has its own peculiar province, its own business and discipline, and its own "concerns" as to what is going on in the society.

The Quakers of Baltimore are also slightly modified, though to the unpractised eye they would be pronounced as like as two peas to the original type. Potent as are the influences of the Philadelphia markets, the tables of Baltimore overflow with richness, and there is more expansiveness, seemingly, in the more southern city. Here and there along the border, however, are stern old figures, whose name was a synonyme of rest and refuge for the fugitive in the bygone days, and whose lives were crusades, to the bitter end, against the nation's wrong.

But how portray the Philadelphian! How estimate the leaven of domestic virtue, of kindling benevolence, of patient acquiescence in the things that be, that makes any change in the established order of things, even the undoing of an iniquity, to be dreaded as an earthquake in the Quaker City. The brooding peace so secure in its "good-will to all," that it sleeps while storms are lowering, is not to be disturbed lightly or with careless hand. The magnificent aplomb, the calm diplomacy which urges the "weighing" of a question, the taking time to consider it, and finally, when factions grow too strong for a settlement to come without a division or a split in the meeting, the injunctions "that Friends let the matter rest till a more fitting season," "till Friends' minds have longer dwelt upon it," are unequalled in the history of any sect. Had more impassioned judgment, more rapid decisions, more vehement action, been allowed by the traditions, the Quakers as a distinctive body would have been dispersed long ago, their scattered fragments forming

the nucleus of many a wise and good organization, but as a "peculiar people" their value and testimony would have been lost. Their leaven in other religious bodies might in measure have atoned for their loss, but there would be no more stately figures in the "gallery," no more sanctified stillness in the body of the meeting, and no more of those "troops of shining ones," that Charles Lamb loved so well.

No one ever saw a Quaker beggar, and no one had ever opportunity to relieve a Quaker from pecuniary distress. The inquisitorial income tax is anticipated by the freemasonry of the "Friends," and domiciliary visits are frequent among them. Each member is taxed, heavily or lightly, as his circumstances permit, for the general fund; and from this fund, in the most delicate way, the wants of the needy in the society are supplied. All is done so quietly, that few except the dispensers and the recipients of the charity know anything about it. The apostolic injunction to bear one another's burdens is faithfully and ungrudgingly carried out; and, indeed, some of the shining lights of the society have been in their threadbare circumstances thus generously cloaked by this proud *esprit de corps*.

The wayfaring man may well put off his shoes from his feet when he crosses a Quaker threshold. Peace and holiness dwell therein, and the home is an embodiment of spotless housekeeping and refined and gentle taste. The parlor with its carpet of greens and browns, the plain sofas and chairs framed for convenience and comfort, the square table with its sober cloth, bear witness to the solidity and gravity of the household life. Some small attempt at decoration there may be if there are young persons in the household, which shows itself in a bright bouquet of autumn leaves and nodding grasses, or perhaps a simple Parian vase with one waxen flower or trailing vine. But these are all toned in the sombre setting, and one turns to the books for distraction. Solid and well selected all, dignified

histories and scientific treatises, the graver poets, always a Milton, the latest and freshest works on mosses, ferns, or sea-shells. A scientific romance with Creation for its theme, a glimpse at stellar worlds may be permitted; but Professor Huxley, I think, would be disallowed on these grim and frowning shelves.

A plain, comfortable carriage, with sleek, shining horses, brings the honored visitors home from the Yearly Meeting, and, despite the severe simplicity of the drawing-room, the table in the dining-room is a groaning miracle. Rich old china, glass elaborately carved and cut, heirlooms in silver and the wares of Japan, set forth the good fare for which Quaker households are famous; and, despite the ice-water creed of Americans and the temperate testimony of the "Friends" themselves, the wine which there is offered you may be depended on as both generous and stricken in years.

Yet through the refined economies of the stately matron who dispenses these good things with such simple grace, no greater amount of money has been expended by the year's end than in less plentifully supplied households. If the market basket be heavy, there is balance in other things; there are no elaborate lace curtains to be refreshed and renewed, and the solid simplicity of the upholstery is less subject to wear and tear than the airy gimcracks of worldly establishments. Above all, the close attention to detail, the careful "looking after" servants, motherly supervision of their morals and their manners, no less than their daily work; the judicious thrift which makes every purchase tell, and the gentle treatment which renders the humblest member of the household a willing and responsible co-operator, go far to make a Quaker kitchen indeed the earthly paradise.

And with all this housekeeping and entertaining of guests, the meeting and committee work, visiting the poor and "dealing" with the erring, which makes a Quaker woman's work, no children

on earth are more tenderly reared, more carefully nurtured, than the babies whose socks are not of the color of this world. They learn from their mothers the matchless refinement of conscience which makes a Quaker education the backbone of so much that is lofty in character. While they are young they do not feel the restraints and guards which press so heavily, so intolerably on the young men and maidens. There is time for everything in a Quaker family, even time for demure plays in the plain language and thoughtful dressing of dolls. The little boy who reproved his brother for saying in a rage, "Thee nasty little *you*, thee!" by the threat of, "O James! I'll tell mother thee *swore*!" has probably long since grown up and learned there are other tithes than those of mint and cummin.

Quakerism seems to blossom and attain its bright consummate flower in the mature woman. Her large liberty of thought and action, the protection of her distinctive garb which enables her to penetrate by night or day dens and hovels where another woman would meet only danger and insult, have broadened her walk in life and given full play to her sympathies and every impulse of benevolence. A Quaker bonnet is indeed an ægis under which the most defiant Woman's Rights have walked demurely, unsuspected in all these years; and its wearer is at once the exponent and the forerunner of the sixteenth amendment. Her conversation, debarred of dress and dancing gossip, seeks naturally a graver level, and with husband and sons she takes counsel of the interests and needs of her time. The Woman's Medical College takes refuge under the broad brims of Quaker managers, and every Quakeress is a preacher by natural right anointed from on high.

But the traditions and discipline, all genial as they are for womanly growth and grace, are not so favorable, I think, to the development of a man's character. It is impossible to divest the young man Friend (the vocabulary is

not rich in distinctive epithets), especially if he has made broad his phylacteries and stiffened the collar of his coat, of the mask he seems to wear. It is so hard to crucify the healthy pagan instincts of the flesh, to eliminate boating and boxing and the vigorous manly sports that have come to us across the water, that, when all this has been done, the character seems to have lost much of its fibre.

The young Quaker, with so much of the richness of life shut out, plunges into the excitement of manufacturing and selling goods, in the safe speculations of well-grounded mines and steady-going railways, and gives to the accumulation of money, the driving of a bargain, all the young energies of his manhood. He is liberal enough with the money thus made, gives it ungrudgingly to the freedmen, the Indians, and during the war — poor fellow! the only way he dared — to the hospital service of Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

The young Quakers who broke through the restraints of the sect, when war summoned all young life to the front, were very summarily "dealt with" by the conservative, the Orthodox body of Friends, and disowned without fear or favor. But the more progressive and elastic organization of the Hicksite Friends, in numerous instances philosophically concluded to overlook the backsliding and condone the offence in consideration of its being a "peculiar trial." Of course there were dealings and conferences on the subject; but as the young Friends retorted on the old that the main questions of the fight were but the result of Quaker teachings after all, and Quaker fellowship with the downtrodden and oppressed, the matter came to a deadlock and was dismissed. It was settled all the sooner, I imagine, because the "inner light," the inspiration, could be quoted as forcibly by the young defenders of the faith as by the old conservers of the doctrine.

Perhaps in slighter degree and less heavily the restrictions of the sect bear

upon the Quaker maiden, but none the less is the graceful growth of her nature confined in narrower limits than Heaven ordained for it. To dance and sing, to wear bright ribbons and dainty robes, seem as natural to girlhood as for a bird to plume its feathers and a flower to shine out in the sun. The Quaker girl "wears her rue with a difference" perhaps, but the fashion of her garments, her colors, and her walk and conversation are her mother's with but slight remove. Her youthful energies are devoted to the acquirement of dainty housekeeping or fine seamstress-ship, and to stocking her mind with solid knowledge. She is in all respects "the old-fashioned girl." It is the logical preparation, doubtless, for the freedom and fulness which mature womanhood will bring. The vine, whose fruit is for kings' tables, must be shorn of all gay luxuriance, and its bare brown branches nailed to narrow trellis, unsightly and ungraceful. Very fine is the vintage; but, alas for the vine! Youth comes only once, and as the years fleet past, one cannot but wish that she could snatch at least the rainbows on the foam as the river goes speeding on. It is so easy to laugh and be gay now, and afterwards it is so hard. But if the Quaker girl feels these things in her soul and inwardly beats against the bars, there is no trace of discontent or disquiet in her pure, still brow. And her simple dress is such grateful contrast at times to the fantastic toilets of to-day, that the eye rests upon her, well pleased. For her own sake only, one might wish the rose in the hair, the knot of ribbon at the throat, and that the little boots that pat so soberly on the pavement might learn a livelier measure.

Once in a decade or twice (there are statistics for these things) there is a grand burst, and ranks are broken; I speak now of the "Orthodox" body, whose rebellious spirits take refuge in the bosom of the Episcopal Church. They are apt to seek the extreme, and become, if not Ritualistic, at least fervent adherents to form and fasts and

holydays. But their works do follow them even there, and they are generally foremost and active in the church charities and in the teaching of Sunday-schools.

But those who are left behind pursue their quiet way. They "pass meeting," that is, ask the approbation of the society upon their approaching marriage. The antecedents of both are inquired into, and as in most instances there is no fear of daylight in these clear consciences, the marriage is allowed. There is seldom question of separation in these unions, and never of divorce. If there be difference of character or taste, the weight of public opinion, the habit of gentle speech and kindly demeanor under circumstances the most exasperating, go far to reduce the discordant notes into harmony.

"Putting on the plain bonnet," which is the Quaker taking of the veil, means for married or single a more rigid consecration to the aims of the sect. Temple and pulse may throb wildly at times beneath its cool shade, and the most arrant selfishness and cunning may lurk under the broadest brim, but it compels an outward decorum and purity. We are such creatures of our surroundings, that after a while the pulses tone into quiet harmony with the garb, and the cunning must mask itself into deepest hypocrisy to escape the searching "queries."

These are questions asked in the open Yearly Meeting, which, if truthfully and honestly answered, make of the society one grand confessional. No mere inquisitive prying, but a calm scrutiny of walk and conversation that they fall not behind the lofty ideal and brave exemplars of old. The Litany of the Episcopal Church is an aspiration, a prayer that may be recited with mechanical lips; but these queries, covering as they do the manifold duties of man to his Maker, his neighbor, and himself, are asked with grave authority, and *must* be answered. Each little tributary meeting makes up its answers and sends them up to the great body that sits once a year, and who shall

say that this annual introspection, in the ears not of one man but of all, kinsfolk and stranger, near and far, is without its influence and its use? Thoroughly carried out, it comes nearer the Day of Judgment than anything else.

Some of these "queries," those which refer to "amusements" and to worldly pleasures, seem to us now to be crystalized absurdities. If the fathers had but confined their "testimony" to the abuse and not the use of these things, there would hardly be anachronism in the worn old discipline to the most liberal and broadest of their descendants. It would be good to live by, now as then!

But the great defect in Quakerism, an error which even the monastic ascetic escaped of old, is that it takes no account of the impulse and craving for beauty, the art instinct in human nature. All such things are "the lust of the eye," and to be shut out with discreet and shading hand. In the cultivation of flowers and the enjoyment of natural scenery, the Quaker craving for beauty alone finds expression. But human nature is hardly dealt with when the rich legacies of art are denied it, and revolt seems the natural result. Hence photographs, as perhaps the plain reproduction that cannot lie, are stealing into many a sober dwelling.

And a Quaker's trip to Europe brings home many ideas and memories to store away with the photographs.

Music is still the great Apollyon, the open sesame to all that is bad and immoral. In the Quaker "First Day school" the children are taught to *say* their hymns, not to sing them; and the golden chain of the sweet, soaring young voices lies all unused. The Do-Re-Mi-Sol is a shibboleth as yet to Quaker tongue, and the "singing woman, Jane Lind," was openly preached against of yore.

The drama of course cannot be named to "Friendly" ears, though many a ripe elder finds worldly wisdom no less than spiritual satisfaction in the page of William Shakespeare. This one lapse into toleration may account for the fact that occasionally a young party, apparently not at all sure of themselves and manifestly snatching at forbidden fruit, may be seen, as one hath expressed it, "to sit an hour with Joseph Jefferson." And who could blame them? Hardly the Shakespeare reader in his heart, if he could only enter with them, unawares.

But, when all is said, I go back to Aunt Rebecca's philosophy, and for the last word in life as well as ethics, I thank Heaven that my husband, and I too, had a Quaker grandmother!

Mrs. J. L. Hollowell.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

VIII.

THE Master and I had been thinking for some time of trying to get the Young Astronomer round to our side of the table. There are many subjects on which both of us like to talk with him, and it would be convenient to have him nearer to us. How to manage it was not quite so clear as it might have been. The Scarabee wanted to sit with his back to the light, as it was in his present position.

VOL. XXX. — NO. 178.

15

He used his eyes so much in studying minute objects, that he wished to spare them all fatigue, and did not like facing a window. Neither of us cared to ask the Man of Letters, so called, to change his place, and of course we could not think of making such a request of the Young Girl or the Lady. So we were at a stand with reference to this project of ours.

But while we were proposing, Fate

or Providence disposed everything for us. The Man of Letters, so called, was missing one morning, having folded his tent—that is, packed his carpet-bag—with the silence of the Arabs, and encamped—that is, taken lodgings—in some locality which he had forgotten to indicate.

The Landlady bore this sudden bereavement remarkably well. Her remarks and reflections, though borrowing the aid of homely imagery and doing occasional violence to the nicer usages of speech, were not without philosophical discrimination.

—I like a gentleman that *is* a gentleman. But there's a difference in what folks call gentlemen as there is in what you put on table. There is cabbages and there is cauliflowers. There is clams and there is oysters: There is mackerel and there is salmon. And there is some that knows the difference and some that does n't. I had a little account with that boarder that he forgot to settle before he went off, so all of a sudden. I sha'n't say anything about it. I've seen the time when I should have felt bad about losing what he owed me, but it was no great matter; and if he'll only stay away now he's gone, I can stand losing it, and not cry my eyes out nor lay awake all night neither. I never had ought to have took him. Where he come from and where he's gone to is unbeknown to me. If he'd only smoked *good* tobacco, I would n't have said a word; but it was such dreadful stuff, it'll take a week to get his chamber sweet enough to show them that asks for rooms. It doos smell like all possest.

—Left any goods?—asked the Salesman.

—Or dockermunts?—added the Member of the Haouse.

The Landlady answered with a faded smile, which implied that there was no hope in that direction. Dr. Benjamin, with a sudden recurrence of youthful feeling, made a fan with the fingers of his right hand, the second phalanx of the thumb resting on the tip of the nose, and the remaining digits diverg-

ing from each other, in the plane of the median line of the face,—I suppose this is the way he would have described the gesture, which is almost a specialty of the Parisian *gamin*. That Boy immediately copied it, and added greatly to its effect by extending the fingers of the other hand in a line with those of the first, and vigorously agitating those of the two hands,—a gesture which acts like a puncture on the distended self-esteem of one to whom it is addressed, and cheapens the memory of the absent to a very low figure.

I wish the reader to observe that I treasure up with interest all the words uttered by the Salesman. It must have been noticed that he very rarely speaks. Perhaps he has an inner life, with its own deep emotional, and lofty contemplative elements, but as we see him, he is the boarder reduced to the simplest expression of that term. Yet, like most human creatures, he has generic and specific characters not unworthy of being studied. I notice particularly a certain electrical briskness of movement, such as one may see in a squirrel, which clearly belongs to his calling. The dry-goodsman's life behind his counter is a succession of sudden, snappy perceptions and brief series of co-ordinated spasms, as thus:—

“Purple calico, three quarters wide, six yards.”

Up goes the arm; bang! tumbles out the flat roll and turns half a dozen somersets, as if for the fun of the thing; the six yards of calico hurry over the measuring-nails, hunching their backs up, like six cankerworms; out jump the scissors; snip, clip, rip; the stuff is wisped up, brown-papered, tied, labelled, delivered, and the man is himself again, like a child just come out of a convulsion-fit. Think of a man's having some hundreds of these semi-epileptic seizures every day, and you need not wonder that he does not say much; these fits take the talk all out of him.

But because he, or any other man, does not say much, it does not follow

that he may not have, as I have said, an exalted and intense inner life. I have known a number of cases where a man who seemed thoroughly commonplace and unemotional has all at once surprised everybody by telling the story of his hidden life far more pointedly and dramatically than any playwright or novelist or poet could have told it for him. I will not insult your intelligence, Beloved, by saying *how* he has told it.

— We had been talking over the subjects touched upon in the Lady's letter.

— I suppose one man in a dozen — said the Master — ought to be born a sceptic. That was the proportion among the Apostles, at any rate.

— So there was one Judas among them, — I remarked.

— Well, — said the Master, — they've been whitewashing Judas of late. But never mind him. I did not say there was not one rogue on the average among a dozen men. I don't see how that would interfere with my proposition. If I say that among a dozen men you ought to find one that weighs over a hundred and fifty pounds, and you tell me that there were twelve men in your club, and one of 'em had red hair, I don't see that you have materially damaged my statement.

— I thought it best to let the Old Master have his easy victory, which was more apparent than real, very evidently, and he went on.

When the Lord sends out a batch of human beings, say a hundred — Did you ever read my book, the new edition of it I mean?

It is rather awkward to answer such a question in the negative, but I said, with the best grace I could, "No, not *the last edition*."

— Well, I must give you a copy of it. My book and I are pretty much the same thing. Sometimes I steal from my book in my talk without mentioning it, and then I say to myself, "O, that won't do; everybody has read my book and knows it by heart." And then the other *I* says, — you know

there are two of us, right and left, like a pair of shoes, — the other *I* says, "You're a — something or other — fool. They have n't read your confounded old book; besides, if they have, they have forgotten all about it." Another time I say, thinking I will be very honest, "I have said something about that in my book"; and then the other *I* says, "What a Balaam's quadruped you are to tell 'em it's in your book; they don't care whether it is or not, if it's anything worth saying; and if it is n't worth saying, what are you braying for?" That is a rather sensible fellow, that other chap we talk with, but an impudent whelp. I never got such abuse from any blackguard in my life as I have from that No. 2 of me, the one that answers the other's questions and makes the comments, and does what in demotic phrase is called the "sarsing."

— I laughed at that. I have just such a fellow always with me, as wise as Solomon, if I would only heed him; but as insolent as Shimei, cursing, and throwing stones and dirt, and behaving as if he had the traditions of the "ape-like human being" born with him rather than civilized instincts. One does not have to be a king to know what it is to keep a king's jester.

— I mentioned my book, — the Master said, — because I have something in it on the subject we were talking about. I should like to read you a passage here and there out of it, where I have expressed myself a little more freely on some of those matters we handle in conversation. If you don't quarrel with it, I must give you a copy of the book. It's a rather serious thing to get a copy of a book from the writer of it. It has made my adjectives sweat pretty hard, I know, to put together an answer returning thanks and not lying beyond the twilight of veracity, if one may use a figure. Let me try a little of my book on you, in divided doses, as my friends the doctors say.

— *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, — I said, laughing at my own expense. I don't doubt the medicament is quite

as good as the patient deserves, and probably a great deal better, — I added, reinforcing my feeble compliment.

(When you pay a compliment to an author, don't qualify it in the next sentence so as to take all the goodness out of it. Now I am thinking of it, I will give you one or two pieces of advice. Be careful to assure yourself that the person you are talking with wrote the article or book you praise. It is not very pleasant to be told, "Well, there, now! I always liked your writings, but you never did anything half so good as this last piece," and then to have to tell the blunderer that this last piece is n't yours, but t'other man's. Take care that the phrase or sentence you commend is not one that is in quotation-marks. "The best thing in your piece, I think, is a line I do not remember meeting before; it struck me as very true and well expressed: —

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God."

"But, my dear lady, that line is one which is to be found in a writer of the last century, and not original with me." One ought not to have undeceived her, perhaps, but one is naturally honest, and cannot bear to be credited with what is not his own. The lady blushes, of course, and says she has not read much ancient literature, or some such thing. The pearl upon the Ethiop's arm is very pretty in verse, but one does not care to furnish the dark background for other persons' jewelry.)

I adjourned from the table in company with the Old Master to his apartments. He was evidently in easy circumstances, for he had the best accommodations the house afforded. We passed through a reception-room to his library, where everything showed that he had ample means for indulging the modest tastes of a scholar.

— The first thing, naturally, when one enters a scholar's study or library, is to look at his books. One gets a notion very speedily of his tastes and the range of his pursuits by a glance round his book-shelves.

Of course, you know there are many fine houses where the library is a part of the upholstery, so to speak. Books in handsome binding kept locked under plate-glass in showy dwarf book-cases are as important to stylish establishments as servants in livery, who sit with folded arms, are to stylish equipages. I suppose those wonderful statues with the folded arms do sometimes change their attitude, and I suppose those books with the gilded backs do sometimes get opened, but it is nobody's business whether they do or not, and it is not best to ask too many questions.

This sort of thing is common enough, but there is another case that may prove deceptive if you undertake to judge from appearances. Once in a while you will come on a house where you will find a family of readers and almost no library. Some of the most indefatigable devourers of literature have very few books. They belong to book clubs, they haunt the public libraries, they borrow of friends, and somehow or other get hold of everything they want, scoop out all it holds for them, and have done with it. When I want a book, it is as a tiger wants a sheep. I must have it with one spring, and, if I miss it, go away defeated and hungry. And my experience with public libraries is that the first volume of the book I inquire for is out, unless I happen to want the second, when *that* is out.

I was pretty well prepared to understand the Master's library and his account of it. We seated ourselves in two very comfortable chairs, and I began the conversation.

— I see you have a large and rather miscellaneous collection of books. Did you get them together by accident or according to some preconceived plan?

— Both, sir, both, — the Master answered. — When Providence throws a good book in my way, I bow to its decree and purchase it as an act of piety, if it is reasonably or unreasonably cheap. I *adopt* a certain number of books every year, out of a love for the foundlings and stray children of other

people's brains that nobody seems to care for. Look here.

He took down a Greek Lexicon finely bound in calf, and spread it open.

Do you see that Hedericus? I had Greek dictionaries enough and to spare, but I saw that noble quarto lying in the midst of an ignoble crowd of cheap books, and marked with a price which I felt to be an insult to scholarship, to the memory of Homer, sir, and the awful shade of Æschylus. I paid the mean price asked for it, and I wanted to double it, but I suppose it would have been a foolish sacrifice of coin to sentiment. I love that book for its looks and behavior. None of your "half-calf" economies in that volume, sir! And see how it lies open anywhere! There is n't a book in my library that has such a generous way of laying its treasures before you. From Alpha to Omega, calm, assured rest at any page that your choice or accident may light on. No lifting of a rebellious leaf like an upstart servant that does not know his place and can never be taught manners, but tranquil, well-bred repose. A book may be a perfect gentleman in its aspect and demeanor, and this book would be good company for personages like Roger Ascham and his pupils the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Jane Grey.

The Master was evidently riding a hobby, and what I wanted to know was the plan on which he had formed his library. So I brought him back to the point by asking him the question in so many words.

Yes, — he said, — I have a kind of notion of the way in which a library ought to be put together — no, I don't mean that, I mean ought to grow. I don't pretend to say that mine is a model, but it serves my turn well enough, and it represents me pretty accurately. A scholar must shape his own shell, *secrete* it, one might almost say, for secretion is only separation, you know, of certain elements derived from the materials of the world about us. And a scholar's study, with the books lining its walls, is his shell. It

is n't a mollusk's shell, either; it's a caddice-worm's shell. You know about the caddice-worm?

— More or less; less rather than more, — was my humble reply.

Well, sir, the caddice-worm is the larva of a fly, and he makes a case for himself out of all sorts of bits of everything that happen to suit his particular fancy, dead or alive, sticks and stones and small shells with their owners in 'em, living as comfortable as ever. Every one of these caddice-worms has his special fancy as to what he will pick up and glue together, with a kind of natural cement he provides himself, to make his case out of. In it he lives, sticking his head and shoulders out once in a while, that is all. Don't you see that a student in his library is a caddice-worm in his case? I've told you that I take an interest in pretty much everything, and don't mean to fence out any human interests from the private grounds of my intelligence. Then, again, there is a subject, perhaps I may say there is more than one, that I want to exhaust, to know to the very bottom. And besides, of course I must have my literary *harem*, my *parc aux cerfs*, where my favorites await my moments of leisure and pleasure, — my scarce and precious editions, my luxurious typographical masterpieces; my Delilahs, that take my head in their lap: the pleasant story-tellers and the like; the books I love because they are fair to look upon, prized by collectors, endeared by old associations, secret treasures that nobody else knows anything about; books, in short, that I like for insufficient reasons it may be, but peremptorily, and mean to like and to love and to cherish till death us do part.

Don't you see I have given you a key to the way my library is made up, so that you can *apriorize* the plan according to which I have filled my book-cases? I will tell you how it is carried out.

In the first place, you see, I have four extensive cyclopædias. Out of these I can get information enough to serve

my immediate purpose on almost any subject. These, of course, are supplemented by geographical, biographical, bibliographical, and other dictionaries, including of course lexicons to all the languages I ever meddle with. Next to these come the works relating to my one or two specialties, and these collections I make as perfect as I can. Every library should try to be complete on something, if it were only on the history of pin-heads. I don't mean that I buy all the trashy compilations on my special subjects, but I try to have all the works of any real importance relating to them, old as well as new. In the following compartment you will find the great authors in all the languages I have mastered, from Homer and Hesiod downward to the last great English name. This division, you see, you can make almost as extensive or as limited as you choose. You can crowd the great representative writers into a small compass; or you can make a library consisting only of the different editions of Horace, if you have space and money enough. Then comes the *Harem*, the shelf or the bookcase of Delilahs, that you have paid wicked prices for, that you love without pretending to be reasonable about it, and would bag in case of fire before all the rest, just as Mr. Townley took the Clytie to his carriage when the anti-Catholic mob threatened his house in 1780. As for the foundlings like my Hedericus, they go among their peers; it is a pleasure to take them from the dusty stall where they were elbowed by plebeian school-books and battered odd volumes, and give them Alduses and Elzevirs for companions.

Nothing remains but the Infirmary. The most painful subjects are the unfortunates that have lost a cover. Bound a hundred years ago, perhaps, and one of the rich old browned covers gone — what a pity! Do you know what to do about it? I'll tell you, — no, I'll *show* you. Look at this volume. *M. T. Ciceronis Opera*, — a dozen of 'em, — one of 'em minus half his cover, a

poor one-legged cripple, six months ago, — now see him.

— *He* looked very respectably indeed, both covers dark, ancient, very decently matched; one would hardly notice the fact that they were not twins.

— I'll tell you what I did. You poor devil, said I, you are a disgrace to your family. We must send you to a surgeon and have some kind of a Taliacotian operation performed on you. (You remember the operation as described in Hudibras, of course.) The first thing was to find a subject of similar age and aspect ready to part with one of his members. So I went to Quidlibet's, — you know Quidlibet and that hieroglyphic sign of his with the omniscient-looking eye as its most prominent feature, — and laid my case before him. I want you, said I, to look up an old book of mighty little value, — one of your ten-cent vagabonds would be the sort of thing, — but an *old* beggar, with a cover like this, and lay it by for me.

And Quidlibet, who is a pleasant body to deal with, — only he has insulted one or two gentlemanly books by selling them to me at very low-bred and shamefully insufficient prices, — Quidlibet, I say, laid by three old books for me to help myself from, and did n't take the trouble even to make me pay the thirty cents for 'em. Well, said I to myself, let us look at our three books that have undergone the last insult short of the trunk-maker's or the paper-mills, and see what they are. There may be something worth looking at in one or the other of 'em.

Now do you know it was with a kind of a tremor that I untied the package and looked at these three unfortunates, too humble for the companionable dime to recognize as its equal in value. The same sort of feeling you know if you ever tried the Bible-and-key, or the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. I think you will like to know what the three books were which had been bestowed upon me *gratis*, that I might tear away one of the covers of the one that best

matched my Cicero, and give it to the binder to cobble my crippled volume with.

The Master took the three books from a cupboard and continued.

No. I. An odd volume of *The Adventurer*. It has many interesting things enough, but is made precious by containing Simon Browne's famous Dedication to the Queen of his Answer to Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation." Simon Browne was the *Man without a Soul*. An excellent person, a most worthy dissenting minister, but lying under a strange delusion.

Here is a paragraph from his Dedication : —

"He was once a man ; and of some little name ; but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest ; for by the immediate hand of an avenging GOD, his very thinking substance has, for more than seven years, been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no, not the least remembrance of its very ruins, remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it."

Think of this as the Dedication of a book "universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced," and what a flood of light it pours on the insanities of those self-analyzing diarists whose morbid reveries have been so often mistaken for piety ! No. I. had something for me, then, besides the cover, which was all it claimed to have worth offering.

No. II. was "A View of Society and Manners in Italy." Vol. III. By John Moore, M. D. (*Zeluco* Moore.) You know his pleasant book. In this particular volume what interested me most, perhaps, was the very spirited and intelligent account of the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius, but it gave me an hour's mighty agreeable reading. So much for Number Two.

No. III. was "An ESSAY on the Great EFFECTS of Even *Languid* and *Unheeded* LOCAL MOTION." By the Hon. Robert Boyle. Published in 1685, and, as appears from other sources, "received with great and general applause." I confess I was a little startled to find how near this earlier philosopher had come to the modern doctrines, such as are illustrated in Tyndall's "Heat considered as a Mode of Motion." He speaks of "Us, who endeavor to resolve the *Phenomena* of Nature into Matter and Local motion." That sounds like the nineteenth century, but what shall we say to this ? "As when a bar of iron or silver, having been well hammered, is newly taken off of the anvil ; though the eye can discern no motion in it, yet the touch will readily perceive it to be very hot, and if you spit upon it, the brisk agitation of the insensible parts will become visible in that which they will produce in the liquor." He takes a bar of tin, and tries whether by bending it to and fro two or three times he cannot "procure a considerable internal commotion among the parts" ; and having by this means broken or cracked it in the middle, finds, as he expected, that the middle parts had considerably heated each other. There are many other curious and interesting observations in the volume which I should like to tell you of, but these will serve my purpose.

— Which book furnished you the old cover you wanted ? — said I.

— *Did he kill the owl ?* — said the Master, laughing. (I suppose you, the reader, know the owl story.) — It was Number Two that lent me one of his covers. Poor wretch ! He was one of three, and had lost his two brothers. From him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. The Scripture had to be fulfilled in his case. But I couldn't help saying to myself, What do you keep writing books for, when the stalls are covered all over with 'em, good books, too, that nobody will give ten cents apiece for, lying there like so many dead beasts of bur-

den, of no account except to strip off their hides? What is the use, I say? I have made a book or two in my time, and I am making another that perhaps will see the light one of these days. But if I had my life to live over again, I think I should go in for silence, and get as near to *Nirvana* as I could. This language is such a paltry tool! The handle of it cuts and the blade does n't. You muddle yourself by not knowing what you mean by a word, and send out your unanswered riddles and rebuses to clear up other people's difficulties. It always seems to me that talk is a ripple and thought is a ground swell. A string of words, that mean pretty much anything, helps you in a certain sense to get hold of a thought, just as a string of syllables that mean nothing helps you to a word; but it's a poor business, it's a poor business, and the more you study *definition* the more you find out how poor it is. Do you know I sometimes think our little entomological neighbor is doing a sounder business than we people that make books about ourselves and our slippery abstractions? A man can see the spots on a bug and count 'em, and tell what their color is, and put another bug alongside of him and see whether the two are alike or different. And when *he* uses a word he knows just what he means. There is no mistake as to the meaning and identity of *pulex irritans*, confound him!

— What if we should look in, some day, on the Scarabeeist, as he calls himself, — said I. — The fact is the Master had got a going at such a rate that I was willing to give a little turn to the conversation.

— O very well, — said the Master, — I had some more things to say, but I don't doubt they'll keep. And besides, I take an interest in entomology, and have my own opinion on the *meloe* question.

— You don't mean to say you have studied insects as well as solar systems and the order of things generally?

— He looked pleased. All philosophers look pleased when people say to

them virtually, "Ye are gods." The Master says he is vain constitutionally, and thanks God that he is. I don't think he has enough vanity to make a fool of himself with it, but the simple truth is he cannot help knowing that he has a wide and lively intelligence, and it pleases him to know it, and to be reminded of it, especially in an oblique and tangential sort of way, so as not to look like downright flattery.

Yes, yes, I have amused a summer or two with insects, among other things. I described a new *tabanus*, — horsefly, you know, — which, I think, had escaped notice. I felt as grand when I showed up my new discovery as if I had created the beast. I don't doubt Herschel felt as if he had made a planet when he first showed the astronomers *Georgium Sidus*, as he called it. And that reminds me of something. I was riding on the outside of a stage-coach from London to Windsor in the year — never mind the year, but it must have been in June, I suppose, for I bought some strawberries. England owes me a sixpence with interest from date, for I gave the woman a shilling, and the coach contrived to start or the woman timed it so that I just missed getting my change. What an odd thing memory is, to be sure, to have kept such a triviality, and have lost so much that was invaluable! She is a crazy wench, that Mnemosyne; she throws her jewels out of the window and locks up straws and old rags in her strong box.

(*De profundis!* said I to myself, the bottom of the bushel has dropped out! *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*)

— But as I was saying, I was riding on the outside of a stage-coach from London to Windsor, when all at once a picture familiar to me from my New England village childhood came upon me like a reminiscence rather than a revelation. It was a mighty bewilderment of slanted masts and spars and ladders and ropes, from the midst of which a vast tube, looking as if it might be a piece of ordnance such as the revolted angels battered the walls of Heaven with, according to Milton,

lifted its muzzle defiantly towards the sky. Why, you blessed old rattletrap, said I to myself, I know you as well as I know my father's spectacles and snuff-box! And that same crazy witch of a Memory, so divinely wise and foolish, travels thirty-five hundred miles or so in a single pulse-beat, makes straight for an old house and an old library and an old corner of it, and whisks out a volume of an old cyclopædia, and there is the picture of which this is the original. Sir William Herschel's great telescope! It was just about as big, as it stood there by the roadside, as it was in the picture, not much different any way. Why should it be? The pupil of your eye is only a gimlet-hole, not so very much bigger than the eye of a sail-needle, and a camel has to go through it before you can see him. You look into a stereoscope and think you see a miniature of a building or a mountain; you don't, you're made a fool of by your lying *intelligence*, as you call it; you see the building and the mountain just as large as with your naked eye looking straight at the real objects. Doubt it, do you? Perhaps you'd like to doubt it to the music of a couple of gold five-dollar pieces. If you would, say the word, and man and money, as Messrs. Heenan and Morrissey have it, shall be forthcoming; for I will make you look at a real landscape with your right eye, and a stereoscopic view of it with your left eye, both at once, and you can slide one over the other by a little management and see how exactly the picture overlies the true landscape. We won't try it now, because I want to read you something out of my book.

— I have noticed that the Master very rarely fails to come back to his original proposition, though he, like myself, is fond of zigzagging in order to reach it. Men's minds are like the pieces on a chess-board in their way of moving. One mind creeps from the square it is on to the next, straight forward, like the pawns. Another sticks close to its own line of thought and follows it as

far as it goes, with no heed for others' opinions, as the bishop sweeps the board in the line of his own color. And another class of minds break through everything that lies before them, ride over argument and opposition, and go to the end of the board like the castle. But there is still another sort of intellect which is very apt to jump over the thought that stands next and come down in the unexpected way of the knight. But that same knight, as the chess manuals will show you, will contrive to get on to every square of the board in a pretty series of moves that looks like a pattern of embroidery, and so these zigzagging minds like the Master's, and I suppose my own is something like it, will sooner or later get back to the square next the one they started from.

The Master took down a volume from one of the shelves. I could not help noticing that it was a shelf near his hand as he sat, and that the volume looked as if he had made frequent use of it. I saw, too, that he handled it in a loving sort of way; the tenderness he would have bestowed on a wife and children had to find a channel somewhere, and what more natural than that he should look fondly on the volume which held the thoughts that had rolled themselves smooth and round in his mind like pebbles on a beach, the dreams which, under cover of the simple artifices such as all writers use, told the little world of readers his secret hopes and aspirations, the fancies which had pleased him and which he could not bear to let die without trying to please others with them? I have a great sympathy with authors, most of all with unsuccessful ones. If one had a dozen lives or so, it would all be very well, but to have only a single ticket in the great lottery, and have that drawn a blank, is a rather sad sort of thing. So I was pleased to see the affectionate kind of pride with which the Master handled his book; it was a success, in its way, and he looked on it with a cheerful sense that he had a right to be proud of it. The Master opened

the volume, and, putting on his large round glasses, began reading, as authors love to read that love their books.

—The only good reason for believing in the stability of the moral order of things is to be found in the tolerable steadiness of human averages. Out of a hundred human beings fifty-one will be found in the long run on the side of the right, so far as they know it, and against the wrong. They will be organizers rather than disorganizers, helpers and not hinderers in the upward movement of the race. This is the main fact we have to depend on. The right hand of the great organism is a little stronger than the left, that is all.

Now and then we come across a left-handed man. So now and then we find a tribe or a generation, the subject of what we may call moral left-handedness, but that need not trouble us about our formula. All we have to do is to spread the average over a wider territory or a longer period of time. Any race or period that insists on being left-handed must go under if it comes in contact with a right-handed one. If there were, as a general rule, fifty-one rogues in the hundred instead of forty-nine, all other qualities of mind and body being equally distributed between the two sections, the order of things would sooner or later end in universal disorder. It is the question between the leak and the pumps.

It does not seem very likely that the Creator of all things is taken by surprise at witnessing anything any of his creatures do or think. Men have sought out many inventions, but they can have contrived nothing which did not exist as an idea in the omniscient consciousness to which past, present, and future are alike Now.

We read what travellers tell us about the King of Dahomey, or the Fejee Island people, or the short and simple annals of the celebrities recorded in the Newgate Calendar, and do not know just what to make of these brothers and sisters of the race; but I do not suppose an intelligence even as high

as the angelic beings, to stop short there, would see anything very peculiar or wonderful about them, except as everything is wonderful and unlike everything else.

It is very curious to see how science, that is, looking at and arranging the facts of a case with our own eyes and our own intelligence, without minding what somebody else has said; or how some old majority vote went in a pack of intriguing ecclesiastics,—I say it is very curious to see how science is catching up with one superstition after another.

There is a recognized branch of science familiar to all those who know anything of the studies relating to life, under the name of Teratology. It deals with all sorts of monstrosities which are to be met with in living beings, and more especially in animals. It is found that what used to be called *lusus naturæ*, or freaks of nature, are just as much subject to laws as the naturally developed forms of living creatures.

The rustic looks at the Siamese twins, and thinks he is contemplating an unheard-of anomaly; but there are plenty of cases like theirs in the books of scholars, and though they are not quite so common as double cherries, the mechanism of their formation is not a whit more mysterious than that of the twinned fruits. Such cases do not disturb the average arrangement; we have Changs and Engs at one pole, and Cains and Abels at the other. One child is born with six fingers on each hand, and another falls short by one or more fingers of his due allowance; but the glover puts his faith in the great law of averages, and makes his gloves with five fingers apiece, trusting nature for their counterparts.

Thinking people are not going to be scared out of explaining or at least trying to explain things by the shrieks of persons whose beliefs are disturbed thereby. Comets were portents to Increase Mather, President of Harvard College; “preachers of Divine wrath, heralds and messengers of evil tidings

to the world." It is not so very long since Professor Winthrop was teaching at the same institution. I can remember two of his boys very well, old boys, it is true, they were, and one of them wore a three-cornered cocked hat; but the father of these boys, whom, as I say, I can remember, had to defend himself against the minister of the Old South Church for the impiety of trying to account for earthquakes on natural principles. And his ancestor, Governor Winthrop, would probably have shaken his head over his descendant's dangerous audacity, if one may judge by the solemn way in which he mentions poor Mrs. Hutchinson's unpleasant experience, which so grievously disappointed her maternal expectations. But people used always to be terribly frightened by those irregular vital products which we now call "interesting specimens" and carefully preserve in jars of alcohol. It took next to nothing to make a panic; a child was born a few centuries ago with six teeth in its head, and about that time the Turks began gaining great advantages over the Christians. Of course there was an intimate connection between the prodigy and the calamity. So said the wise men of that day.

All these out-of-the-way cases are studied connectedly now, and are found to obey very exact rules. With a little management one can even manufacture living monstrosities. Malformed salmon and other fish can be supplied in quantity, if anybody happens to want them.

Now, what all I have said is tending to is exactly this, namely, that just as the celestial movements are regulated by fixed laws, just as bodily monstrosities are produced according to rule, and with as good reason as normal shapes, so obliquities of character are to be accounted for on perfectly natural principles; they are just as capable of classification as the bodily ones, and they all diverge from a certain average or middle term which is the type of its kind.

If life had been a little longer I would

have written a number of essays for which, as it is, I cannot expect to have time. I have set down the titles of a hundred or more, and I have often been tempted to publish those, for according to my idea, the title of a book very often renders the rest of it unnecessary. "Moral Teratology," for instance, which is marked No. 67 on my list of "Essays Potential, not Actual," suggests sufficiently well what I should be like to say in the pages it would preface. People hold up their hands at a moral monster as if there was no reason for his existence but his own choice. That was a fine specimen we read of in the papers a few years ago, — the Frenchman, it may be remembered, who used to waylay and murder young women, and after appropriating their effects, bury their bodies in a private cemetery he kept for that purpose. It is very natural, and I do not say it is not very proper, to hang such eccentric persons as this; but it is not clear whether his vagaries produce any more sensation at Head-quarters than the meek enterprises of the mildest of city missionaries. For the study of Moral Teratology will teach you that you do not get such a malformed character as that without a long chain of causes to account for it; and if you only knew those causes, you would know perfectly well what to expect. You may feel pretty sure that our friend of the private cemetery was not the child of pious and intelligent parents; that he was not nurtured by the best of mothers, and educated by the most judicious teachers; and that he did not come of a lineage long known and honored for its intellectual and moral qualities. Suppose that one should go to the worst quarter of the city and pick out the worst-looking child of the worst couple he could find, and then train him up successively at the School for Infant Rogues, the Academy for Young Scamps, and the College for Complete Criminal Education, would it be reasonable to expect a François Xavier or a Henry Martyn to be the result of such a training? The traditionalists, in whose pre-

sumptuous hands the science of anthropology has been trusted from time immemorial, have insisted on eliminating cause and effect from the domain of morals. When they have come across a moral monster they have seemed to think that he put himself together, having a free choice of all the constituents which make up manhood, and that consequently no punishment could be too bad for him.

I say, Hang him and welcome, if that is the best thing for society; hate him, in a certain sense, as you hate a rattlesnake, but, if you pretend to be a philosopher, recognize the fact that what you hate in him is chiefly misfortune, and that if you had been born with his villainous low forehead and poisoned instincts, and bred among creatures of the *Races Maudites* whose natural history has to be studied like that of beasts of prey and vermin, you would not have been sitting there in your gold-bowed spectacles and passing judgment on the peccadilloes of your fellow-creatures.

I have seen men and women so disinterested and noble, and devoted to the best works, that it appeared to me if any good and faithful servant was entitled to enter into the joys of his Lord, such as these might be. But I do not know that I ever met with a human being who seemed to me to have a stronger claim on the pitying consideration and kindness of his Maker than a wretched, puny, crippled, stunted child that I saw in Newgate, who was pointed out as one of the most notorious and inveterate little thieves in London. I have no doubt that some of those who were looking at this pitiable morbid secretion of the diseased social organism thought they were very virtuous for hating him so heartily.

It is natural, and in one sense is all right enough. I want to catch a thief and put the extinguisher on an incendiary as much as my neighbors do; but I have two sides to my consciousness as I have two sides to my heart, one carrying dark, impure blood, and the other the bright stream which has been puri-

fied and vivified by the great source of life and death,—the oxygen of the air which gives all things their vital heat, and burns all things at last to ashes.

One side of me loves and hates; the other side of me judges, say rather pleads and suspends judgment. I think, if I were left to myself, I should hang a rogue and then write his apology and subscribe to a neat monument, commemorating, not his virtues, but his misfortunes. I should, perhaps, adorn the marble with emblems, as is the custom with regard to the more regular and normally constituted members of society. It would not be proper to put the image of a lamb upon the stone which marked the resting-place of him of the private cemetery. But I would not hesitate to place the effigy of a wolf or a hyena upon the monument. I do not judge these animals, I only kill them or shut them up. I presume they stand just as well with their Maker as lambs and kids, and the existence of such beings is a perpetual plea for God Almighty's poor, yelling, scalping Indians, his weasand-stopping Thugs, his despised felons, his murdering miscreants, and all the unfortunates whom we, picked individuals of a picked class of a picked race, scrubbed, combed, and catechized from our cradles upward, undertake to find accommodations for in another state of being where it is to be hoped they will have a better chance than they had in this.

The Master paused, and took off his great round spectacles. I could not help thinking that he looked benevolent enough to pardon Judas Iscariot just at that moment, though his features can knot themselves up pretty formidably on occasion.

— You are somewhat of a phrenologist, I judge, by the way you talk of instinctive and inherited tendencies, — I said.

— They tell me I ought to be, — he answered, parrying my question, as I thought. — I have had a famous chart made out of my cerebral organs, according to which I ought to have been —

something more than a poor *Magister Artium*.

— I thought a shade of regret deepened the lines on his broad, antique-looking forehead, and I began talking about all the sights I had seen in the way of monstrosities, of which I had a considerable list, as you will see when I tell you my weakness in that direction. This, you understand, Beloved, is private and confidential.

I pay my quarter of a dollar and go into all the side-shows that follow the caravans and circuses round the country. I have made friends of all the giants and all the dwarfs. I became acquainted with Monsieur Bihin, *le plus bel homme du monde*, and one of the biggest, a great many years ago, and have kept up my agreeable relations with him ever since. He is a most interesting giant, with a softness of voice and tenderness of feeling which I find very engaging. I was on friendly terms with Mr. Charles Freeman, a very superior giant of American birth, seven feet four, I think, in height, "double jointed," of mylodon muscularity, the same who in a British prize-ring tossed the Tipton Slasher from one side of the rope to the other, and now lies stretched, poor fellow! in a mighty grave in the same soil which holds the sacred ashes of Cribb, and the honored dust of Burke, — not the one "commonly called the sublime," but that other Burke to whom Nature had denied the sense of hearing lest he should be spoiled by listening to the praises of the admiring circles which looked on his dear-bought triumphs. Nor have I despised those little ones whom that devout worshipper of Nature in her exceptional forms, the distinguished Barnum, has introduced to the notice of mankind. The General touches his chapeau to me, and the Commodore gives me a sailor's greeting. I have had confidential interviews with the double-headed daughter of Africa, — so far, at least, as her two-fold personality admitted of private confidences. I have listened to the touching experiences of the Bearded

Lady, whose rough cheeks belie her susceptible heart. Miss Jane Campbell has allowed me to question her on the delicate subject of avoirdupois equivalents; and the armless fair one, whose embrace no monarch could hope to win, has wrought me a watch-paper with those despised digits which have been degraded from gloves to boots in our evolution from the condition of quadrupana.

I hope you have read my experiences as good-naturedly as the Old Master listened to them. He seemed to be pleased with my whim, and promised to go with me to see all the side-shows of the next caravan. Before I left him he wrote my name in a copy of the new edition of his book, telling me that it would not all be new to me by a great deal, for he often talked what he had printed to make up for having printed a good deal of what he had talked.

Here is the passage of his Poem the Young Astronomer read to us.

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

IV.

From my lone turret as I look around
O'er the green meadows to the ring of blue,
From slope, from summit, and from half-hid
vale
The sky is stabbed with dagger-pointed
spires,
Their gilded symbols whirling in the wind,
Their brazen tongues proclaiming to the
world,
"Here truth is sold, the only genuine
ware;
See that it has our trade-mark! You will
buy
Poison instead of food across the way,
The lies of" — this or that, each several
name
The standard's blazon and the battle-cry
Of some true-gospel faction, and again
The token of the Beast to all beside.
And grouped round each I see a huddling
crowd
Alike in all things save the words they use;
In love, in longing, hate and fear the same.

Whom do we trust and serve? We speak
of one

And bow to many; Athens still would find
 The shrines of all she worshipped safe within
 Our tall barbarian temples, and the thrones
 That crowned Olympus mighty as of old.
 The god of music rules the Sabbath choir;
 The lyric muse must leave the sacred nine
 To help us please the *dilettante's* ear;
 Plutus limps homeward with us, as we leave
 The portals of the temple where we knelt
 And listened while the god of eloquence
 (Hermes of ancient days, but now disguised
 In sable vestments) with that other god
 Somnus, the son of Erebus and Nox,
 Fights in unequal contest for our souls;
 The dreadful sovereign of the under world
 Still shakes his sceptre at us, and we hear
 The baying of the triple-throated hound;
 Eros is young as ever, and as fair
 The lovely Goddess born of ocean's foam.

These be thy gods, O Israel! Who is he,
 The one ye name and tell us that ye serve,
 Whom ye would call me from my lonely tower
 To worship with the many-headed throng?
 Is it the God that walked in Eden's grove
 In the cool hour to seek our guilty sire?
 The God who dealt with Abraham as the sons
 Of that old patriarch deal with other men?
 The jealous God of Moses, one who feels
 An image as an insult, and is wroth
 With him who made it and his child unborn?
 The God who plagued his people for the sin
 Of their adulterous king, beloved of him, —
 The same who offers to a chosen few
 The right to praise him in eternal song
 While a vast shrieking world of endless woe
 Blends its dread chorus with their rapturous hymn?
 Is this the God ye mean, or is it he
 Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving heart
 Is as the pitying father's to his child,
 Whose lesson to his children is, "Forgive,"
 Whose plea for all, "They know not what they do"?

I claim the right of knowing whom I serve,
 Else is my service idle; He that asks
 My homage asks it from a reasoning soul.
 To crawl is not to worship; we have learned

A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,
 Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we ape
 The flexures of the many-jointed worm.
 Asia has taught her Allahs and salaams
 To the world's children, — we have grown to men!
 We who have rolled the sphere beneath our feet
 To find a virgin forest, as we lay
 The beams of our rude temple, first of all
 Must frame its doorway high enough for man
 To pass unstooping; knowing as we do
 That He who shaped us last of living forms
 Has long enough been served by creeping things,
 Reptiles that left their foot-prints in the sand
 Of old sea-margins that have turned to stone,
 And men who learned their ritual; we demand
 To know him first, then trust him and then love
 When we have found him worthy of our love,
 Tried by our own poor hearts and not before;
 He must be truer than the truest friend,
 He must be tenderer than a woman's love,
 A father better than the best of sires;
 Kinder than she who bore us, though we sin
 Oftener than did the brother we are told,
 We — poor ill-tempered mortals — must forgive
 Though seven times sinning threescore times and ten.

This is the new world's gospel: Be ye men!
 Try well the legends of the children's time;
 Ye are the chosen people, God has led
 Your steps across the desert of the deep
 As now across the desert of the shore;
 Mountains are cleft before you as the sea
 Before the wandering tribe of Israel's sons;
 Still onward rolls the thunderous caravan,
 Its coming printed on the western sky,
 A cloud by day, by night a pillared flame;
 Your prophets are a hundred unto one
 Of them of old who cried, "Thus saith the Lord";
 They told of cities that should fall in heaps,
 But yours of mightier cities that shall rise
 Where yet the lonely fishers spread their nets,
 Where hides the fox and hoots the midnight owl;

The tree of knowledge in your garden grows
Not single, but at every humble door ;
Its branches lend you their immortal food,
That fills you with the sense of what ye
are,

No servants of an altar hewed and carved
From senseless stone by craft of human
hands,

Rabbi, or dervish, brahmin, bishop, bonze,
But masters of the charm with which they
work

To keep your hands from that forbidden
tree !

Ye that have tasted that divinest fruit,
Look on this world of yours with opened
eyes !

Ye are as gods ! Nay, makers of your
gods, —

Each day ye break an image in your shrine
And plant a fairer image where it stood :
Where is the Moloch of your fathers' creed,
Whose fires of torment burned for span-
long babes ?

Fit object for a tender mother's love !
Why not ? It was a bargain duly made
For these same infants through the surety's
act

Intrusted with their all for earth and heav-
en,

By Him who chose their guardian, knowing
well

His fitness for the task, — this, even this,
Was the true doctrine only yesterday
As thoughts are reckoned, — and to-day
you hear

In words that sound as if from human
tongues

Those monstrous, uncouth horrors of the
past

That blot the blue of heaven and shame
the earth

As would the saurians of the age of slime,
Awaking from their stony sepulchres
And wallowing hateful in the eye of day !

Four of us listened to these lines as
the young man read them, — the Mas-

ter and myself and our two ladies.
This was the little party we got up to
hear him read. I do not think much
of it was very new to the Master or
myself. At any rate, he said to me
when we were alone, —

That is the kind of talk the "natural
man," as the theologians call him, is
apt to fall into.

— I thought it was the Apostle Paul,
and not the theologians, that used the
term "natural man," — I ventured to
suggest.

— I should like to know where the
Apostle Paul learned English ? — said
the Master, with the look of one who
does not mean to be tripped up if he
can help himself. — But at any rate, —
he continued, — the "natural man," so
called, is worth listening to now and
then, for he did n't make his nature,
and the Devil did n't make it ; and if
the Almighty made it, I never saw or
heard of anything he made that was n't
worth attending to.

The young man begged the Lady to
pardon anything that might sound
harshly in these crude thoughts of his.
He had been taught strange things, he
said, from old theologies, when he was
a child, and had thought his way out
of many of his early superstitions. As
for the Young Girl, our Scheherazade,
he said to her that she must have got
dreadfully tired (at which she colored
up and said it was no such thing), and
he promised that, to pay for her good-
ness in listening, he would give her a
lesson in astronomy the next fair even-
ing, if she would be his scholar, at
which she blushed deeper than before,
and said something which certainly was
not No.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE comparison of M. Taine's book on England with Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," and Emerson's "English Traits," will suggest itself at once to most readers, and is one that it is not perfectly able to bear. It is more like the latter than the former; in fact M. Taine's literary attitude is so much like that of Emerson, and characteristics of his style so often recall him, that it seems well for Mr. Emerson that he wrote some twenty years before M. Taine. To be sure there is every intellectual disparity, and the grounds of judgment are separated by the immeasurable remove of Paris from Concord. Both have a certain extravagance of expression; but Emerson's mood is always philosophical, while that of Taine is artistic; the excess of the former leads to some deep poetic thought or sense, the excess of the latter is merely exaggeration and ceases with itself. All the time, too, you feel that the Frenchman is looking at England through a colored glass, which imparts a fantastic and erroneous hue to all he sees in spite of him, and sheds upon his heaps of facts and his neatly arranged inferences the weird lustre of an eclipse. This appears most forcibly when, towards the end, he comes to talk of English art and poetry. Then he forever destroys your fond belief that he is a better critic than Ruskin; and only imagine his taking up poor, forgotten "Aurora Leigh," and telling his French friends that is a type of modern English poetry!

But in observation of the physical aspects of English life, no one, we suspect, has yet surpassed M. Taine, if any one has yet equalled him. This is what makes his book so fascinating that, in spite of its distorted philosophy, it is a positive deprivation to have it end. Some of the chapters are galleries of masterpieces, or, rather, of masterly sketches, fresh, vivid, and most impressive. Such are the chapters on "Sunday in London, the Streets and Parks," "Visit to Epsom and Cremorne Gardens," "Mansions, Parks, and Gardens," "Typical English Men and Wo-

men," "Manchester and Liverpool," in which there are so many brilliant studies that one is hardly able to choose from them. Here is one excellent picture, for a beginning, of rain in London:—

"The rain is small, compact, pitiless; looking at it one can see no reason why it should not continue to the end of all things; one's feet churn water, there is water everywhere, filthy water impregnated with an odor of soot. A yellow, dense fog fills the air, sweeps down to the ground; *at thirty paces a house, a steamboat appear as spots upon blotting-paper.*"

Then for a proof of his apt sense of the beauty of the English climate, here is another exquisite bit:—

"The things which please me most are the trees. Every day, after leaving the Athenæum, I go and sit for an hour in St. James's Park; the lake shines softly beneath its misty covering, while the dense foliage bends over the still waters. The rounded trees, the great green domes make a kind of architecture far more delicate than the other. The eye reposes itself upon these softened forms, upon these subdued tones. . . . There are tones like these in the landscapes of Rembrandt, in the twilight of Van der Neer: the bathed light, the air charged with vapor, the insensible and continuous changes of the vast exhalation which softens, imparts a bluish tint to, and dims the contours, the whole producing the impression of a great life, vague, diffused, and melancholy,—the life of a humid country. At Richmond, I felt this still better. From the terrace can be discerned several leagues of country; the Thames which is not larger than the Seine, winds through meadows, between clumps of large trees. All is green, of a soft green, almost effaced by the distance; one feels the freshness and the peace of the infinite vegetation; the gray sky extends over it a low and heavy dome; at the horizon are whitish mists in floating layers, here and there a darkened cloud, or the violet patch of a shower. From all the ground rises a

Bits of Travel. By H. H. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Smoke. A Russian Novel. By I. S. TURGENEFF. Translated from the author's French version. By WILLIAM F. WEST, A. M. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

* *Notes on England.* By H. TAINE. Translated, with an Introductory chapter, by W. F. RAE. With a portrait of the author. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

Sainterings. By CHARLES D. WARNER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

sluggish mist ; one watches it as if it were a piece of muslin drawn between the interstices of the trees, and gradually the floating gauze of the earth reunites with the uniform veil of the sky. How still is the park ! Troops of deer feed in the moist brake ; the hinds approach the fence, and gaze on the passer-by without fear. The oaks, the lime-trees, the spreading and huge chestnut-trees, are noble creatures which seem to speak in low tones with majesty and security ; at their feet is thick and tall grass ; the blades of grass, whereon the rain has left its tears, smile with a tender and sad grace. A sort of fond quietude emanates from the air, the sky, and all things ; Nature welcomes the soul, weary and worn with striving. How one feels that their landscape suits them, and why they love it !”

His portraits of English people of different grades and conditions are insurpassable, we think : —

“Excepting only the highest class, they [the women] apparel themselves as fancy dictates. One imagines healthy bodies, well built, beautiful at times ; but they must be imagined. The physiognomy is often pure, but also often sheepish. Many are simple babies, new waxen dolls, with glass eyes, which appear entirely empty of ideas. Other faces have become ruddy, and turned to raw beefsteak. There is a fund of folly or of brutality in this inert flesh, too white, or too red. Some are ugly or grotesque in the extreme ; with heron’s feet, stork’s necks, always having the large front of white teeth, the projecting jaws of carnivora. As compensation, others are beautiful in the extreme. They have angelic faces ; their eyes, of pale periwinkle, are softly deep ; their complexion is that of a flower, or an infant ; their smile is divine. One of these days, about ten o’clock in the morning, near Hyde Park Corner, I was rooted to the spot motionless with admiration at the sight of two young ladies ; the one was sixteen, the other eighteen years old. They were in rustling dresses of white tulle amid a cloud of muslin ; tall, slender, agile, their shape as perfect as their face, of incomparable freshness, resembling those marvellous flowers seen in select exhibitions, the whiteness of the lily or orchis ; in addition to all that, gayety, innocence, a superabundance of unalloyed sap and infantine expression, of laughter, and the mien of birds ; the earth did not support them. . . . Sometimes the excess of feed-

ing adds a variety ; this was true of a certain gentleman in my railway-carriage on the Derby day ; large ruddy features, with flabby and pendent cheeks, large red whiskers, blue eyes without expression, an enormous trunk in a short light jacket, noisy respiration ; his blood gave a tinge of pink to his hands, his neck, his temple, and even underneath his hair ; when he compressed his eyelids, his physiognomy was as disquieting and heavy as that seen in the portraits of Henry VIII. ; when in repose, in presence of this mass of flesh, one thought of a beast for the butcher, and quietly computed twenty stones of meat. Towards fifty, owing to the effect of the same diet seasoned with port wine, the figure and the face are spoiled, the teeth protrude, the physiognomy is distorted, and turn to horrible and tragical caricature, as, for example, a fat and fiery general at the Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, who had the air of a bulldog and had a brick-dust face, spotted with violet excrescences. . . . I have in my mind two or three matrons, broad, stiff, and destitute of ideas ; red face, eyes the color of blue china, huge white teeth, — forming the tricolor flag. In other cases the type becomes exaggerated ; one sees extraordinary asparagus-sticks planted in spreading dresses. Moreover, two out of every three have their feet shod with stout masculine boots ; and as to the long projecting teeth, it is impossible to train one’s self to endure them. Is this a cause, or an effect, of the carnivorous *ré-gime* ? The too ornate and badly adjusted dress completes these disparities. It consists of violet or dark crimson silks, of grass-green flowered gowns, blue sashes, jewelry, — the whole employed sometimes to caparison gigantic jades who recall discharged heavy cavalry horses, sometimes vast well-hooped butts, which burst in spite of their hoops. Of this cast was a lady in Hyde Park, one of these days, on horseback, followed by her groom. She was fifty-five, had several chins, the rest in proportion, an imperious and haughty mien ; the whole shook at the slightest trot, and it was hard not to laugh.”

We have selected very much at random from M. Taine’s innumerable pieces, and feel that each of the multitude we have left is better than any we have chosen. But we trust that we have given an idea of his peculiar felicity, and we can assure the reader of his vast scope and variety. There is scarcely a page from which some extraordi-

nary stroke of picturesqueness does not flash out, and dispute your conviction of M. Taine's inability to judge profoundly of the matter he points so forcibly. Nothing, we suppose, is more unerring than his statistics; some features of English polity and society seem wonderfully well seen and reasoned upon; hardly any aspect of English existence is left untouched by the light of his facts, by his guesses, by his lucky thrusts in the dark. We read him with the greatest delight, and we leave him with penitential distrust.

The author of "Saunterings," we greatly fear, lacks that earnestness which we all profess to admire, and should all be so sorry to have in large quantity. In fact, simplicity and humor do not agree together; it is for the heroic moods; the man who laughs and makes laugh is a hopelessly double-minded deluder; and in Mr. Warner there is a suddenness of jest which may well dismay the serious reader; and who at other times has a fineness that leaves you in doubt whether you have really been trifled with or not. What, for example, are we to think of a passage like this in an apparently serious description of a mediæval city gate at Munich? "On one side of the gate is a portrait of the Virgin, on gold ground, and on the other a very passable one of the late Dr. Hawes of Hartford, with a Pope's hat on." In a similar spirit we are told that the older parts of the city abound "in archways and rambling alleys, that suddenly become broad streets and then again contract to the width of an alderman"; so, also, having described a hard-fought bargain with an orange-dealer at Sorrento, he tells us: "A little while after, as I sat upon the outer wall of the terrace of the Camaldoli, with my feet hanging over, these same oranges were taken from my pockets by Americans; so that I am prevented from making any reflections on the honesty of the Italians." The chapter on "The Price of Oranges" is, by the way, the best of the Italian chapters, which are the best of all. The delicate little pictures of nature and human nature, which succeed each other in this chapter, are as prettily done as anything of the kind that we know, as some of them shall here witness;—

"All the highways and the byways, the streets and lanes, wherever I go, from the sea to the tops of the hills, are strewn with orange peel; so that one, looking above and below, comes back from a walk

with a golden dazzle in his eyes,—a sense that yellow is the prevailing color. Perhaps the kerchiefs of the dark-skinned girls and women, which take that tone, help the impression. The inhabitants are all orange-eaters. The high walls show that the gardens are protected with great care; yet the fruit seems to be as free as apples are in a remote New England town about cider-time. . . . The only trouble is to find a sweet tree; for the Sorrento oranges are usually sour in February; and one needs to be a good judge of the fruit, and know the male orange from the female—though which it is that is the sweeter I can never remember (and should not dare to say, if I did, in the present state of feeling on the woman question)—or he might as well eat a lemon. The mercenary aspect of my query does not enter in here. I climb into a tree, and reach out to the end of the branch for an orange that has got reddish in the sun, that comes off easily and is heavy; or I tickle a large one on the top bough with a cane pole; and if it drops readily, and has a fine grain, I call it a cheap one. The oranges that you knock off with your stick, as you walk along the lanes, don't cost anything; but they are always sour, as I think the girls know who lean over the wall, and look on with a smile: and, in that, they are more sensible than the lively dogs which bark at you from the top, and wake all the neighborhood with their clamor. I have no doubt the oranges have a market price; but I have been seeking the value the gardeners set on them themselves. As I walked towards the heights, the other morning, and passed an orchard, the gardener, who saw my ineffectual efforts, with a very long cane, to reach the boughs of a tree, came down to me with a basketful he had been picking. As an experiment on the price, I offered him a two-centime piece,—which is a sort of satire on the very name of money,—when he desired me to help myself to as many oranges as I liked. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a spick-span new red Phrygian cap; and I had n't the heart to take advantage of his generosity, especially as his oranges were not of the sweetest. One ought never to abuse generosity. . . . I like better to go to a little garden in the village of Meta, under a sunny precipice of rocks, overhung by the ruined convent of Camaldoli. I turn up a narrow lane, and push open the wooden door in the garden of a little villa. It is a pretty garden; and, besides the orange and lemon

trees on the terrace, it has other fruit trees, and a scent of many flowers. My friend, the gardener, is sorting oranges from one basket to another, on a green bank, and evidently selling the fruit to some women, who are putting it into bags to carry away. When he sees me approach, there is always the same pantomime. I propose to take some of the fruit he is sorting. With a knowing air, and an appearance of great mystery, he raises his left hand, the palm toward me, as one says hush. Having despatched his business, he takes an empty basket, and with another mysterious flourish, desiring me to remain quiet, he goes to a storehouse in one corner of the garden, and returns with a load of immense oranges, all soaked with the sun, ripe and fragrant, and more tempting than lumps of gold. I take one, and ask him if it is sweet. He shrugs his shoulders, raises his hands, and, with a sidewise shake of the head, and a look which says, How can you be so faithless? makes me ashamed of my doubts. . . . When I am alone, I stroll about under the heavily laden trees, and pick up the largest, where they lie thickly on the ground, liking to hold them in my hand and feel the agreeable weight, even when I can carry away no more. The gardener neither follows nor watches me; and I think perhaps knows, and is not stingy about it, that more valuable to me than the oranges I eat or take away are those on the trees among the shining leaves.

The whole of Mr. Warner's book is very pleasant, even if not all as good as this, and it does not so much matter that its localities are the well-worn routes and the over-frequented sojourns of what is now becoming an intolerably Old World: he is as entertaining in England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, as in the famous garden at Hartford. Much of the material was first printed, we believe, in newspaper letters, and it sometimes refuses to take the polish which authors would fain bestow upon their books; but if your taste is for light touches, for delicate feeling, for sensible reflection, here are these also; and here is the assurance to the critical reader that, good as Mr. Warner's work has been, he has not yet done his best, and that the present enjoyment is a foretaste of richer and fuller pleasures from him.

H. H. in her "*Bits of Travel*" deals with very much the same scenes and places as Mr. Warner, and with a grace and wit worthy to be mentioned in his company.

Our readers remember well enough, no doubt, her charming papers on Gastein and the Italian Tyrol and her German Landlady, — who was so delightful in spite of her incredible broken English, — and we hope they have forgotten the "*Encyclical Letters*" In these familiar epistles she does not well observe the bounds that divide gayety from triviality, and vivacity from flippancy; but these are the besetting faults of all lively lady-writers and even of some men who write. The rest of the book is bright and enjoyable, and if the reader has not always been able to see Europe as H. H. does, he must still allow her a very distinct gift of observation. In fine, "*Bits of Travel*" is a pretty volume that the reader may set on his shelf by the side of half a dozen other thoroughly American books of travel, — so thoroughly American that they may be said to give us a Europe of our own.

Whether M. Turgeneff's story is to be recommended or not as a warm-weather novel, we are not quite certain. The reader, to be sure, will have to make only the initial effort, for the plot and characters are such that once suggested he will not be able to leave them until he knows all about them; but then, it may be too fatiguing to be so vigorously seized and interested, during the summer heats. "*Smoke*" is a book worthy of one's best frame of mind, for morally and æsthetically it is a fiction of the highest class. The people are new, though the materials for the construction of the story are old enough. Gregory Mikailovitch Litvinof, a Russian of middle class, loves in his youth Irene Pavlovna, the capricious daughter of a poverty-stricken old Muscovite prince, when the Czar visits Moscow, and Irene, at the urgency of her parents and lover, goes to the court ball. There her beauty wins so much applause that her uncle, a rich courtier, who has hitherto neglected his poor kinsfolk, invites her to live with his family in St. Petersburg, and her marriage with Litvinof is cruelly broken off. She marries a young general, and two years after, at Baden, she again meets Litvinof, sober now, and instructed by suffering and travel, and tranquilly happy in his betrothal to his cousin Tatiana. The rest is the story of the reviving passion of Litvinof, which Irene, unprincipled, selfish, pitiless, fans into full flame, and then confesses that she also loves him, is wholly his, will fly with him, or whatever he bids her. But at every

step she counts the cost, and ends by declaring that she cannot fly with him, cannot give up either him or the world, and that he must come to live near her in St. Petersburg, where she will find him an office. The insulted Litvinof, who has broken his engagement with Tatiana and has felt every pang of guilt and remorse, has strength left to escape from Baden.

The character of Irene is vividly painted throughout, her passionate fickleness, her selfish calculation, her unscrupulous use of others' love for herself, her jealousy of the purity of Tatiana, her quickness, her art in overpowering Litvinof's good purposes, and in luring him back to her again and again. Her beauty is also painted so that she becomes almost a visible presence; but the intrigue is shown in all the real haggardness of such a passion, full of shame, trouble, fear, unrest. It is with these masterly touches that the author portrays the effect on Litvinof of Irene's acknowledged love:—

"A great change had taken place in Litvinof since the day before; in every attitude and motion, in the very expression of his face, he felt himself another man. All calmness, dignity, and self-respect had vanished; only the ruins of his moral nature remained; the indelible impressions of the last few days had entirely blotted out the good resolutions of the past. He experienced a new, strange, and powerful sensation, which was exceedingly painful to him. An evil spirit had penetrated the sanctuary of his soul, and had silently taken possession there; it had become his master, and he felt its power. Litvinof was ashamed no longer; he felt the rashness of despair mingled with fear. Those captured in battle are familiar with this conflict of feeling; the thief experiences it after his first attempt in crime. Litvinof had been taken captive, his honor had been unexpectedly attacked and had not proved equal to the trial. The train was a few minutes behind time."

He was waiting then for the arrival of Tatiana with his aunt. The scenes that follow are extremely touching and fine; but the little book is full of scenes almost equally good. A marvellous number of figures and characters are sketched, mostly Russian, and related to the most modern aspects of political and social life in Russia. A strain of pitiless sarcasm mocks the national conceit and barbarism; and one sadly recognizes in the Russians' grotesque-

ness, their tall talk, their fondness for all sorts of psychological, social, and political quackery, their likeness to Americans, whom they resemble in their recentness and the geographical vastness of their country. We wish that the likeness held good also in our possession of such a national novelist as Turgeneff.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

If the jests were only a trifle more delicate, or a trifle funnier, we could recommend for those readers who loll in hammocks a little volume of so-called comic sketches entitled *Die fromme Helene*, which attempt to portray the mischievous tricks of a young girl who ill-treats her uncle and aunt, and who comes to a disproportionately bad end. As it is, however, the book must rest upon its own merits. It bears a certain resemblance to the very amusing little caricatures that used to appear in the German illustrated papers and in the Munich *Bilderbogen*, most of which contradicted the commonly received opinion about the power of a German to make a joke. Although the name of the illustrator of this book, Busch, is the same as that of one of the most famous caricaturists in Germany, we have no hesitation in saying that the two must be different men.

For more solid reading we have Karl Grün's *Kulturgeschichte des Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts*, which seems to be an excellent book. It is a reprint of a course of lectures, and although it is not written in the severest style of the historian, it nevertheless is by no means superficial; indeed, it may be stated that the true German is never superficial, the only approach to it being that he is sometimes inaccurate. In this volume we have occasional bursts of eloquence that may make the cool-headed

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Die fromme Helene. Von W. BUSCH. Heidelberg. 1872.

Kulturgeschichte des Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts. Von KARL GRÜN. Leipzig und Heidelberg. 1872.

Zweihundert Bildnisse und Lebensabrisse berühmter deutscher Männer. 3^{te} Auflage. Leipzig. 1870.

Goethe's Briefe an Eichstädt. Berlin. 1871.

L'Invasion. Par LUDOVIC HALÉVY. Paris. 1872.

La Guerre en Province pendant le siège de Paris.

Par C. DE FREYCINET. Paris. 1872.

La Littérature Française des Origines au XVII^e siècle. Par PAUL ALBERT. Paris. 1872.

Les Bourgeois-Gentilshommes de 1871. Paris. 1872.

reader smile, but, notwithstanding, the book has a value.

Although it is not one of the latest appearing volumes, a book called *Zweihundert Bildnisse und Lebensabrisse* may yet be unknown to some of our readers. It contains the portraits, as its name indicates, of the most famous Germans, and they are all carefully engraved from the best originals. To each, whether his fame is world or province wide, a scanty inch of biography in fine type is given. As a specimen, this notice of Goethe is amusing. We give it in the original. German scholars will see the difficulty of translating it. "Ein grosser und glücklicher Dichter. Von der Vorsehung mit allen Gaben zur Erreichung des schönsten Erdenlooses ausgestattet, bei vollem, bewussten Gebrauche desselben dem Leben sich ganz hingebend, Natur-Kunst-und Menschenkenner, Staatsman, nach klarer Anschauung besonnen prüfend, der Leidenschaft zugänglich, aber bis zur Gemüthsruhe sich meisternd, fröhlich im Genusse, stark in der Entsagung, unermüdet thätig und bei jeder Thatigkeit durch reichste innerliche und äusserliche Mittel unterstützt, zog Goethe unendlich viel in den Bereich seines Lebens und producirte das Erlebte in vollendeter Form." It strikes us that our miniature Boswell has done very well.

Goethe's *Briefe an Eichstädt* consists of a number of letters from Goethe to the editor of the *Jenaische Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*. They are all brief and business-like, and perhaps of more interest to a biographer of Goethe than to most readers. The book is well edited.

Of French books the most interesting that we have is Ludovic Halévy's *L'Invasion*. The author, or, rather, the editor, has collected in one volume different recitals of various experiences in the recent war. There is not one which is not interesting, and interesting from its very simplicity and modesty. As long as an eye-witness does not try to rival the historian in the extent of his field of view, he is sure to be interesting. Here, as elsewhere, honesty is of value. One is averse to be too lavish of his praise of books about the war, but, with all modesty, we have no hesitation in recommending this one. Moreover, one is only too ready to forget the miseries of war; we continually see the glittering uniforms and hear the martial music, so a campaign

seems like an adorned picnic; it is well to bear in mind the horrors that always accompany it. Perhaps it is not Quixotic to hope that at some time in the future it may seem as absurd as the duel does now. While we are on this subject, we may mention Charles de Freycinet's new book, *La Guerre en Province pendant le siège de Paris*. This book is more the regular history of martial deeds than the preceding volume; but although it is filled with a natural praise of French deeds, of which posterity may or may not judge differently, it is an important book. It contains many documents, reports, orders, etc., on which it would be by no means easy always to lay the hand.

To return to more peaceful themes, M. Paul Albert has published a book called *La Littérature Française*, which, it seems to us, would be an excellent textbook for schools. Generally, the amount of information that even good students possess about the richness of French literature is extremely limited; but this book, although the extracts are few and brief, might well be read in connection with one which contains fuller specimens of the authors mentioned, such a book as Demogot's or Henig's, for example. The criticisms in this volume are always intelligent and often excellent, and the descriptive, historical part is very good. French literature, if studied at all, should be studied as a whole, and not piecemeal. Of it, as of the history of France, one gets but very unsatisfactory knowledge who starts with the reign of Louis XIV. We recommend this book to all persons who are instructing themselves or others. It should be said that the volume only comes down as far as the beginning of the seventeenth century, but it is of the part before this date that the least is generally known.

Under the title of *Les Bourgeois Gentilshommes de 1871*, or *L'armée d'Henri V.*, an anonymous author has published some heavy and often grossly unpleasant satires of French provincial society of the present time. No one has done this work better than Gustave Droz, and we cannot help regretting the frivolity, let us call it, that but ill adapt his amusing books for general reading. A satirist who exaggerates is like a surgeon who cuts off our arms to cure troubles at our finger-ends. Droz has a light touch, but his lightness becomes levity of a sort that is but too well known as French.

A R T.

MR. THOMAS MORAN, an artist, hitherto better known to the public interested in art by his lithographic drawings, and his drawings-on-the-block for wood-engravers than for his painted pictures, has just finished a work in oils, which, whatever may finally come to be thought of it in its relation to the landscape art of our own time or of other times, cannot but be admitted, by whoever will study it, a work of real artistic and scientific importance. The subject is the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River with the Lower Falls, and it is a lively presentment of one of the most wonderful wonders in a land made by Nature, when, to use the language of her child, the artless Pike, "she had her high-heeled shoes on." So faithful to the facts of the place is the picture, that those who have seen both assure us we might as well be on the spot as looking at this canvas. And this is no doubt a recommendation of the picture to those who, for any one of a half-dozen reasons, would rather not go to the Rocky Mountains just now. This accuracy, however, would hardly be sufficient of itself to give the picture a title to be spoken of under the head of fine arts, and therefore we hasten to say that if it be not, above all and before all, a work in which the imagination has its part, and in which the artist has revealed his love of beauty and his desire to communicate to others what he knows or feels of beauty, it is not because he has not earnestly labored to that end. It is plain that the man who made this picture loves Nature, not

"like a horned cow,
Bird, or deer, or caribou."

but with the deep delight of the poet, and he knows how to interpret her with well-trained skill.

We believe we are right in saying that this picture introduces Mr. Thomas Moran to the public: it is his first important work. He has been for some time known to a small circle; his brother, Mr. Edward Moran, much wider known; and he has from time to time exhibited, but nothing he has done has drawn much notice; only his skill in black-and-white has made him in great demand as an illustrator of books; among these he has for some time been

considered our ablest man. Now, however, he has chosen a larger stage, and entered boldly into the lists. He must be compared with men more known,—with Church and Bierstadt; there are no others with whom it would be worth while to compare him. Setting aside, however, Mr. Church's "Niagara," the noblest landscape yet painted in this country, we judge Mr. Moran's picture worthy the second place; we think the public will finally come to give it that honor as its due.

We are not at all sure, however, if Mr. Moran has done wisely in choosing so pronounced a subject for his picture. Of course, he must be limited by the facts of the place, for, if he be not true to them on the whole, or even in details, he might as well call his picture by any other name. And he has been so conscientiously true to the facts that the temptation is strong in the mind of the ordinary spectator to see nothing on his canvas but a geological and geographical statement, another of those painted photographs of which we already have too many, and which have done so much to give our landscape art a name for childishness and journey-work. Then, again, we doubt the wisdom of taking so large a canvas, not merely for what we are used to hearing called "practical" reasons,—that our houses are too small to show these big pieces well, and that not many purchasers are to be found for them, etc, etc.,—but for a reason that may not seem to everybody so important, this, namely, that the taking so large a canvas seems to imply the necessity for so much space to do justice to the landscape in.

The truth is, as very little study of the matter will convince, that a painter with a true eye for proportions can get as much grandeur into a small space as into a large one. Here, on this intaglio,—no bigger than the agate-stone on the forefinger of an alderman,—the Greek has cut a Venus as grand and beautiful to the right-seeing eye as if she were the size of her of Milo. Take up Rogers's "Italy" and open to the very first of Turner's designs. It is plain that if he had had two square yards to work in, he could not have given us more space, and air, and height, and distance, than he has given us in barely two square

inches. It seems to us that Mr. Moran has this power to perceive proportions, and the skill to convey to others his sense of them. We have no doubt that if he were to copy this large picture on a smaller canvas, it would make on the mind the same impression of grandeur that is made by the larger one. For the artist has not o'erstepped the modesty of nature : he has neither overdone his work nor come tardy off. And this healthful, direct, unaffected method of dealing with his subject goes far to justify his working on so large a scale. For, filled as he was with admiration of the scene, and with a mind stored with facts and impressions, the fruit of his long study, he went joyfully to his work and knew that he had enough to say to fill the time. No doubt, it makes a great difference whether a man has material enough to make every part of a large canvas interesting, or must merely hope to carry the day by a single impression. If he cannot do this last on the small canvas, he cannot do it on the large. Also, it has happened not seldom that men have made a happy hit within a circumference of a few inches, and have thought that to repeat this on a big canvas was to make a great picture. But the more canvas, the more fact, — facts of imagination, thoughts, suggestions. Mr. Moran is well furnished with facts ; they make his picture a most interesting study. The variety of the rocks, the limestones, the basalts, the porphyries, with the varied action of the water on each, resulting in curious and picturesque differences of form ; the color, either natural to the rock, or stained upon it by the metallic oxides, or overlaid upon it by the sulphur of the innumerable springs ; the glancing river, with its delicious azure bright between the whirling foam ; the pine-trees drawn with splendid vigor, and seen near, with detailed truth, their strong lines cutting clear against the delicate sky streaked with *cirrus*, and veiled with the veil of the leaping cataract upborne by her arrowy flight ; then, on the far horizon, a cloud among clouds, the snow-covered range of the Rocky Mountains, and on the plain between them and the great lake that feeds this river the spouting geysers looking like the sails of ships, as everybody is quick to remark ; — these are a few of the incidents that make the picture pleasant to look long upon. One does not need to be instructed in art to enjoy it ; its appeal is to the general love of nature, to the love of color, and of grandeur in forms and lines.

Perhaps, also, it appeals a little to the pleasure we all may have, and not be ashamed of it, in the fact that this wonderful place is not merely a bit of the continent, but is, indeed, the private property of every man, woman, and child of us, being in the very middle of that generous tract of 3,578 square miles which by the energy and persistence of Professor F. V. Hayden, backed by good men and true in both Houses, Hon. S. C. Pomeroy in the Senate, and Hon. W. S. Claggett in the House, has been set apart forever as a public park for the people of the whole United States to walk abroad and recreate themselves.

This year, the presence of the Peace Jubilee seems to have effected an artificial prolongation of the picture seasons ; and Mr. Selous's "Jerusalem in her Grandeur," and "Jerusalem in her Fall," remained still on exhibition, last month, at the auction-rooms of Messrs. Leonard, Bird, & Co.

Mr. Selous, the descriptive pamphlet informs us, is an English artist of French extraction ; but in his case, as last month in that of another London painter, we have again to regret that pictures which do not fairly represent the English school should be associated with it in appearance. These paintings in particular do not belong to any phase of British art. But their peculiar merits are, as we shall have occasion to show, quite distinct from those which distinguish any school of art whatever, and consist in the historical and topographical memoranda which they offer. The suggestive antithesis of the titles finds but little response in the pictures themselves. The first represents Christ's entry into Jerusalem ; and in the foreground, accordingly, are seen his figure, with those of the adoring multitude, about to pass over the brow of the Mount of Olives, from which point the view is taken, on their way to the city below and beyond. But the real interest lies in the imaginary representation of the Holy City, as it existed at the time of this event. Here the artist takes in hand what in itself is a subject full of pictorial possibilities. But he seems to have preferred resting upon the extraneous interests of locality and historic association, rather than upon those with which he should, as a painter, have chiefly concerned himself. We have here no poetic, colorous dream of the past in the strains of Turner's "Ancient Rome," which, however it be wanting in coherent or accurate detail, must always remain true in spirit and effect, but simply

an elaborated bird's-eye view of a great expanse of walls and towers and gardens. Nor do we find much assistance in bringing the two hundred and fifty distinct points of interest into a satisfactory unity of effect, beyond what is afforded by the fact of their being included within the limits of one city, and in the presence of a sparse blue mist, which, rising dimly from the valley of Kedron, suffuses a large part of the canvas. But even could we believe that the latter adjunct supplies the something which is needed to make this large expanse of oil-paint a thoroughly harmonious whole, it would still be too transparent a medium to veil successfully the unhappy coloring of the various portions. Mr. Selous's imagination, in short, has not served him in restoring the aspect of the day on which the sacred occurrence with which he deals took place, so well as the mere relative position and general appearance of the different city quarters. It is only when we take the descriptive pamphlet in hand that we find any satisfaction in looking at the piece. And then it is a satisfaction not at all depending on its pictorial qualities, but, as we have hinted, on the identification of building sites. Taken for this, however, which is its only real benefit to us, it is a very useful production, being, so far as we are able to judge, painstaking and accurate, and consequently valuable for reference. Abstractly, the acme of excellence in treating subjects of this scope could be attained only by the picture which should combine accuracy of detail with unity of effect and a vital color-harmony. Of art developed from this principle, Holman Hunt's picture of Christ in the Temple is a striking instance. But in general it is esteemed safer

for the artist — Washington Allston making it a rule in all paintings — not to have an eye too alert for detail, in other words, to be able to forget something. The two parties adherent to these differing principles divide the truth between them, and disagree more or less as to the proportions of the division. But Mr. Selous, it is perhaps needless to say, falls wholly below the plane on which these opposing parties meet, his talent being more that of the panoramic illustrator than that of the artist. We have been at pains, however, clearly to define his position, because it is precisely from works of this nature — so attractive and popular in certain regards, yet so entirely deficient in the essentials of high art — that public taste with us has at present the most to dread. Paintings which draw the beholder by some interest more tangible to the common sense than those which are purely pictorial, must necessarily be the most in favor before the higher natural taste induced by culture comes to predominate. In the mean time they are not to be discouraged, but also they should not be allowed to mislead.

"Jerusalem in her Fall" is more successful in point of color than the companion-piece. But taken on general grounds, apart from the truthfulness with which it may have reproduced the original scene, it is not at all an inspiring landscape. We are haunted by the sense of paint in its earth, and in its sky find no refreshment. Both works are characterized, or, rather, made wellnigh characterless, by the thinness of the painting, and gain in the engravings which were exhibited simultaneously with them.

THE STAGE.

IN these warm summer days, when musical matters usually present but few points of interest, the critic who has closely followed the course of musical events during the preceding winter and spring may be allowed to feel that his vacation-time has come. This year, to be sure, the all-devouring Jubilee has come upon us, and loudly claims our attention by roar of artillery, clash of anvils, and the sound of

many trumpets. But at the time of writing this, the many-headed monster has not yet run its allotted course, and we shall calmly await its dying gasp, or perhaps we should rather say its victorious apotheosis, before we venture to express an opinion as to its virtues and vices. In the mean time we shall take occasion to say a few words on another subject which custom has brought within the musical critic's province, and

which is always more or less intimately connected with musical affairs, namely, the theatre.

Now that the old Puritanical notions about the immorality and wickedness of all sorts of theatrical representations have but few advocates, and that the theatre is regarded generally as after all an innocent and often instructive amusement, we shall indulge in a little, perhaps incoherent, chit-chat about some of the imperfections and abuses in our theatres, glad to be able to say at the outset that the shortcomings of our stage are by far oftener sins against art than against morality.

One of the most striking faults in our dramatic entertainments is bad elocution. From those actors who do the leading business in our best stock companies down to the blood-and-thunder villains and persecuted saints at our lowest variety theatres, our actors one and all seem possessed with an invincible determination to throw heavy stress upon the wrong part of almost every sentence. We remember to have heard last winter one of our very best stock actors, a gentleman of great talent, refined perceptions, and a conscientious, painstaking artist, say, "If I had but SERVED my God with HALF the zeal I SERVED my king, he" (very small "he") "*would not*," etc. Of course such actors as Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, William Warren, Joseph Jefferson, and a few others, do not come within this category, but we think that among the stock companies in Boston and New York, the actors with whom this is not a besetting fault can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is also a surprising unanimity in the *manner* in which they will ignore all the important words and accentuate the unimportant ones. Nine actors out of ten will, in a given passage, make precisely the *same* mistakes. This points to the existence of some more definite cause than the mere want of any high degree of artistic culture among them, and we are inclined to rank this distressing eccentricity of emphasis with many of the old stage traditions which are gradually losing their hold upon the general style of acting, such as the old stage walk, the conventional manner of leaving the stage, and some other theatrical peculiarities, to which the tragic stage especially still pertinaciously clings. Our actors of genteel comedy are happily almost entirely free from many of these traditional absurdities, and when they are called upon to act in tragedy, as they

usually are some few times in the winter, on benefit nights or during the engagement of some famous tragic star, it is refreshing to notice how much more naturally and humanly they deport themselves than those actors who have been brought up to tragic or sensational business. We remember noticing last winter, when an eminent tragedian was playing an engagement at one of our leading comedy theatres, how creditably most of the stock actors got through their parts, but there was one heroic individual who had but recently become a member of the company, having just left a theatre where the tragic muse was more exclusively cultivated. He had only an unimportant part, but it was edifying to see how he strutted about in his buskins, with what a tyrannical scowl and what gnashing and grinding of teeth he would bid a friend welcome, and with what pent-up emotions of bitter hatred and thwarted vengeance he glared at the phlegmatic attendant of whom he ordered a goblet of wine. "Any one could see that *he* was an actor," as our friend Partridge said. But this gasping and grinding of teeth, these acrobatic contortions in walking, are now happily rare, though the putting an emphasis on the right word in a sentence seems to be a thing which actors as yet cannot and will not do. This false accentuation is no doubt a remnant of the old traditional singsong which at one time was considered to be the indispensable accompaniment to blank verse in the heroic drama, and which once excited such violent partisanship on the stage of the Comédie Française in Paris. This metrical declamation, which is not without its merits in the mouth of an accomplished artist, becomes uncomfortably ludicrous when not well done; and when it is transplanted into the prose drama, we get something that is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

Another point that we often notice with dismay in our theatres is the utter disregard to the characteristic dressing of women on the stage. We have by dint of long experience got accustomed to seeing Rosina, a young lady, it is to be supposed, rather delicately brought up by a jealous guardian, prepared to run away with Almaviva in a thunder-storm with a small black lace shawl for her only outer garment, and shod in the prettiest possible little paper-soled slippers without any overshoes. We are no longer shocked at seeing Amina enter the count's chamber in a becomingly cut white

tarlatan dress, which seems to have been ingeniously fashioned so as to be both a comfort and an ornament to the fair wearer under almost any other circumstances than in going to bed. Rosina was probably in a great hurry to run away, and young ladies under the influence of that violent passion known as first love are, especially in fiction, proverbially indifferent to such trifles as wet feet or colds in the head; Amina has had several songs and a fatiguing duet in the first act, and being besides in a troubled state of mind, may be excused for going to bed and practising somnambulism in a costume at once resembling a *peignoir* and a ball-dress. Besides, he who objects to nonsense in any form in an Italian opera will get himself into a pretty peck of troubles if he rides his hobby too hard. But when we see gallant knights of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, glittering in armor, gold braid, and spangles, on the most intimately respectful terms with fair damsels and stately matrons habited according to fashions ranging chronologically from about the year 1865 to the last Paris mode-plates, we confess to a certain sense of incongruity that makes us eye the manager's announcements of "gorgeous *mise-en-scène*, new and appropriate costumes!" with feelings closely akin to distrust. When the action of the drama is carried back into classical or mythological times, this defect is to a certain extent remedied, and the tunico-pallium makes a becoming and graceful costume even to our modern eyes, although at times it may dangerously suggest the "statty of a lady hin bathin'," so much admired in the Vatican by an illustrious cockney. But neither the stola nor the tunico-pallium (there exists some confusion in our theatre wardrobes between the Roman and the Grecian garment) could counteract the modernizing effect of the portentous waterfall that we have seen appended to Vergilia's head. We have said that in the classical dramas the dresses of our women were generally better chosen and often fully as becoming as in those plays where the scene is laid in mediæval times. Strangely enough, the reverse is the case with the men. Most of the noble Romans on our stage, when enveloped in the toga, bear a painful resemblance to those shivering, white-sheeted figures that one may see crawling up the beach toward the bathing-houses any day during the season at Boulogne-sur-mer. When our classical actor lays aside the toga in the supposed privacy of his own apart-

ment, and displays his stalwart form in all the glory of a tunic and pink fleshings with a general appearance of having forgotten to put on his collar, then, perhaps from the force of association, perhaps from some inherent quality in the modern physique and bearing that does not lend dignity to the antique costume, we must confess to finding him incomplete without some such accompaniment as a flying trapeze, a balancing-pole or other instrument of acrobatic torture. In fact his resemblance to a circus-rider is too intense to be overlooked. We have never yet seen a Roman soldier on the stage with his sword at his right side, though all the authorities unite in telling us that it was so worn in ancient times.

The *mise-en-scène* at our theatres is in general very poor, though there are a few worthy exceptions. We have often pitied poor Don Giovanni at his solitary banquet in the last act, and admired the stoical indifference or the polite assumption of relish with which he would wipe his mustache after each tiny mouthful of cold tongue and each sip of aerated toast-water or cider. It has sometimes seemed almost unnaturally cruel in Donna Elvira not to have accepted his jovial invitation (poor Don! jovial even over cold tongue and toast-water) *se ti piace, mangia con me*, if only for the sake of companionship. But we have seen cases where most ludicrous situations have been brought about simply by the most impudently culpable neglect of stage directions. We have seen the sextett, *Sola, Sola*, in *Don Giovanni*, sung in what was to all appearance a baronial hall of rather cheerful aspect, instead of the *bujo loco* mentioned in the text. The audience must have been at a loss to understand how the various couples happened to meet so inopportunistly in a room that evidently belonged to none of them, unless, indeed, it were the public parlor of a hotel. The apotheosis of persecuted heroines in the fifth act is a scenic-effect that seems to be still the despair of stage mechanists as well as the terror of any but the most confidently imaginative audience. But as playwrights often insist upon the souls of their virtuous heroines going visibly to heaven, and as human mechanism is necessarily imperfect, we suppose that the beatified spirits must continue, as of yore, to wing their jerky flight toward the realms of bliss in what might be called a sort of aerial stage-walk. But we do not see why the asperities of even paste-board clouds should

necessitate the wearing of high-heeled boots by the attendant angels.

One of the most lamentable shortcomings of our stage is the poorness of our ballet. Most of our solo dancers deserve rather the name of contortionists than of dancers; and we are sorry to see that our public seems to appreciate what is difficult rather than what is graceful. Good dancing rises to the dignity of a fine art, and in the hands (or feet) of real artists like Mademoiselle Morlacchi or Mademoiselle Betty Rigl, it becomes an æsthetic entertainment of a very high order; but nowa-

days, the acrobatic school of dancing has wellnigh put all grace to flight, and we see little else than strained, unnatural postures and what appears to be a desire to show how far the tibial and peroneal muscles may be stretched without snapping. Very few of our dancers have even a respectable amount of *ballon*, that india-rubber-like quality that gives the dancer the appearance of dancing two or three feet above the level of the stage, and which is one of the most difficult parts of the art to acquire. As for our *corps de ballet*, they are one and all beneath criticism.

SCIENCE.

IN our scientific gossip for June, we gave a brief account of some of the interesting conclusions which have been reached concerning the connection between solar spots, the aurora borealis, and the positions of several of the planets. It was observed that sun-spots regularly increase and diminish in frequency through periods of about eleven years; that the amount of magnetic disturbance upon the earth's surface depends intimately upon the frequency of sun-spots; and that there is a curious relation between the appearance of the spots and the positions of those planets which, by reason either of size or of proximity, are able to exert considerable gravitative force upon the solar atmosphere. Respecting the parallelism between the three orders of phenomena, as established by elaborate observations, there can be no doubt whatever. But for a thorough scientific explanation of the parallelism we have perhaps still long to wait. We can only conjecture, with much plausibility, that the gravitative force of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn produces marked tidal phenomena in the sun's atmosphere, thus causing variations in those cyclonic solar storms which we call sun-spots; and that, in some way, variations in solar magnetism thus produced bring about variations in the magnetic currents of the earth and other planets.

To the number of apparently disparate phenomena thus grouped together, it is now sought to add another still less obviously connected class of facts. Mr. B. G. Jenkins, of London, has observed that

cholera epidemics have a period of recurrence equal to a period and a half of sun-spots. Reckoning, for example, from the year 1800, which was a minimum year of sun-spots, we get, says the author, "as a period and a half the date 1816.66, which was shortly before the great Indian outbreak; another period and a half gives 1833.33, a year in which there was a maximum of cholera; another, 1849.99, that is, 1850, a year having a maximum of cholera; another, 1866.66, a year having a maximum of cholera; another, 1883.33, as the year in which there will be a cholera maximum. It follows from what has been already said that 1783.33 would be a year in which cholera was at a maximum. Now it is a fact, that in April 1783, there was a great outbreak of the disease at Hurdwar." To all this add the interesting fact that "the number of deaths from cholera in any year, for example, the deaths in Calcutta during the six years 1865-1870, increased as the earth passed from perihelion, especially after March 21, came to a minimum when it was in aphelion [July 1], and increased again when it passed to perihelion, and notably after equinoctial day."

In view of the possibility thus suggested, that the progress of cholera may be influenced by effects wrought upon the earth's atmosphere by the sun's changes, it is interesting to observe the results which have been obtained from a comparison of the various routes upon which the disease is wont to travel. Mr. Jenkins holds that there are seven centres, or originating points of the disease. Of these the most

conspicuous is the region about the mouth of the Ganges. The others are on the west coast of Africa, in Arabia north of Mecca, in the east of China, in the Sandwich Islands, in a portion of the Pacific near Lower California, and in the Atlantic north of the West Indies. From these centres or foci, at the cholera periods, there proceed cholera currents about fourteen hundred miles in breadth; and at some of the epochs of cholera maximum, all these streams are simultaneously in motion. This was the case in 1833, in 1850, and in 1866.

The direction of the cholera currents is northwest and southwest: in 1818, for example, the disease, starting at Calcutta, advanced in these two directions in such a way that all places attacked by it on the one line were situated at right angles to the places visited on the other line. In this way the stream coming from India attacks Russia and Scandinavia, but leaves the remainder of Europe unharmed; while the stream coming from Arabia visits Southern and Western Europe, but does not affect Russia. The conduct of the five other streams is quite similar. Accordingly, if a terrestrial globe be covered with a system of bands running in a northwest and in a southwest direction from the seven cholera centres, and representing the cholera streams, the portions covered by these bands will represent the portions of the earth's surface which have been visited by the disease during the past century; while the areas intercepted between the bands represent geographical areas which have uniformly escaped from the cholera. So strictly does it seem to have been confined within the limits here laid down, that ships far out at sea have been suddenly smitten with cholera on entering the path of its progress, and upon emerging from the fatal track have as suddenly found relief.

Any theory affording a physical explanation of these interesting facts would at present be premature. It must be left for critics especially acquainted with the history of cholera to verify Mr. Jenkins's facts. If his statements are accurate, we have, in the definite paths travelled over by the disease at definite periods, a very significant circumstance. Such a fact points to the conclusion that the periodical outbreak and spread of cholera are determined, not by local miasma so much as by causes affecting the whole earth considered as a planet. Whether these causes are in any way asso-

ciated with the periodic variations in terrestrial magnetism due to solar agency, must for the present remain doubtful. Certainly we have not now at command any data for a deductive explanation of such an association, and it may very likely turn out that the agreement of two cholera periods with three periods of sun-spots is after all an accidental or empirical coincidence. Even accepting the coincidence as one which may by and by be found to possess a physical significance, we are confronted by the apparent anomaly, not yet by any means explicable, that the epochs of maximum disease correspond alternately with epochs of minimum and of maximum disturbance of the earth currents. Here is a point which demands explanation. Nevertheless, even as it stands, the correspondence is well worth noting as furnishing suggestive hints for future observers. When we have learned that the compass-needle, poised in its box upon our table, is at this moment swayed on its pivot by a tornado raging ninety-two million miles away in the fiery atmosphere of the sun, there is little room left us for astonishment or incredulity if we are next informed that the same gigantic tornado may be indirectly interfering with the functions of our livers. Only the information must be duly certified by patient inquiry, and neither accepted because it is wonderful nor rejected because it is strange. If verified, it will add but one more to the host of facts which are daily teaching us to look upon the universe as a sort of boundless jelly, which if it be anywhere shaken, will quiver to its farthest end. The dreams of the old astrology, too, will be curiously realized if it turn out that a terrestrial epidemic is in such wise dependent on the commotion excited in the sun by planetary gravitation that, for instance, the baleful conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn might visit the nations with a plague.

Since the time when Liebig classified alcohol along with starch, sugar, and fat as one of the heat-producing foods, the questions have been seriously discussed, whether alcohol is really heat-producing, and whether it is a food. Strictly defined, a food is any substance which supports life by undergoing chemical transformation within the body and by becoming incorporated with the tissues. It is with reference to this definition that the controversy concerning alcohol has been carried on. Yet that this definition, however good in its way, is liable to be practically misleading,

is obvious from the fact that water, which, as being absolutely essential to the support of life, is entitled to be called a food, nevertheless percolates untransformed through the tissues, and quits the body in the same chemical condition in which it enters it. Whether alcohol is to be practically regarded as a food or not, depends not so much upon whether it is oxidized within the body as upon whether it actually contributes toward the support of life in the total absence of other foods. Upon this latter point there is now no question : it is certain that wine or spirits will prolong life for a considerable time without the aid of other means of sustenance. The former point, however, — a point of great scientific interest, — still remains undecided. It has been ably argued by Lallemand, Duroy, and Perrin, that all alcohol taken into the system is eliminated without change ; while, on the other hand, Baudot, Dupré, Walowicz, and Anstie have vigorously opposed this statement. Lately Dr. Subbotin has conducted some elaborate experiments upon rabbits, with a view to the further elucidation of this difficulty. Alcohol of the strength of 29 per cent (about the strength of strong port or sherry) was injected into

the rabbit's stomach, and all the excretions were afterwards carefully examined. As a result, it was found that during the twenty-four hours following the injection, at least 16 per cent of the alcohol was eliminated either as unchanged alcohol or as aldehyde. Though Dr. Subbotin is inclined to agree with Lallemand and his coadjutors, it would seem that this experimental result is by no means sufficient to determine the case. By far the larger portion of the injected alcohol failed to reappear in the excretions ; and the appearance of aldehyde is a positive fact in favor of the view that the alcohol is at least partially transformed. That some alcohol is always or usually eliminated unchanged is denied by no one who knows that wine can be detected in the breath. When we remember how rapidly alcohol is absorbed into the blood, it would be indeed strange if some of it were not soon given off through the lungs and skin. The question, however, is whether the whole of the quantity taken in is ejected without being temporarily assimilated ; and this point Dr. Subbotin has by no means made out. His paper may be found in the *Zeitschrift für Biologie*, Band VII. Heft 4.

POLITICS.

THE chief political event of the month of June was not the Philadelphia Convention, where General Grant was renominated with such suspicious unanimity ; nor any of the other conventions that filled the newspapers with their transient rumors and their perishable eloquence. These mark but tides and currents with their floating drift-wood ; while the speech of Mr. Sumner against the President is a heavy anchor thrown to the bottom to keep the ship from drifting. If it finds "holding ground" in the mood of the people, it will offer the greatest resistance yet made to the re-election of Grant ; if the people give little heed, Mr. Sumner himself is to suffer by it. How then has the country received it ? Evidently not as Mr. Sumner hoped, for he permitted himself to imagine it might defeat the renomination at Philadelphia ; but quite as evidently not as the President's partisans expected either. It was widely

published, though few of the administration journals gave it in full ; and it has been generally read, as all Mr. Sumner's great speeches are, — read with a shock and thrill of pain too, for men said, "Can it be that we obey such a blockhead Cæsar as these words describe ?" And the first answer was commonly, "No, General Grant has some traits of the picture, but it is not a portrait." Even if it were true, said some, why paint it ? Why insist upon the deformities of the woman whom your friend is about to marry ? If he has made up his mind to take her for better or worse, he will think as well of her as possible, and as ill of you for decrying her. This was the obvious mistake of Mr. Sumner in waiting till the minister and the wedding guests had arrived before he forbade the banns. Had he made the same speech the week before the Cincinnati Convention, Mr. Greeley would not have been nominated there, and perhaps

not General Grant at Philadelphia. But when he did make it, the Republicans had agreed to take Grant for better or worse, and the sharp criticism only enraged them, or grieved them; it has not yet convinced them, and there is no immediate prospect that it will.

This does not hinder it from being a great speech, nor from having ultimately a great effect on the Presidential canvass. It may not be unanswerable, but it certainly has not been answered. It is no answer to say, as the newspapers do, that Mr. Stanton *did* mention General Grant's name in his campaign addresses of 1863; the fact remains that in 1869 Mr. Stanton did not think him fit to be President. Indeed, some of the administration journals admit that he "cannot govern this country," and say that he never should try; that he lets the people govern it, as they ought. But if this were so, and the President only a figurehead to our ship, we should have a right, surely, to demand a more ornamental one. Nor is it any answer to praise General Grant's military success, as Mr. Logan does, for that Mr. Sumner admits; nor to tell the Massachusetts Senator, as Mr. Carpenter did, that *he* is as bad as Burke, or is guilty of blasphemy for inventing an addition to the decalogue, or to say that gift-taking and nepotism are right. Quite as effective would it be to reply to Mr. Sumner, quoting from Scripture, that "a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise," "General Grant is not wise, and therefore the text has no application to him." Nor is it any answer, hardly even a fair comment on the speech, to charge that angry personal feeling inspired it. For anger could not invent the facts narrated, and it is these, rather than the inferences from them, that condemn the President. He has taken gifts, he has appointed his relatives to office, he has quarrelled with many persons, he has neglected and violated laws, he has shown an ignorance of the first principles of statesmanship, and surrounded himself with unworthy persons. Whatever Mr. Sumner's private griefs may be, these things are publicly true and have lost none of their truth by Mr. Sumner's manner of statement. This also, it must be said, is singularly compact and simple for the Senator. He is always ornate and clumsy in quotation, always embroiders his matter too much with certain stiff rhetorical patterns, always says grotesque things. But the effect of none of his speeches is grotesque, least of all this

one. The peculiar rhetoric is there, but also a nervous strength, a paring away of his periods, which few of his speeches can equally show. Whatever its faults of rhetoric, it has been read and will be read and pondered more than any speech yet made in this political campaign.

THE late Republican Convention at Philadelphia was in some respects the most remarkable of all the national conventions; no less so in its way, perhaps, than the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions of the Democratic party in 1860, through the action of which the Republican party was introduced to power in the national government. Then, as now, the dominant party in the country was seriously divided, and had for its opponents the rising hopes and liberal ideas of a new party, as well as the traditions and prejudices of an old and dying organization. But no contrast could be sharper than that afforded by the Democratic Convention of 1860 and the Republican Convention of 1872; the one full of faction and contest from the first, and foreordained to be broken in two as it finally was at Baltimore; the other manifesting a strict unanimity too complete to be real, and therefore, as was remarked above, open to suspicion. Again, at Charleston the negro was trampled under foot and spurned equally by both factions of the Democracy, while at Philadelphia he was held in exceptional honor, took a leading part in the speech-making, and wielded the balance of power in the only disputed nomination. Yet several of the delegates at Charleston and at Philadelphia were the same men, — Orr of South Carolina, Butler and Loring of Massachusetts, for example; and Dr. Loring, who was prominent in the most ultra proslavery faction of the Democracy in 1860, was one of the architects of the Philadelphia platform and the leading member of the Massachusetts delegation; while the honors of the New York delegation, and indeed of the whole convention, fell upon Mr. Gerrit Smith, the old friend and coadjutor of John Brown. The nomination of General Grant by this convention, was expected by everybody, but it was believed there would be a show of opposition, as in the French *plébiscites*; yet there was none at all, while his picture, as the "man on horseback" seen by Caleb Cushing in apocalyptic vision, was unveiled by a true Parisian *coup de théâtre*, amid the plaudits of seven hundred and sixty-two unanimous

delegates. To join with his name that of Henry Wilson for the second place on the ticket was also natural in such a convention, though few except Mr. Wilson himself expected it beforehand; and this name, on the whole, has strengthened the ticket where it most needed strength,—at the South and in doubtful States like Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. The platform is an ingenious composition, best described perhaps in the apologetic speech of Mr. Scofield, who submitted it, wherein he expressed the hope that “if gentlemen did not find in the platform everything they desired, they would rest assured that nothing was excluded from any indisposition to take up and act upon everything.” Indeed, its comprehensiveness is only equalled by its vagueness. If it were as pronounced as it is long, it would be the most aggressive political platform ever offered to an indifferent people; but its native hue of resolution nowhere departs from the paleness and sympathetic invisibility for which platforms are noted. Hold the tariff resolution to the fire of the Pennsylvania smelting-furnace, and it reads “Protection”; warm it in the blaze of a prairie-fire, and it can be translated “Revenue Reform.” The resolution about women is equally equivocal; it satisfies the ardent Dr. Blackwell, and is supposed not to offend the conservative Dr. Todd. Some of the other resolutions are open to another sort of comment; they are not so vague as they are canting. We are told in the first one that the Republican party has held “supremacy” for eleven years, has suppressed rebellion, emancipated four million slaves, created and reduced the debt, etc., etc., and then we are solemnly assured in the fifth, sixth, and tenth resolutions that this same party believes that the civil service ought to be reformed, land grants to corporations no longer made, and the franking privilege abolished. Is it possible, the credulous reader may ask, that this great party, that could confer suffrage upon the blacks, has not yet been able to abolish the franking privilege? Are the Republicans that claim the credit of measures for which we are paying by taxation at the rate of \$150,000,000 a year, still giving away millions of acres to railroad stock-jobbers? Have they exterminated slavery, and yet not stopped the political assessments in the custom-houses and post-offices? Where there’s a will there’s a way; and this platform shows exactly how much sincerity

there is in the party professions on these matters of present importance. The sixteenth resolution will be hailed at the South either as a bitter joke or as the harbinger of a change of policy. If honest, it is both a confession and a promise of amendment; for it pledges the party to “respect the powers reserved by the people to themselves as carefully as the powers delegated by them to the States and to the Federal government”; and it disapproves of “an interference with rights not surrendered by the people.” But the cynical Southern men will say that the party has respected these powers equally by treating all with like disrespect, and that its whole course since 1863 has been an interference with rights that were either not surrendered or were given back after the Rebellion. The candidates presented are more important than the platform, however, and of these we must speak in another connection. They represent the party in its present attitude as well as any two men could; while the only candidates yet offered on the other side ludicrously fail to represent the principles for which they are supposed to stand. In this respect Philadelphia was far more logical than Cincinnati; yet Cincinnati had the more honest platform and represented a spontaneous utterance of popular sentiment much better than Philadelphia.

BEFORE this page comes to our readers, the Baltimore Convention will have come and gone. Though it is still a future event as we write, there is now as little doubt that it will ratify the Cincinnati ticket, as there was beforehand that General Grant would be nominated at Philadelphia. State convention after convention has yielded to Mr. Greeley, until the continuance or repeal of that ancient Democratic device, the “two-thirds rule,” is no longer of any importance, for it is plain that more than two thirds of the convention will favor him. Meantime, the New York conference, at which it was hoped to set aside Greeley and present a new name for the opponents of Grant to unite upon, has only strengthened the Greeley movement, giving to it the now undoubted support of Senators Schurz and Trumbull, of Messrs. Cox and Brinnerhoff of Ohio, Mr. David A. Wells, Colonel Grosvenor, and other hesitating leaders of the Liberal Republicans. The nomination of Mr. William Groesbeck and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted for President and Vice-President, by a small segment of the Free-

Trade party, respectable as the ticket and its supporters are, hardly offers the Democrats and the Liberal Republicans an alternative, from the choice they are now required to make between Grant and Wilson on one side, and Greeley and Brown on the other. Either the Philadelphia or the Cincinnati ticket now seems certain to be elected; let us see what are the attractions and the probable destinies of each. Between the two Presidential candidates, pitiful as it is to be compelled to choose one of two evidently unfit persons for the highest office in the nation, our preference and that of the American people, we trust, would be for General Grant. He represents a great success, partly military and partly political, in conquering the Rebellion and closing the era of civil war; though of proved incapacity in civil government, he is still believed to be honest, cautious, and steady, with a reserve of intellectual power and moral purpose which, in any coming crisis of our affairs, might be an invaluable aid to the country. Mr. Greeley, on the other hand, though gifted with more political wisdom, a warmer heart, and a clearer perception of ideas and principles, is believed to be capricious, conceited, peculiarly open to flattery and prejudice, bold in opinion, but timid in action, and with that indefinable something in his character which makes it impossible not to laugh at him, however much we may esteem him. If Grant is stolid, barren of ideas, and below the intellectual level of Jackson, Taylor, and Harrison, as we doubt not he is, Greeley, with his immense experience and acuteness and philanthropic philosophy of life, is still un-

steady, grotesque, obstinate, and ridiculous, — epithets never yet justly applicable, all at once, to a President of the United States. Strange crisis in our politics that makes a choice imperative between these two men, neither of whom can be called a statesman, or even be said to embody the popular conception of Presidential qualities! An American President, to be widely popular, must have real greatness like Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, or certain martial qualities like Jackson; he may have plain manners like Jefferson, or distant manners like Washington, or a native blending of coarseness and dignity like Jackson and Lincoln, but he must have at heart a sincere desire for his people's good, obvious to them as they meet him. In this General Grant conspicuously fails; his presence inspires no enthusiasm, his pulse does not beat with the popular heart; he has the coldness of Washington without his lofty self-devotion. Mr. Greeley goes to the other extreme; he is of the people too much to hold their respect, even when he arouses their enthusiasm; there is nothing august about him, he does not rise with the occasion as Lincoln did, and the moods of his mind, like the tones of his voice, are more apt to provoke a smile than to compel attention and deference. In these regards he is not the equal of Senator Wilson, whom in many points he closely resembles, though a man of far wider reach and power of mind. Again, there are points of resemblance between General Grant and the second candidate on the opposing ticket; although Mr. Brown is a man fertile in ideas and with no lack of political experience.